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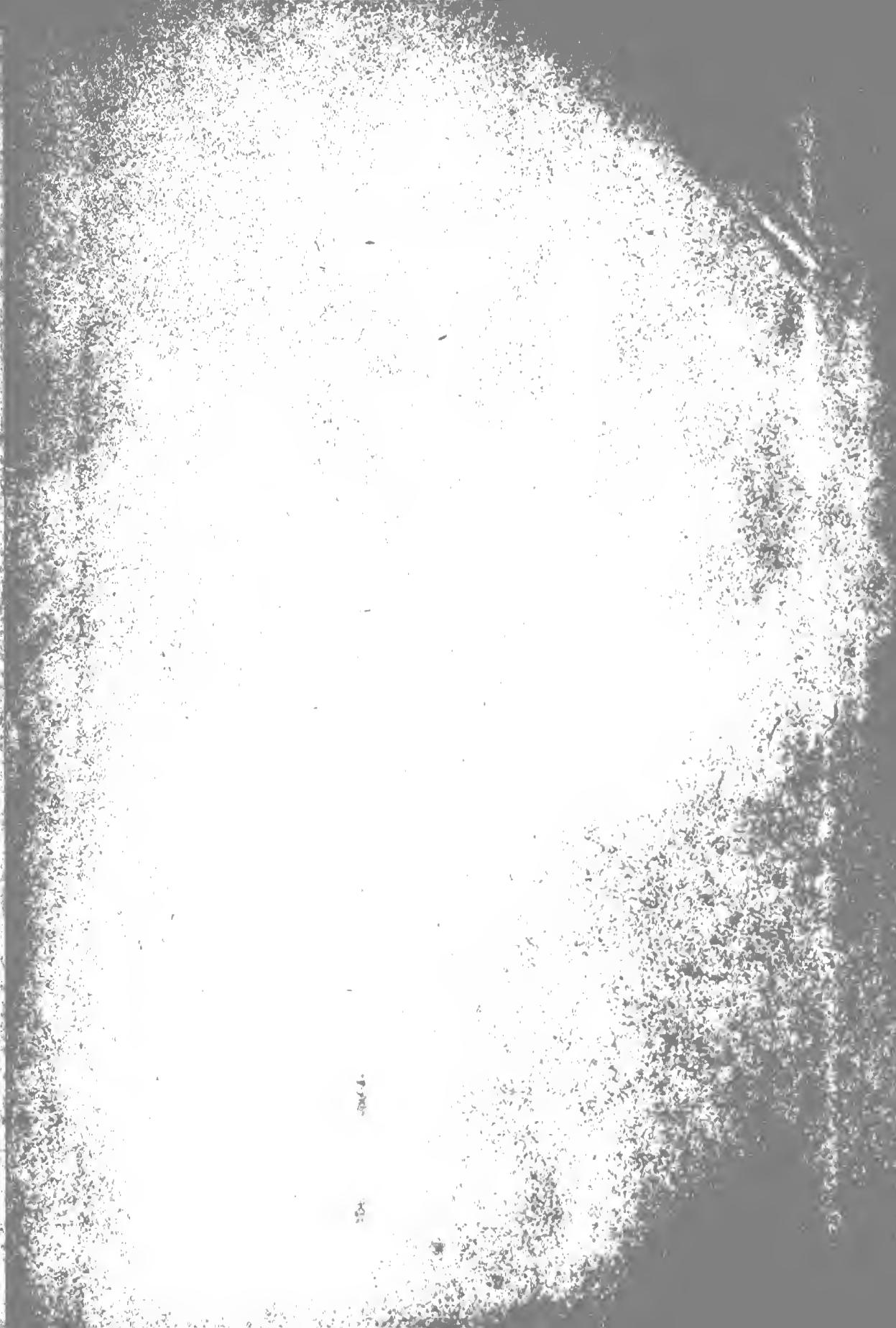
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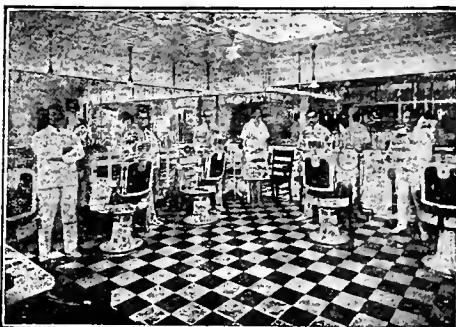
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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No. 1

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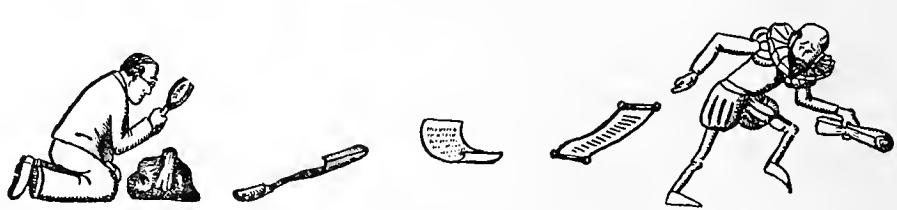
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Eumenides of Book Collecting

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SOMETIMES I'm almost sorry that the Caliph Newton called his famous book *The Amenities*. It has added to the pious and wrong-headed notion that book-collecting is just a pleasant sentimental pastime carried on by a lot of wealthy and warm-hearted *aficionados*. This misconception reminds one of the shallow legend that grew up for so many years about the name of Charles Lamb, considering that pain-haunted soul as just a gentle blatherer. There are amenities, of course, in book-collecting; but acerbities also. Perhaps the gods of the true collector are eumenides; we call them by a gracious name to placate their cruel character. For the collector in whom I am interested is not just the dilettante of title-pages and states, editions and errata. He collects books that make him think—loathsome and unwilling preoccupation.

It seems almost a pity, also, to write about the true passion of book-love; it would be unseemly if that became fashionable which should proceed from private vital instinct. But I cannot resist a word of applause in honor of the Pearsall Smith Prize, named for one of the most agreeable misanthropologists of our time and certainly one of the most delicate nerve-systems of literary appreciation with which the name of Haverford has been connected. To quote Pearsall Smith's own favorite John Donne, we may say of Smith himself as Donne said of the Holy Ghost, "he is an eloquent Author, but yet not luxuriant; he is far from a penurious, but as far from a superfluous style too."

But this is not an essay on the quiddities of Pearsall Smith, *In His Humor*. It is a few remarks by request, on the pleasure and value of beginning young as a book collector. I've never forgotten the good advice F. B. Gummere gave us at the beginning of our freshman year, twenty-eight years ago this autumn. "Find your way to Leary's," he said; and even on the thick ears of the class of 1910 that suggestion had its penetrating power. You are luckier now than we were then; you don't even have to go as far as Leary's (though still worth going to) for Mr. McCawley, a true paramour of print, is close by. I'm even hoping that some day he'll add an annex of second-hand books so that we may have our own Paul's Churchyard and

Paternoster Row. In my time there was a reprehended haunt of erring spirits, the Red Lion in Ardmore; since, I believe, amalgamated into the Autocar factory. How much better intoxicant does a bookstore offer. "Sweet God," cried Cobden Sanderson, "souse me in literature." It is the ebriety without crastine grief.

As I understand it the Pearsall Smith Prize offers no premium for rich bindings, rare editions or any Persian apparatus of collecting. It is to be awarded for evidence of genuine personal taste, ingenuity of search, or perhaps completeness of purview in any particular field. It is to encourage what is one of the most subtle and enduring pleasures of the intelligent man, the habit of owning books—and of discriminating between those desirable to own, those preferably borrowable. I imagine that the winning assortment might be either a general gathering of the books a student thought of as an ideal collection for college years, or it might be a closely knit referendum upon some special theme—a study of some bibliographic problem, the complete works of some minor favorite, or a tracing out of some consecutive theme through several generations. When I say a "minor favorite" I do so deliberately; some of the most exquisite pleasures of print are to be found in pursuit of the smaller names. In the great autumn forest of literature there are innumerable leaves; the scrub and underbrush often reward us with the most brilliant colors. In such a competition every entrant has his own sure reward. One or two, by happy chance, may develop the first twinges of that highly specialized sense for books that is so exciting and so rare. You have all had an opportunity to see, in the adventures of Professor Hotson, what thrilling escapades of detective science are possible in the world of print. (See frontispiece!)

The book collector, I intimated, has his sombre phases; it is a melancholy of his own, proud and fantastical. (What a delicious theme for a collection of books would be the idea of Literary Melancholy; and how, at the chance thought, one hankers to turn back to *As You Like It* and read again, instantly and with new clarity of eye, the sullen fits of Jacques; finding, as one does ever in Shakespeare, new and astounding immediacies of purport.) And just now, thinking of Pearsall Smith, I reached out for a volume of John Donne—the writer upon whom, though often unconsciously, so many of today's poets have fed their hearts. Opening at hazard I find this:

Whoe'er thou beest that read'st this sullen writ
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it . . .

The point is worth note. The great books, the deep thoughts of great men, grant us no more than the effort we make. Literature is no easy emulsion.

EUMENIDES OF BOOK COLLECTING

It requires, and opens itself only upon evidence of, the most brilliant and practised attention. The extenuated subtleties of its skill are incomparably diverse. If we knew precisely why a skilful writer uses one word rather than another (and he always does) we would know much more about the history of literature.

So the man who collects books not merely for the sentimental accident of edition, but for the quality of thought they bring him, has something more than amenity to consider. Perhaps part of the time his mind will dwell upon the darker sorrows and absurdities of men. But there is enormous laughter, too. You may have noticed the enigmatic paroxysms of applause issuing from the privileged alcove where the *Private Papers of James Boswell* were lately published. For the mature lover of books, who knows how much more frankly men talk in ink than *viva voce*, experiences more howling mirth than any other. *Nulla dies sine risu* is his motto. I was thinking, at this moment, of the other of the two great Elizabethan Dons—Don Marquis. In his new books, *Chapters for the Orthodox*, there is some deep rolling thunder of belly-laughs that come from the very cellar and coalbin of human nature. His burlesque of Faust in hell—which, among a vigorous crepitation of slapstick, also emits pungent philosophic and theologic truth—would provide a life-long memory for any college dramatic club that produced it. And where will you find a more tender flash of literary grace than the description (elsewhere in the same book) of Mark Twain in Heaven, with his own private river to play with, nigger stevedores and steamboat races and cursing and everything. These races were so hilarious, and Mark's cursing gave the archangels so much pleasure, that Satan grows jealous and wants Mark to bring his river down to Hell. But Susie Clemens and William Dean Howells won't let him go.

The Susies and the William Dean Howellses of this world will always be a little grieved about some of the private thoughts of the book collector, who faces (with Hardy, with Anatole France, with Whitman or Montaigne or whom you will) the ultimate candors of the inquisitive mind. But no one, no one on earth, can come between the reader and his book. It's best of all when you have your own copy in which you can record your own side of the argument. Wherever you touch the web of literature you'll find ramifying filaments that lead on and on. If you were to begin by collecting Don Marquis (not a bad idea) you would soon find yourself led back to Mark Twain and Voltaire.

Begin where and how you please. The purpose of the Pearsall Smith Prize is to encourage you to begin.

Judith Sends Her Love

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

I AM *not* poor," Tommy said, "I have scads of money, I have money all over the place."

"Poor Tommy," Judith repeated, "poor, dear Tommy."

"I am not—what was I saying? Oh, I'm going now, good bye." With that Tommy left, hurrying down to his car, racing it in first, and nearly stripping the gears as he shifted.

"Poor, dear Tommy," Judith said again.

Judith is my friend, and Tommy, so she says, is her fiancé. Tommy says he doesn't know, which is probably correct. Tommy never knows. He always asks you what you were saying, or what he was saying.

"Why do you always irritate him, Judith?" I asked.

"He's so cute when he gets mad. He's a darling."

"How can you stand to marry a 'darling'?"

"Oh, but he has so much money," Judith exclaimed.

"Is that all?"

"Well, maybe not *all*, but . . ." Judith didn't finish her sentences half the time, preferring to trail off into polite mumbling.

We were sitting out on the lawn of the Bellerive Club, waiting for some surprise Tommy had said he had for us, but now he was gone. He had forgotten, I supposed, but just as I was about to suggest that we might as well go, Tommy came back. He had someone with him, but the car was coming so fast that we couldn't see who it was. Tommy slammed on the brakes, the car stopped with a lurch, and out he jumped, followed by his friend. "Surprise," shouted Tommy.

"I have here Alan Slidell," Tommy said, "he hardly ever says anything, but he knows lots. Come along and meet everybody, Alan."

The month was July, and it was hot, but not too hot. It was the kind of clear day when people go to their clubs, and some swim, and some play tennis, while others simply sit on the terrace. Alan Slidell, you could see, hated bold open days like this with scarcely any shadows, preferring a dismal day, with rain, to hide him. For Alan was shy. So shy that he had only to look at us to lose his nerve, for his face turned a fiery red, and Judith laughed outright. Then Tommy began to talk, and things were better. "Alan goes to college with me, and he's here for two days, on his way west. I'm giving

JUDITH SENDS HER LOVE

a party tonight, and you're all invited, just you." Then Judith said that it was late, and that she would have to go home right away to dress.

I took Judith home, and she sat very still all the way, saying when we were near her house, "Tommy's friend is nice, isn't he?" I told her I thought he was dull, but she didn't answer, and in a minute she was gone, shouting to me to be on time when I came for her later.

Tommy's party started out as a dinner. He loved to have a dinner now and then, since he could sit at the head of the table and talk to everyone instead of just the person next to him. He loved to talk, did Tommy, but everything he said was so silly. "You don't look very well," he said to me, "are you feeling well?" "Quite well, thank you," I told him. "I've been worried," he added, shaking his head. Then he turned to Judith. "Do you know what I heard today, Judith? Of course, I'm not saying it's so, but they tell me that last night you and Freddie Hopper left the dance together at twelve, and that at half-past three Jill What's-her-name who lives in the house next to you saw you coming in. Now the people who told me this said that they didn't suspect a thing, but that it was only a ten minute ride from the party to your house, and that, after all . . ."

"Who told you all this, Tommy?" Judith asked. "Oh, a whole lot of people. Everybody's talking about it."

"But Tommy," Judith said, "don't you remember, you were with me almost all evening and took me home. I looked at my watch when I got in, and it was one o'clock. Besides Jill doesn't live next door any more, she's moved."

"Are you positive she's moved?" Tommy asked, his mouth hanging open. "Positive," Judith answered. "You must be wrong about my taking you home last night, though, that was the night before," he said. "It was not the night before. Plenty of people saw us leave, you're only being silly." "What?" Tommy asked. Judith didn't answer, and in a minute Tommy asked again, "What were you saying?" "I don't remember," Judith said, and turned to talk to Alan.

Alan wouldn't talk to Tommy or me at all, but he seemed better with Judith. Judith had a way of asking questions that required answers, so that people like Alan had to talk to her, and maybe that's how she managed. However, later in the evening when we went out to dance Alan danced with Judith almost all the time, and I sat with Tommy. Then the party was over, and we all went home, and Alan went west, and I didn't think of him for a long time.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

It was the second week in September following Tommy's party and the weather was perfect. There would be a cool crisp day now and then, and then more summer. Everybody was coming back from his vacation, there were parties almost every night, and everything was fun. Even Tommy was all right, and Judith told me that she felt sure she would get him round to the point of marrying her by November. "If only he weren't so vague," she said. "I've told him exactly what he must do to marry me, I even made out a list, but he always says 'I don't know.' Sometimes he makes me think he doesn't want to marry me at all, but when I ask him he always says yes."

"How could you stand him, Judith?" I said.

"Oh, we'd have fun. Just think of all the places we could go. We could do everything, there'd be parties all the time, wonderful parties. Oh, I could have grand parties. Regular orgies."

"Is that all you care about?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," Judith answered.

Then Tommy came along, and told us that his friend was back from the west, and he was going to have a house party. "You remember Alan, don't you Judith?" he said. "You're both invited."

The house party was to be from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, but I told Tommy that I couldn't make it until Saturday noon, and for the rest of them to go on without me. When I turned up Saturday, Tommy was sitting alone on the porch, rocking and humming to himself. The house was miles out in the woods. You were supposed to hunt and fish. "Oh, hello," Tommy said. "Glad to see you. Judith and Alan've gone for a walk. They left early this morning. They went out in the canoe last night. Haven't seen them at all." All the time he was rocking, and now he began to hum again. Tommy didn't have a very good voice.

I despise the country, especially the kind of country people select for week-end places. They are always in the middle of a scrubby forest filled with chiggers. There is never anything to do except hunt and fish, and after one or two week-ends at such places it is perfectly obvious that there are no fish and nothing to hunt but sparrows. It nearly always rains, and everybody fights. Tommy's place wasn't quite as bad as the worst, but it was nearly so. Not that it wasn't pretty enough, but simply that it was boring. And you couldn't fight with Tommy, nobody could. All you could do was rock, and rock.

Judith and Alan were always gone. I never saw anything like it. Saturday night, after supper, I suggested bridge, and everyone said all right.

JUDITH SENDS HER LOVE

I went to get the card table, and when I came back with it they were gone. "Where are they now?" I asked Tommy. I was furious. "Dunno," Tommy said. Tommy could be exasperating. He had a pipe that he sucked. He never seemed to smoke it, but he would sit in his rocking chair and work the pipe around in his mouth, talking from whatever part of his mouth was vacant. It was awful. I had been sitting with Tommy all afternoon already, and an evening with him was too much. I went to bed.

Sunday was worse. "Dear Tommy," Judith said at breakfast. "Isn't it fun of him to give us this wonderful opportunity to be out in the air? Don't you feel wonderful?" "Humph." I answered, but in a minute Judith was gone.

Then in the afternoon everything happened at once. In the first place Judith and Alan didn't go out. Only Alan. He said he was going fishing. So for a while Judith and Tommy and I rocked, instead of only Tommy and I. Then suddenly Judith said, "Tommy, you do want to marry me, don't you?" "Certainly," Tommy answered, "I always have."

"When are we going to be married?" Judith asked.

"Oh, I dunno," Tommy said.

"September 23rd?"

"So soon? Couldn't possibly."

"October 23rd."

"No."

"When?"

"Presently."

"Tommy, please. Now. I've been waiting a long time. Please let's be married soon. Please."

Tommy didn't answer. He rocked, and sucked his pipe, and seemed to be thinking. Judith looked at me—her eyes were very large. "What," said Tommy, "what were we saying?"

"Nothing," Judith answered. "Nothing at all."

Then Judith walked out, and down the road a way, and disappeared. I sat on with Tommy. How I hate week-ends in the country! Then, at last it was night, and we could go to bed. Next day we could go home, and get out of the air.

Tommy had gone to bed early.

That was part of the holiday it seemed. Lots of fresh air and sleep and buttermilk. Judith and Alan and I were sitting on the porch, talking occasionally, but generally just sitting on the porch. "Only one more

(Continued on page 16)

Ode A Cassandre

PIERRE DE RONSARD

*Mignonne, allon voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avoit declose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu, cette vesprée,
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au vostre pareil.*

*Las, voiés comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place
Las, las, ses beautés laissé cheoir!
O vraiment maratre Nature,
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir.*

*Donc, si vous me croiés, mignonne:
Tandis que vôtre âge fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillés, cueillés vôtre jeunesse
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir vôtre beauté.*

A Marianne

*Sweet, let us see if the rose
That with the dawning did unclose
Her robe of purple to the sun,
Has not as yet with eventide
Laid her regal robe aside,
And lost her hue that's like to yours alone.*

*Alas, see in how short a space
She has let fall upon the place
Alas, her beauty lately new.
Sure, Nature's heart's of iron cast
If not even a flower may last
From dawn till day dissolves in evening dew.*

*Sweet, these petals of the rose:
Let them on this page repose
And close the pages.*

*Years far hence,
They shall recall your eyes' soft look,
The writing in this book,
And one to whom time made no difference.*

René Blanc-Roos

The Girl From Trenton

By JAMES D. HOOVER

WITH a constant, easy motion the train bore the boy on his first trip alone. He sat close to the window to be as inconspicuous as possible. Stared out at the rows of telephone poles, the many wires punctuated with birds, the piles of blackened railroad ties.

Intermittently took out his watch and looked at it. Ten thirty-five. Eleven thirty-five and he would be in Philadelphia. The morning sun, now and then blotted out by the engine's streamer of smoke, burned through the double glass of the windows.

Monotonously the wheels contacted with the rails: te-click, te-clack. They hummed shrilly whenever the track curved.

Followed his father's advice pretty carefully: keep your mouth shut and don't talk to strangers. Had the whole green plush seat to himself, but clung to the edge of it, leaning against the dusty window.

Had a magazine he glanced through every now and then, but read nothing, as that was supposed to be bad for the eyes. When he opened it flat, little bits of soot blew down from the ventilators and got into the crack of the binding.

His aunt would be waiting in Broad Street Station to take him to her suburban house for a week's stay. Spring vacation: how long he had dreamed of it, staring vacantly out of the study-hall window at school.

The train whistle blew as a wooden crossing-sign shot by.

Always was silent and thoughtful on a train, even if somebody was with him. Must have been the endless clicking of the rails, the constant sense of movement, that subdued one and made one dreamy. Wondered who lived in all the homes along the way and watched the yellow soot-stained flowers along the trackside.

Considered vague and unconnected things, remembered the crowd that got on the subway yesterday, scrutinized the ad on the back of his magazine over and over again.

Feeling a little lonely, looked over the passengers with him in the coach. Opposite, a young fellow about twenty, who seemed bored and sleepy. In

THE GIRL FROM TRENTON

front two men talked politics, blocking the view in that direction. Diagonally across, a fat woman and her little boy. He'd pop up and run down the aisle for a paper cup full of water every so often. Occasionally he brought his mother a cupful, dropping some on the floor whenever the train jolted.

Ahead of them a girl with a brown hat. She looked out of the window constantly, seemed a little scared. She had a pretty face, not beautiful of course, but sort of cute to look at. He stared and stared, wished she would look around so he could see her whole face, but she didn't.

Compelled himself to observe all the other passengers in view, then, having finished this duty, his eyes returned to the girl. Couldn't get enough of staring at her, felt an immense lonely hunger rise up from within, where he never dreamed it existed.

No way of knowing her. She was about eighteen, he eleven, so she couldn't very well be interested in him, even if it were otherwise possible. Still he wished he were as old as the fellow opposite. Then he'd get to know her and the two could walk down the street and all his friends would look at him and his girl with a new feeling of respect.

Why couldn't she look toward him and at once take a liking to him? He felt pretty lonely. She had such a pert, lovable face.

Now she opened her purse, brown to match the hat, and found a little mirror inside it. Also a powder-puff which she got from a round brass box.

Now she was looking slant-eyed into the mirror, patting a little powder on the end of her nose. Took one finger and shoved the front lock of hair back into place. Put the things back into her purse and fidgeted with trying to unfold a handkerchief.

The train was slowing down. Whistles came more frequently as the crossroads increased. The conductor came through shouting Trenton, once at each end of the car. The boy looked at his watch again. Less than an hour.

People were beginning to stand up in the coach and made a great noise getting their bags off the rack. He tried to look slanting through the window for the station ahead, but couldn't see it.

His girl was standing up! She was trying to reach a little suitcase on the rack. He wanted to help her, sat very attentively instead. Now she had it and was squeezing out toward the front of the car. Others were following her.

The train slowed down to a halt. People were moving full of suppressed excitement along the station platform. A group was now squeezing to get out of the coach. The girl was going. He stared out of the window. She

walked in little quick steps to the staircase and went down it with the others out of sight. He would never see her again, all his life.

Now a few people from Trenton were getting aboard. A man came right up to him and sat down beside him. Keep your mouth shut and don't talk to strangers. Stared resolutely out the window. The man looked around, saw a seat by the window farther back in the car, and made a dash for it, leaving him by himself again.

Another man had been standing in the aisle and now sat down beside the boy, who edged a little nearer to the window.

The man had a bluff, hearty face, looked at him. A sharper, a crook perhaps. He'd keep his eyes open. The man was going to speak to him! His heart beat somewhat nervously.

"This seat taken, boy?"

"No—"

"Ah!" He leaned back, smiled complacently. "How far you going?"

"Philadelphia."

"Live there?"

"No. Going visiting. I come from New York."

The man straightened up, glanced at the people sitting near him, then looked at the boy again sympathetically.

"You all alone, boy?"

"Yes, sir."



Judith Sends Her Love—(Continued from page 11)

night," I said. "Tomorrow's the day," Alan added. "I won't wait," Judith said, "I'm going now. Go on Alan, tell him what's to be told, while I get my things together."

Poor Alan, he was so shy, and so dull. Why did Judith always like stupid people? But he finally said it. Judith and he were engaged. They were going to be married the next day. Judith was sick of waiting for Tommy. "After all . . ." Judith would have said. Then they were gone, but just before Judith got into the car she turned to me, and said in a low voice, "Poor Tommy, poor dear Tommy. Tell him I'm sorry. Give him my love."

Next morning at breakfast I told Tommy what they had said, and gave him Judith's message. "Yes," Tommy said, "I thought it would be nice, you know, it's time Judith was getting married and all."

"Yes," I said, "very nice."

Coincidence

By JAMES E. TRUEX

THE railroad agent at the main station in Augusta slid a ticket out over the sleeve-worn counter. As he did so, he murmured, "Someone else is going to Rockwood on your train. That fellow over there by the door. I wouldn't a' mentioned it, only it's such a small place. You come from there?"

The customer, a thin-lipped alert little man, darted a glance toward the door. His dark shifting eyes seemed intent on missing nothing.

"No, I live here in Augusta. I'm just off for a few days' hunting. Thanks, though. It's a long ride and I may want company."

The man by the door was getting his luggage together; a duffle bag and several gun cases. His reasons for taking the train to Rockwood were obvious. Pushing away from the ticket window, the customer moved toward the door. He went straight to the other and introduced himself.

"My name is Bowman, Arthur Bowman. I was told you were bound for Rockwood. So am I. Hunting?"

The other, undisturbed by the abruptness of the stranger's approach, gave his name as Edgar Matheson and seemed delighted at the prospect of a companion. He smiled as he spoke, showing white teeth. Watching him closely, Bowman felt that the smile was too consciously attractive to be wholly natural. But he seemed a likable enough chap. A handsome man with well-proportioned features, he only betrayed his forty-odd years by a weakening in the muscles of his face, which lent a vagueness to what had once been clear-cut.

They sat together on the train; Bowman by the window, gazing absently at the passing farms, and saying little. His companion talked at length, gliding easily from one topic to another. Seemingly capable of conversing upon anything or nothing, he confined himself for the most part to generalities. At the end of an hour of one-sided conversation Bowman had gathered that, while he was at present working in Augusta, he was not a native of Maine: a fact which was self-evident from his New York accent. Bowman chuckled. There was something entertaining about the man's babble.

By the time Rockwood had been reached, it was settled that they try their luck together. Bowman knew an easy and convenient trip up the Mus-

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quacook River. They had as good a chance of bagging a deer that way as any other. No need for a guide; Bowman knew the country as well as any of them. His less experienced companion, who had rather counted upon a guide to do the heavy work, fell in with the arrangement not without misgivings. But the energy and ease with which Bowman set about making all preparations soon put his mind at rest.

The following morning, with tent and supplies packed tight in the canoe, they pushed out into Square Lake and paddled for the mouth of the Musquacook. Bowman explained that it was a small river, too shallow for motor boats—which was a good thing for hunting.

They camped that night a short way up the river. Another day's paddling, and they were far enough from civilization to set up a more or less permanent camp. In preparing a small clearing, Bowman worked calmly and with system, Matheson spasmodically. By the time the tent was pitched and the provisions were carried from the canoe, it was nearly dusk. Bowman suggested that they clean the guns while it was yet light so as to have them in readiness. They could try their luck early next morning.

Swift, though not thorough in his methods, Matheson soon satisfied himself as to the cleanliness of his firing piece. He laid it aside and settled himself by a pile of stones which served as a fireplace. Bowman was squatted a few feet away, carefully threading a small bit of rag to his cleaning rod. Perhaps out of curiosity, perhaps from the sheer desire to break the stillness with the sound of his own voice, Matheson began to ask questions. He leaned his head idly on his right hand, plucking at the tufts of grass with his left.

“You up here solely for the pleasure?”

Bowman, not wishing to have his work interrupted, answered without so much as turning his head.

“I suppose you would call it that. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, I just wondered. You see, I have a reason for leaving town for a while. I’ve sort of skirted the subject up to now, but I guess it won’t hurt to tell you. It might even strike you as amusing.”

Before going on, he smiled. His teeth glistened.

“Of course there’s a woman in it. I met her quite by accident—in a restaurant. She was a pretty little thing—neglected by her husband and all that sort of rot. I showed her a good time for a couple of weeks. She was mad about me. Nothing serious on my part. I never even knew her name.”

Matheson paused.

“Are you listening? Do you want me to go ahead?”

EDITORIAL

Bowman slid two or three shells into the magazine and shoved them out again, to test the bolt action. He replied indifferently.

"Go on," he said.

"Well, like a fool I'd had her up to my apartment several times, so one day she bounced in on me with a couple of suitcases. Said she had left a note explaining our affair to her husband and had come to me. It was all I could do to throw the woman out of the room. I thought I had better clear out till the smoke blew over. Women are such damned fools."

Leaning back, he laughed. Bowman picked up a piece of cloth and began to wipe the barrel. Matheson went on.

"The least she could have done . . ."

Bowman's gun went off in his lap. Matheson slumped forward without a sound. He lay with one hand clutching the grass, the other in the ashes of the fireplace. Bowman rose and leaned over the body. Placing the muzzle close against Matheson's temple, he fired a second shot.



EDITORIAL

MR. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY has been kind enough to send us an article which we are sure you will enjoy as much as we did. Further particulars about the matter Mr. Morley introduces here will be found in the *Haverford News*.

To encourage undergraduates to write stories, verse, and reviews; and to give them the opportunity of seeing them published in a college monthly is the main reason for THE HAVERFORDIAN's existence. We invite the new class of 1938 to take advantage of this. All manuscript should be left, not later than the fifth of each month, at the editorial office, 12 Lloyd Hall.

We scarcely think it necessary to call to your attention that THE HAVERFORDIAN has changed its "make-up" entirely. We have not only printed it on the best quality of paper we could obtain, but have changed the cover and—most important, perhaps—we have changed over to a type which should make comfortable reading.

Three Poems

By JAMES D. HOOVER

ADDRESS BY THE DEAD

*Young men, who are about to enter life,
The speaker in familiar wise began
(An eminent and sturdy business man).*

*Before him sixty boys in a neat row,
And there was Dick, who slept in the same bed
Where crazy Hall one morning years ago
Sat up and held a pistol to his head;*

*And Joe and Bob, roommates perennial,
One young and cute, the other thin and tall;
Tom (to be wed this June), whose manly curls
Were the pride and envy of all the Bryn Mawr girls;*

*And Walt, sent home for breaking windows; Wright,
Who drank (in private) port flips every night;
And all the football squad that grimly tossed
Its weight against a stronger team and lost:*

*All looked, but could not see the man was dead,
A paperweight his headstone, by his knees
A clump of yellow pencils, and overhead
The filing cabinets towering like trees.*

Gentlemen, life may surprise you, the speaker said.

SKEPTIC'S LOVE SONG

*It's hard to realize, Emily, seeing you,
How gloomy I was a little while ago,
Watching from here the stupid people flow
Listlessly along the avenue.
Now all go gaily. Burdened husbands too,
Scurrying home, once pitied, now seem blessed.
Yet time was that I thought passion at best,
Emily, was neither innocent nor true.*

*They say love dies before the man, that I'll
Despise you after thirty years; our family
Will steal your love and charm in a little while.
All this I know. Yet, seeing you, I yearn
For that well-known impassioned hug. Emily,
I can't help loving you. We never learn.*



TO A. E. HOUSMAN

*The world survives you,
And lads to Ludlow Fair
Still come when springtime
Perfumes the air.*

*They shall remember
Long after you are dead
How dear you held them,
And how you said*

*You could not reason
If life or death prevailed;
Yet the heart spoke nobly
When the mind failed.*

Two Poems

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

YOU, BURNS!

*O my love's not like any rose
Or lily sleek and pale,
Nor any other flower that grows
On dune, in field or dale.*

*For my love by the water stands
And there herself she kisses;
And guards her breast with both her hands,
O my love's like Narcissus.*



*I am about to go where I have wanted to,
And I don't care and I don't know if that will bring me luck;
Just stuff enough inside my head to ask another staff than bread,
And fire enough inside my heart to set the blood amuck.*

*Though I don't know where I shall go, there's little need of knowing;
A heap of hay till peep of day will do me for a bed.
And O, the ends are all the same—the fun is in the going;
A goose or hare caught in a snare will keep me till I'm dead.*

American Song: A Melting Pot

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

THREE reviews of Mr. Engle's verse appeared last summer in quick succession: Mr. J. Donald Adams, in the *New York Times*, wrote a full page, not of criticism, but propaganda more apt to injure than to profit the subject of his admiration; Ruth Lechlitner of the *New York Herald-Tribune* mingled sound criticism with axegrinding; and Mr. William Rose Benét, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, alone gave what seems to me the true valuation of the somewhat overhailed *American Song*.

Mr. Engle is of those who beware of entangling alliances and hold to their breast an ever modern Monroe Doctrine:

Here, in our land, we will not look back
Eastward across the old ancestral ocean
For any country by our blood abandoned
Years ago, but like our fathers turn
Again our backs on the sunrise end of earth . . .

and again:

Nations of Europe, we leave you now to drag
Your worn-out bellies on the sun-warmed rock
And huddle by the ashes of old fires . . .

Obviously, some people will not be entirely in accord with this provincial patriotism. They will question whether at the present time the European nations are actually more effete than ourselves. If nothing else, some of them —like the French Symbolists—have transfused their blood into American poetry during the last few decades; at least into that part of American poetry of which Mr. Engle is a direct descendant.

Mr. Engle has taken all America to be his province. In quick enumeration he cites names of places and many events important in American history. There is no reason why this country should not be sung of with as much passion as other poets have used in the praise of their own lands. But I doubt whether the method is worth very much when often it merely para-

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phrases older models. The juxtaposing and paralleling of events thousands of years old with contemporary or recent happenings, so brilliantly accomplished by Pound and Eliot, may be said to be treated bathetically by Mr. Engle:

Hector, tamer of horses, undismayed
With crashing of the Greek blood-hungering spears,
Jogues, the black-robe Jesuit, who took
The Iroquoian tortures without tears.

O seaward subtle ships, O lovely woman,
Cause for the giving of that town to flames,
O Independence Rock where there was carved
The roster of the westward-going names.

There are many verses in this volume concerned with other subjects than Americanism. In his *Complaint to Sad Poets* Mr. Engle quite openly objects to the poets of what has been tagged the "futility" school. To those who "pour the strong wine of self-pity down their throats" he retorts:

The terrier bitch that whelped its litter today
Under the barn where the dirt is moist and dark
Shames and defies you with the quiet logic
Of life that works its quiet way out, knowing
No fulness but to live, strongly to live.

This, Mr. Adams wrote in his review, "is Mr. Engle's challenge to the school of writers sick with self-pity both for themselves and their times." Now, quite apart from the fact that this arraigns such poets as Eliot, Pound, Laforgue, and MacLeish—whom I have a great admiration for—I should like to say that this advice to go to the terrier bitch, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise may be all-sufficient for Mr. Engle and Mr. Adams; it may nevertheless be doubted whether we will metamorphose ourselves into mongrels merely to escape "self-pity." And one might ask how Mr. Engle arrived at the certainty of a terrier bitch's happiness.

There is no critical precept which holds that a poet should not turn about and bite the hand that feeds him. Yet any one who is at all acquainted with the work of Eliot and MacLeish, for instance, cannot fail to see how greatly Mr. Engle is indebted to them. Having made this assertion I had better prove it.

In reading *American Song* one constantly hears familiar echoes of contemporary poets. There is nothing wrong with that. MacLeish himself is

AMERICAN SONG: A MELTING POT

greatly influenced by Eliot, but he has taken Eliot's tone as a point of departure only; and no one would confuse the verse of the one with that of the other—MacLeish has his own voice, which is but a way of saying that he has found his style. Mr. Engle frequently paraphrases his models to an extent which sometimes approaches parody. Eliot begins *The Waste Land* with

April is the cruellest month, breeding . . .

and Engle's first line to one of his poems is

Spring is the eternal season, knowing . . .

The arresting effect of suspending a line with a gerund or adjective is one of Eliot's many contributions to modern versification. A great many writers of verse have had the good sense to follow the methods of Mr. Eliot, who is one of the most important of the English-writing poets of our time. But it is only reasonable to expect that this imitation should be done with more or less variation. Two other poems by Mr. Engle begin:

Night is the intimate time of men, the dark . . .

and:

Noon is the brittle time of men, the deep . . .

It is like writing new words to an old tune.

The three divisions of *Harlem Airshaft*—Morning, Noon, Twilight—are too patently imitations of Eliot's *Preludes* to need any comment. Eliot:

The winter evening settles down
With smells of steaks in passageways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about his feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;

Engle:

With t. b. Al's pale hands of chalk
Clutching the window catch, a sheet
Of paper caught where the wires meet,
Beating the balk
Of the wind, a desperate butterfly
Of want ads, murders, printer's pi.

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In *Harlem Airshaft* too, Mr. Engle has profited by the lessons in suspension of rhythm, quoting of names, and the rapid succession of images, to be found in MacLeish's *In My Thirtieth Year*. This is one of MacLeish's quatrains:

By hands, by voices, by the voice
Of Mrs. Husman on the stair,
By Margaret's "If we had the choice
To choose or not—" through her thick hair . . .

And Mr. Engle, in *Noon*:

Mister Oguri's cough, the smell
Of onions sizzling over talk
Of crooners, skirts, and cash, the bell
Of Betty calling from the Bronx . . .

Eliot in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* uses this figure for the fog:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening . . .
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house and fell asleep.

In *Twilight* Mr. Engle substitutes night for fog:

. . . night,
Flattens its black face on the windowpane,
Staring and waiting for the moment when
A switch is pulled, to throttle out the light,
To leap against the throats of tired men,
To stretch them on the bed, subdue the brain . . .

(It may be noted in passing that here is a bitch that, intentionally or not, has assumed more sinister proportions than she who a while ago contentedly "whelped her litter under the barn.")

One might go on pointing out too obvious imitations and influences of this sort. The few passages quoted, however, I hope will suffice to show that Mr. Engle owes his versification to the men he opposes on principle.

Mr. Engle lacks a certain passion to be found in almost all poets. For this he atones largely by a rhetoric which frequently breaks out into oratory.

AMERICAN SONG: A MELTING POT

It is really encouraging, however, to see that when he forgets to be a prophet he produces verse not only satisfactory, but good. In *Night* are lines like these:

. . . This is the time
When the shy heart calls out to the shy heart
And a man speaks gladly that which he would shudder
To dream of in bright noon . . .

Here Mr. Engle almost admits that man is not always the optimistic creature implied in his more flamboyant verse. There are many other poems of merit equal to that of *Night*. Such are *Every Broken Thing*; *Earth in Our Blood* which, though greatly under the influence of MacLeish, is worthy of its model; *Coney Island* (Yeats); and, perhaps the best of all, *Remembering Names*, which Robert Frost himself could not have bettered.

I hope heartily that Paul Engle will not be tempted by the journalism of Mr. Adams, or the flagwaving of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien who promises that, "Paul Engle is likely to release by his work fifty poets and short story writers for every one that there is now."

In one of the later copies of *Vanity Fair* I have just come upon a poem by Paul Engle. It said nothing of Daniel Boone or of "O England-forgetting, self-creating heart!" Mr. Engle is at present a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, England.

BOOKS

WE ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE, by *Bernard de Voto*.

Reviewed by A. J. WILLIAMSON

In general, civilization moves from period to period gradually—a rather slow process of evolution. Our civilization has moved so rapidly that the last four decades seem to us to represent as many distinct generations: the Pre-War generation; the War generation—those who were actively of the War; the Post-War generation—those who though too young to participate were raised during the days of turmoil; and last, the present generation who have no recollection of the War—the Nera age for whom the Great War is just as much a part of history as the Civil War, and almost as remote. *We Accept With Pleasure* is a novel of and for the War generation by one of their number. For those of the next generation, the book is like the prose version of a drama witnessed on some stage years ago. For those of the younger generation—now in the colleges—the life of this novel must seem even less vital. For the men who knew the War this novel must frequently seem to be stark realism and even biographical.

One of the most tense novels of the time, it cannot fail to hold the interest of any mature reader. Its appeal will be in proportion to the reader's ability to understand the life and reactions of those intellectual and somewhat effete products of Harvard and Boston during ten years of readjustment after their return from war.

CAPE FAREWELL, By *Harry Martinsson*. Translated from the Swedish by *Naomi Walford*.

Reviewed by A. J. WILLIAMSON

If you have time for only those books which increase your store of information, you will probably not care to read *Cape Farewell*. If you find pleasure in reading a book because it is beautifully written and full of human feeling, then you will certainly not pass this book by.

“Constant change, motion, and distances make up our life's adventure. Awake and eager we see a vast amount, but if we are sluggish and indifferent, one horizon is very like another.” Harry Martinsson sailed the seas for nine years—generally as a stoker—on nearly a score of vessels and each new environment seems to have made an impression on his sensitive and poetic mind. In spite of his youth, his perception is keen and all of his senses combine to make a scene vivid and unique. No horizon is like another and no horizon

BOOKS

is ever the same. Nature and humanity; at sea and on land—every impression is retold in a style that is vivid and beautiful with a facility for metaphors and similes that is seldom found in modern prose. A kindly humanitarianism and a skeptical philosophy pervade the sketches and make them much more human and personal than most books of this kind. As memorable chapters, I should mention "A Greek Tragedy"—a voyage on an overladen Greek steamer which is caught in a cyclone—and "India."

THE COLD JOURNEY, By Grace Zaring Stone.

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

The author of *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* and *The Almond Tree* is one of the most important contemporary novelists. Whether Mrs. Stone's stories occur on the Spanish Main, in modern China, or among the internationalists of Washington, it is her purpose to reveal people as individual personalities, swayed perhaps by surroundings and creeds and ways of life, but never finding satisfaction except in the discovery of themselves. She can make this revelation convincing because she knows how to present the incidents and emotions of everyday life with lucidity and power. *The Cold Journey* is the most concrete and I think the most stirring example of this recurrent idea and of the sensitive style in which it is couched. It is the story of the inhabitants of Redfield, a tiny settlement on the Massachusetts frontier in the early days of the colony. Life there is austere and uncomfortable, circumscribed by cold and danger, dominated by Puritanism. Those who can find consolation in religion cling to the harsh virtue of Mr. Chapman, God's overbearing vicar. The rest immerse themselves in daily routine or in dreams of the elegant old world from which they had fled. All, in the midst of the hostile and overwhelming wilderness, find it necessary to keep up their courage by believing in some false picture of themselves. But the destruction of all pretense comes when the French and Indians capture the village and force the prisoners to march back to Canada with them. During that hideous journey, made on snowshoes in the dead of winter, every affectation collapses and each of the colonists, with grim and hopeless cynicism, asserts his real desires. In this interlude between the wrecked past and the unimaginable future, Mrs. Lygon finally admits to herself that her love for her aged husband is really pity. Captive Scollop discovers, with scarcely any surprise, that she lusts for Mr. Chapman. Even the minister himself forgets about the wages of sin when his wife falls through the ice and is tomahawked by her Indian captor because she is too weak to travel. When cold and hunger re-

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duce them to the level of animals, the captives realize that this journey, however terrible, is the only reality in their lives.

Even in the lesser hardships of settled Canada their stark honesty persists for a while. Mrs. Peckworth smashes in the skull of her Indian master and, with her baby in her arms, finds her way through the wilderness to her husband: she is a Mother. Lettice Lygon finds young and elegant love in the arms of a French officer—but discovers that she has lived too long as her husband's protector to abandon him now. Rather than that, she must abandon her new-found self. Her return to him is the beginning of the end. The restraints of civilization reassert themselves as soon as the captives are ransomed by the Boston government. Perhaps they will never forget such a blasting experience, but even before they reach the ruins of Redfield they begin to feel themselves in bondage again. On the way back: "Mr. Chapman proposed they sing a hymn of thanksgiving to the Lord and they sang it dutifully. Their voices were dull at first but large in the silence and gradually life crept into what they sang, and for a moment each one felt a vague happiness pass over him, a collective happiness caught from each other, an echo, a memory, a hope perhaps.

The hares and foxes hearing the sound peered out at them as they passed."

LIGHTSHIP, By Archie Binns.

Reviewed by J. B. CHRISTOPHER

The ceaseless rolling of the vessel, the monotonous routine of keeping the light burning, of sounding the bell, of blowing the whistle, the endless battle against the treacherous sea, the constant waiting for supplies and the relief ship—such was life on *Lightship* No. 167, anchored off the Pacific Coast. His style, reminiscent of Hemingway and Gertrude Stein, lends an intensely real and dramatic quality to this story. His sympathy and keen insight make the most prosaic men vivid and exciting beings: Georges who went insane from his desire to return to civilization; Harry who found his romance, not in the drabness of marriage with a puritanical feminist, but in an imaginative and ardent study of Indian life; Oscar who, reared in ignorance by two virtuous spinsters, had acquired a perverted idea of women from his first experience with them. If Mr. Binns had concentrated entirely on analyses of character, this would have been a better novel; for there is a superfluity of detail about the mechanics of tending a lightship. But the book is a fascinating study of a few interesting men.

DRAMA

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, By Alan Child and Isabelle Loudon.

Reviewed by T. D. BROWN

Don't let the Victorian little title fool you. Its only purpose is to lure those few "nice" people who haven't yet heard that this is the famous bundling play, and who undoubtedly wouldn't go near it if they had. We should like to call *The Pursuit of Happiness* a racy comedy, but since it isn't really a comedy at all we shall have to be content with calling it a racy vaudeville show with a few frills. At any rate, the actors talk just as fast, shout just as loudly and pack in about as much character interpretation as does your average ham variety performer. But with a script such as *The Pursuit of Happiness* offers there is actually very little else you can do.

Even in its bundling scenes this play bungles very badly. Bundling was a quaint old custom in Colonial New England which mildly amuses us now because it was so diametrically opposed to the then prevalent Puritanism from which it sprang. That it is an even fair subject for dramatic treatment is greatly to be doubted. That it is a perfect subject for farcical treatment is not at all to be doubted. Couple this farcical treatment with all the cheap sensationalism which can possibly be squeezed out of the subject, and you have the famous bundling laugh hit which kept Broadway in tears for week upon week. At that, the play might have been passable had the producers known or taken the pains to know enough about bundling to make it in the slightest degree plausible or historically accurate in their presentation. As it is, it would be enough to make any experienced Yankee bundler gasp with astonishment. For one thing: you do not wear your very best clothes to bed while bundling; for another thing: you do not read the Holy Bible while bundling; for a third: when you bundle, you do not have a centre-board on the bed separating yourself from your bundlee, or fellow bundler. *The Pursuit of Happiness* uses just such a centre-board and it is, as well as being an anomaly, both an atrocity and an absurdity. This centre-board redeemed itself to some extent when it provided the only truly humorous incident in the entire play by dropping down on the unsuspecting head of the heroine with a resounding thwack.

CINEMA

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.

Reviewed by JOHN CHRISTOPHER

Let those who feared that *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* would suffer in its transposition to the screen banish their apprehensions, for the cinematic version of Rudolf Besier's romance is a distinguished film. The resounding success of the stage version was due to the genius of Katherine Cornell. Without her presence *The Barretts* would have been just another good play. Single-handed, she created the oppressive atmosphere of Elizabeth Barrett's sickroom. In the film Sidney Franklin, the director, first impresses us with the emptiness and rigour of life at No. 50 Wimpole Street; then we see the poetess, suffocating in the stifling air of the malevolent house. The play has thus been conceived in the plastic terms of the cinema. An intelligent adaptation, the skillful direction of Mr. Franklin, and the high level of the acting have made the M-G-M production better than the Broadway one.

Norma Shearer's art is by no means as pre-eminent as that of Miss Cornell; she does not reveal the crushed soul of Elizabeth Barrett as graphically as Miss Cornell. Yet she does convey vividly the dying woman of middle age who is brought back to life by love. Hers must be reckoned a splendid performance. As Edward Moulton-Barrett, the tyrannical father of Elizabeth, Charles Laughton continues to demonstrate that he is one of our foremost actors. Sadistic, pitiless, and utterly selfish, he realizes completely the Freudian implications of his role, implications only half suggested by Charles Waldron on the stage. In the legitimate version Brian Aherne succeeded in lending something of the soul of a great poet to the Robert Browning who was endowed by the playwright with energy alone. Fredric March, alas, is all energy, indulging in his usual extravagant roarings and gesticulations. Maureen O'Sullivan surpasses all her previous efforts in her portrayal of Henrietta, Elizabeth's rebellious sister. The minor roles are capably performed by Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, and many others.



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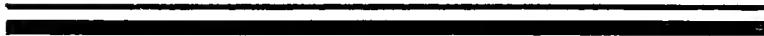
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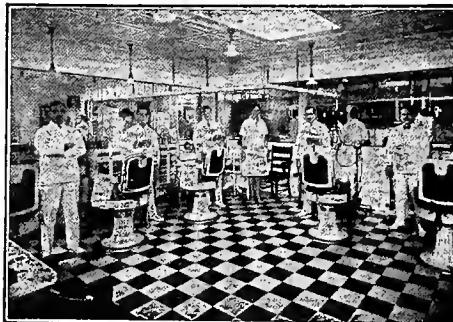
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"KING EDWARD HAD TWO SONS — BOTH BOYS,"

The Train and the Mail-Coach

By SAMRAY SMITH

THOMAS DE QUINCEY remarked that if he were forced to live in China for the rest of his days, he would go mad."—This allusion in the second of a group of stories by Thomas Wolfe published in Scribner's last summer suggests a curious if only partial parallel in older English literature. Even if only accidental, the parallel is a remarkable one and worthy of discussion for that reason.

Thomas Wolfe is a young writer whose first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, has gradually gathered momentum since its publication in 1929; last month, following its translation into German and Norwegian, it was published in the Modern Library. He is the only one-book author in the series. Since 1929 however he has occasionally published stories in Scribner's—ten in all. His second novel, *Time and the River*, is now in the hands of the publishers.

The three stories of last summer are the only ones to be published together. That they are similar in the development of their several themes is clear to the observant reader. But they are also woven and interwoven among themselves, in theme, in the repetition of a single image or of a single picturesque phrase. Here for example, is a sentence from the beginning of "The Train and the City," the first of the three—

I would see the evening sunlight painted without violence or heat, and with a fading and unearthly glow upon the old red brick of rusty buildings . . .

And this appears near the end of "No Door," the last—

Without violence or heat the last rays of the sun fell on the worn brick of the house, and painted it with a sad unearthly light.

Consider also the constant introduction of Death and Spring as themes, always in juxtaposition—a weird and moving effect.

Of this later, but for the present let us take up the suggested comparison, with de Quincey's "The English Mail-Coach."

Conceived solely to produce an emotional effect in the reader, neither

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the essay nor the stories organize their elements in a scheme that is readily apparent, but both will be found on examination to correspond more than anything else to a theme-with-development composition in music. The lyrical, not the analytical nor the dramatic note, is dominant in both. There appears to be no more reason to call the one an essay than the other a group of stories, but that's neither here nor there. Add to this that de Quincey and Wolfe are both writing idealized autobiography, and we are ready for an examination of evidence in detail.

The first part of de Quincey's essay it will be remembered is called "The Glory of Motion" and contains an extended description of a race between the mail-coach and "a tawdry thing from Birmingham" in which, as a matter of course, the mail-coach finally triumphs. Change 'coach' to 'train,' 'Birmingham' to 'Philadelphia,' and you have one of the episodes from "The Train and the City." De Quincey hymns June, while Thomas Wolfe out-sings him in praise of April; de Quincey's Fanny answers to the girl in the red silk dress, and both have dissipated guardians. The three hundred who in death tell Thomas Wolfe so much are the 'not three hundred and fifty strong' whose death assured the victory of Talavera, news of which the mail-coach was carrying. "I told her" writes de Quincey "how they rode their horses into the mists of death . . . and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England!" Wolfe thinks of "Three hundred of my blood and bone who sowed their blood and sperm across the continent . . . were frozen by its bitter cold, burned by the heat of its fierce suns . . . and who fought like lions with its gigantic strength, its wildness, its limitless savagery and beauty until with one stroke of its paw it broke their backs and killed them".

The second story in Thomas Wolfe's group is called "Death the Proud Brother." "The Vision of Sudden Death" is the middle section of de Quincey's essay. It is insignificant that in the story four deaths occur, while in the essay there is only a narrowly averted accident: the effect of the thing on the writer—and incidentally on the reader—is the same. Compare the descriptions of accidents.

Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically.

At this moment an enormous van . . . came roaring through beneath the ele-

THE TRAIN AND THE MAILCOACH

vated structure. It curved over and around, in an attempt to get ahead of a much smaller truck in front of it, and as it did so, swiped the little truck a glancing blow that wrecked it instantly, and sent it crashing across the curb into the vendor's wagon with such force that the cart was smashed to splinters, and the truck turned over it completely and lay beyond it in a stove-in wreckage of shattered glass and twisted steel.

Incidentally, de Quincey's circumstantial description of the position of the gig reminds us of Hardy's comparison of the line of Tess's lips to a design in Greek architecture—the details seem to have downed him. Thomas Wolfe, who had three vehicles to deal with, brings home the whole picture with dynamic force.

A "Dream-Fugue, Founded upon the Preceding Theme of Sudden Death," forms the third part of "The English Mail-Coach." In form it is a purely rhetorical rhapsody, quite different from the first two parts. But "No Door" is not noticeably dissimilar to its predecessors. We had half expected it. After all, aside from matters of style and a similarity in treatment, the two writers are quite different. Thomas Wolfe embraces life with indiscriminate gusto; de Quincey is more selective in his caresses. But we look again at the phrase 'founded upon the preceding theme.' The dominant theme of the last story, if disengaged from those less important, may be the dominant theme of the group and lend it an unsuspected unity, just as the last section of the essay is a sort of application of what has gone before. If this were demonstrated our analogy would not have to be entirely abandoned. but would prove fruitful after all.

In its cunning artistry the interplay of theme between the stories of this group is something to admire. Towering over the whole like a monstrous living and breathing organism, the City is a setting from which we rarely journey. Spring, Death, Night, Loneliness are conjured up, with their opposites for contrasts, in careful sequence and variety of approach. Spring in the City dominates the first story, Death in the City the second. The third, as its subtitle indicates, is a story of Time and the Wanderer. Loneliness is its theme, driven home by incident and atmosphere. The bitterness and nostalgia expressed in the story create a responsive mood in the reader. It is called, as we have said, "No Door," but it was originally announced with the title "Dark Time". Both phrases are repeated quite often in the story and we find that one title is perhaps as good as another. There is no door where the Wanderer may enter and feel at home and peaceful, and Time flows relentlessly past, and at last shows him a door beyond which he will be at peace forever. Simply stated, this the the story. The passionate bitterness

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of a lonely life is expressed in the first section by contrast with the complaint of a wealthy dilettante, 'faintly bitter and ironic . . . a trifle sorrowful about the life harsh destiny has picked out for him.' The Wanderer seeks a door at his old home, then at Oxford, then (of all places) in Brooklyn. There he finds himself envying even the truck-drivers.

The power and precision with which they worked stirred in me a strong and deep emotion of respect, and it also touched in me a sense of regret and humility. For whenever I saw it, my own life, with its tormented desires, its fury of love and madness, its wild and uncertain projects and designs . . . seemed blind, faltering, baffled, still lost in clouds and chaos and confusion.

And this is the point around which all three stories center. They are seen through the eyes of the Wanderer, the Seeker for a door. Such passionate nameless longing comes from nothing oftener than from brooding loneliness. The lonely man is driven to make long aimless trips, to break away from whatever he is working at, to wander through the streets. This theme—of the man driven to make endless pilgrimages through crowded streets—is introduced in the first story and is the foundation of "Death the Proud Brother," where the Wanderer would not have seen the deaths if he had not had the feeling that by staying indoors he was 'missing something rare and glorious.' And they are seen not intimately but by a stranger; and in spite of the fulsome detail, romantically—with 'the magic of distance.' The Italian street vendor was an entirely different person to his wife; possibly her lover seeing that bright fountain of blood spring from his head would have felt something other than aesthetic emotion. And so it is—all comes to us transmuted by the keen hunger, the tortured yearning desire of the eternal outsider.

With Love From Lorry

By GERALD BUERGER

HE MUST not think of Lorry. He must not. He must take the bus, hand the conductor a dime, get off at his own street-corner, and go home. That evening at supper his mother would remark that he should stop frowning, that he looked tired, that he shouldn't work so hard. As she *always* did. Then his sister would say that he didn't work hard at all, that a runner for a large up-town hosiery concern doesn't work much. And if he wouldn't spend all his time answering silly letters from girls he wouldn't look so tired. Just as *she* always did. After dessert he would go to his room, turn the key in the lock, take out a picture, and look at it intently. And so he did.

It is nice to listen to the radio, it's nice if you haven't got one of your own. So he opened the window and obtained the benefit of the upstairs neighbor's radio. His hand pulled open the bottom drawer of his bureau. He reached below a pile of school books and withdrew a packet of letters. It was the only drawer his mother did not invade.

They were all letters written in a characteristically feminine handwriting. Their dates read not two days apart, and there were about thirty of them. He read the first one. He often did that. He read the second, the third. They were affectionate; they told of a love that sprung from a chance meeting. They were signed 'with love, from Lorry.' The envelopes and writing-paper were of a pink shade, like that obtainable in the five and ten stores.

Suddenly the music from below in the courtyard ceased. The neighbors had shut off their radio. There were going out.

He got up, unlocked his door, and went into the bathroom. He lit the light and glanced into the mirror. He adjusted his face. Yes, he did look better when he frowned. But still there were his ears. So goddam large. No wonder he wasn't popular. He reorganized his face to a frown and left the bathroom. He left the light burning purposely, so his mother could remark bitterly that he was a wastrel. It would give her something to talk about. But it would sort of pay her back for having borne him with those ears.

Back within his room, he took some writing-paper from another hiding-place. He uncorked a bottle of green ink. He wrote a letter. The writing-paper was familiar, the hand-writing characteristic. He sealed and stamped the envelope, and placed it in the inner pocket of his coat to mail in the morning. The letter was signed 'with love, from Lorry.'

For Nina

WHAT'S the matter" I said.

From far off I had watched him, looking very small, running toward me as hard as he could, his head thrown back, fists tight-clenched, while his arms swung back and forth like pistons. He had run past without apparently seeing me, but when he had gone a bit farther he stopped and stood thinking for a while with his head down and his fists still pressed tight against his chest. Then he slowly pushed one hand deep into his pocket, with the other gave a hitch to his belt as he'd seen the other boys do, and turned around to walk over to where I stood, his head still down.

"What's the matter" I said.

He brought his head up at last and pushed back his hair, ordinarily light and very well combed, but now damp and dark with sweat and getting into his eyes. He stood looking at me, not saying anything and trying to catch his breath. He was very pale.

"O" he said, taking a deep breath and letting it go with a sob "Nothing."

"I see; just getting in shape." He hated sarcasm, but it did what I meant it to; he suddenly realized he had been behaving unusually and he smiled, but his upper lip quivered when he relaxed his jaw.

"O nothing" he said. "They're doing it again. Fogblowing."

"Why do you go with them?" I knew what he meant. Lately, when they were tired of chasing the cows and horses in the meadows or of throwing stones at them, the boys would cross the tracks of the steam-tramway running from The Hague to Leiden; and a little beyond would come to the Schenk, The Hague's *buitenring* or exterior canal. They would catch frogs here and when they had caught a big one they would put a straw into it and blow it up until it swelled like a toy balloon. If the frog was very tough it would sometimes take a minute before he'd burst. I was there when Hans van der Lans thought up the new diversion, and I was careful not to go with them to the Schenk again because it had made me feel queasy, and I knew if I saw it again I would be sick. So I knew what he meant.

"Why do you bother with them" I said.

He bent over and brushed the dirt off one of his bare knees which was bleeding. He looked at me again, sucking in one cheek and shrugging his shoulders.

FOR NINA

"Well, they're" his high voice lost conviction "they're fun sometimes".
"Yes" I said; "sometimes".

I looked at him; he was only ten, quite a few years younger than I and at least a head smaller. He was comic in a delightful way, and I remember his quite unaffected habit of shrugging his shoulders like a grown-up. Tricks like hitching up his belt he'd caught from the other boys but the shrug was his own and quite natural.

I told him he had better go in the house to wash the dirt out of the cut on his knee.

"All right" he said. "What time is it? Nina——" his face brightened, his grey intelligent eyes were keen again—"Nina is very nice, you know. She says I may get as dirty as I want, just so I wash up for meals". Nina was what he called his mother. He eyed contemplatively his black knees. "Of course it's best not to get too dirty on account you don't have to wash so much."

He walked off toward his house and I watched him for a while before going off myself.

Jan and his mother had only lately moved into our neighborhood, taking the last house on the Anna van Buerenstraat. Beyond this house there were only meadows filled with cows; here and there was a farm, or a windmill on the bank of a canal to keep the water pumping. All of it made a good playground; and Jan was glad to have come here to live instead of near Het Plein where tramways and motorcars made playing outdoors precarious and where he had found it hard to find boys of his own age.

Jan's mother was a beautiful tall young woman whom people constantly took to be his sister; there was a close resemblance between them, and what was attractive in the boy was beautiful in his mother. You were fascinated by her face with the clear quiet grey eyes that seemed always to be looking at something far beyond. You felt there was some mystery about her and that she was detached from what was going on about her; and people thought her proud and haughty. In that neighbourhood of housewives who thought living one great but simple process of polishing pots and pans, furniture and the front pavement, Jan's mother was a problem. Meeting these people on the street her eyes would slowly narrow while the full straight lips, maybe ordinarily a bit too severe, would break gradually into what I always thought a very beautiful smile. The others called it condescending.

I don't know how these two had ever come to take a house in the Anna

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van Buerenstraat. Jan never spoke of his father, though once I asked him about the portrait I saw on his mother's writing desk; it had a leather frame and on its lower rim there was stamped the gold coronet of a jonkheer or a baron. He had looked at it for a moment. "He's gone away" he said and right away asked me to come look at some new book his mother had brought him. I supposed his father was dead, though there may have been a divorce; I don't know.

Jan's mother may have felt the resentment of her neighbours, but there was no way to tell what she thought. It's sure she could find nothing in common with these women who only stopped their housework to read the *Haagsche Courant* or to visit each other to pry into each other's affairs.

I was one of the few who ever came into Jan's home, and I was often stopped by this or that woman who for a minute or two would give up furiously polishing a window pane to angle for scandal about my *Uitlander* friends; and they asked me questions that it took a particular knack to avoid an answer to. It didn't take me long to understand why all the boys suddenly began inviting me to their houses for dinner; it was their mothers who made them ask, of course, because they would never have thought of it themselves. They were nice enough to me, but I suppose they considered me rather useless because I had to use a cane to get around. I couldn't play any of their games in which you had to run, and in most of their games you had to run pretty fast.

When I found out that these dinners were only excuses for getting information about Jan's mother it made me glad to say I couldn't come, and even if I had known anything to tell I think I should have lied to them.

The boys heard at home what their families had to say about Jan's mother and they made Jan bear the brunt of it. When they first got to know him they watched him as if he'd been a new species of bug they had caught; when they were sure he couldn't bite or sting they began to play with him, and to torture him—which was the same thing. Jan wasn't like them; he liked to read books as much as he liked to play "Cops and Robbers" and it was something they couldn't understand. I don't mean that they were better or worse than any others, but a lot depended on whom they accepted as their leader, and Hans van der Lans was not a gentle lad. He was fifteen, had good looks, was strong, good at games. But he was the worst kind of bully because he could be pleasant when he wanted to be. All the boys were afraid of him, though they would never admit it; but they all admired him. I liked him myself, and I used to wonder what it was could make him sud-

FOR NINA

denly think of throwing a stone at a cow or blowing up a frog till its insides spattered over his hands.

The thing was that the whole flock of boys around him could follow him so exactly in his moods; and when he decided to give one of them a beating or to tease him till he cried, the rest of them would all turn against him too.

Jan liked van der Lans and tried his best to be like him, which was funny and tragic. Van der Lans at first tolerated him, but soon found him more interesting than frogs. Jan was safe so long as there was a game going on, but when van der Lans began to get tired of playing he began to torture Jan, and the others would all help out. It took them a week to find out that to insult him and to twit him with having a tutor instead of going to school had more effect than pulling his legs apart to make him yell. Jan wouldn't yell or open his mouth at all, and that one time they were frightened and ran off because he had suddenly become very white and had fainted.

It didn't do any good to tell Jan to stay away from them. He hadn't known many boys before, and I told him only half-heartedly at that; because I realized I couldn't judge that sort of thing and sometimes, when I let myself, I wished my bad foot wouldn't keep me from running with the rest of them. Jan did everything to make them like him and took most of their taunts very good-naturedly, though you could see they hurt him.

Wednesday was always a half-holiday from school. One afternoon the boys were to have gone on a hike through the dunes to Scheveningen, but it had begun to rain and some of them had been late, so that finally all stayed and went to "explore" a new house that was being built next to Jan's. It was a novelty in building then to let the bricks jut out from the wall about a foot apart from each other, and it looked very quaint. We were discussing the practical advantages this might have when Hans van der Lans said "I'll bet a *dubbeltje* nobody has the nerve to climb up the side to the roof" and the others laughed but Jan walked over to the wall and gave a tug at one of the bricks sticking out about two inches, as if it might have come off in his hand. Then he carefully hooked his fingers on a brick above his head and very carefully and steadily began to climb. It was a four-story house and it was dangerous to go up that way, and when he finally got to the roof they all cheered and then kept very quiet because instead of going down through a trapdoor as he could have done he came back the same way.

Jan knew he had something real now to prove himself to the others with. He was very happy and it looked for a while as if he had been accepted and

THE HAVERFORDIAN

they all admired him. But Jan was so glad they liked him now that he made a habit of climbing up the side of the house about once a day, and after a while it began to annoy the others and I thought myself he was overdoing it, and going home with him one night I said he had better stop it.

“All right;” he said shrugging his shoulders and frowning for a minute “if you think so. Somebody told Nina too and it frightens her, so maybe you’re right”.

Nothing happened during the next few weeks and Jan was teased only at times. He had given up his climbing and he was learning to accept being taunted without showing how it hurt him; and if van der Lans had let him alone the others would have been glad enough to; although they still heard things at home about Jan’s mother, and would have said things about her to Jan if they hadn’t known it was too much an unfair way to make him mad.

Van der Lans and I and three or four of the others were coming home from school one day soon after the frogblowing affair and saw Jan standing in front of his house. It was getting towards winter and it rained almost all the time now, and by four or five o’clock it began to get dark. Van der Lans had played a rotten game against the Koningin Marie school, and he was in his ugly mood and no one talked much. When he saw Jan, van der Lans’ eyes narrowed and he laughed but it wasn’t a pleasant laugh.

“How is the sissy?” He used a worse word in Dutch but it means about the same thing. “Too bad it’s getting too cold for frogs” he said.

Jan didn’t say anything and tried to walk past him, but van der Lans grabbed him by the arm and pushed him up against a small pile of bricks that had been left there on the pavement by the workmen building the new house. He let go Jan’s arm and got a grip in his chest and he twisted his fist against Jan’s breastbone, but Jan just leaned his hands against the bricks and set his jaw and looked away to one side as if the other hadn’t been there at all.

Van der Lans gave him a fresh push with his fist and I could hear Jan’s breath come out from where I stood. “Let him alone” I said.

“Shut up, cripple,” van der Lans said without turning to look at me “or I’ll take care of you next”. He waited a minute.

“Haven’t you heard” he said very slowly and smiling—“that his mother—*zijn moeder is een hoer?*”

It all happened very fast. Jan got hold of one of the bricks and hit van der Lans on the head and van der Lans went down slowly sliding down against Jan’s body till he lay with his face up in the rain and with dark blood running in a thin line from under his hair. We all ran to him and Jan

FOR NINA

stood for a second with his eyes very wide and his mouth open and still holding the brick in his hand. Then he dropped it and ran toward his house screaming "He's dead—hy's dood—hy's dood!"

I didn't pay much attention to him because I was looking at van der Lans and helping the other boys to pick him up, but he was already coming to and opening his eyes. When I looked up again I saw something moving high up against the side of the new house and then I understood and I shouted "Don't, J:n!" but he kept on climbing up the side of the house. The stones were slippery with the rain and suddenly in the half-dark I thought I saw him miss his footing and he hung there for a very short while and then with a queer sound between a sob and a scream he dropped down on the stone pavement. His head was twisted in a strange way and his eyes were wide looking at nothing.

We carried him up the steps to his door and pulled the bell. Van der Lans was holding his handkerchief against his bleeding forehead; I looked away from him.

"Maybe you'd better not come in" I said.

The Romantics' Revenge

THOMAS D. BROWN

*Plague take Lord Byron and his dashing ways!
And that for Shelley, with his luminous wings!
A curse on Keats in his short-numbered days,
And pooh! for Wordsworth's love of simple things.
A pox on Coleridge's opiate-haunted lays,
And woe betide us! when Bob Southey sings.
These poets, of all Johnny Bulls the boast,
Are, strange enough, the ones who irk me most.*

*Why even I, most mundane far of men,
Can give a loftier stanza to the world
Than any dull antediluvian
Whose pre-Victorian little soul lies curled
Tight in its English eggshell. Come, my pen!
Come shame these unborn chicks. Come fly unfurled,
O fanion frail of my great muse! Unroll
Till thou dost stand with Byrd's at either pole!*

*With these exalted thoughts to spur me on,
And several drinks to keep my courage high,
Seizing pen and paper, I was gone
To write a poem 'neath the evening sky.
I stole my way unseen across the lawn,
And past a neighbor's watch dog crept close by.
To screw my spirits up—which else had balked—
I damned Romantic Poets as I walked.*

THE ROMANTICS' REVENGE

*Ere long I came upon a well-known nook,
A sheltered hollow in the city park
Littoral to a dye-stained little brook,
That sang its own shrill verses in the dark.
The moon, low-hung that night, I first mistook
To be a toothpaste billboard's lighted arc;
But when I did Celestial Cynthia find,
I felt the old Apollo in my mind.*

*“Hurrah!” I cried, and tossed my cap in the air,
“The moon controls my muse, which, like the tide,
Doth ebb and flow beneath her cheesey glare—
And now she shines auspiciously!” With pride
And nervous joy I quickly mussed my hair
As poets do, and cast my coat aside;
Then took my fountain pen (O for a quill!),
And sat me down to serve my muse’s will.*

*“To rhyme the greatest verses ever read
How can I fail?” I thought with pensile pen.
“To worms are all my puny rivals fed,
And here I sit with planets in my ken,
Huge cloudy symbols floating through my head,
A brooklet babbling through my moonlit glen.
I’ll bet a hat that Wordsworth in some shabby
Office sat, when he wrote Tintern Abbey!”*

*Yet, sitting mid the scenes I would describe,
My pen—a traitorous weapon—could but scratch
Amorphous profiles, and a pudgy tribe
Of passé poets in a parsley patch.
My struggling soul, alas, could not imbibe
One inspiration, not its essence catch.
At last, disgruntled, all his hair turned gray
The poet homeward plods his weary way.*

THE HAVERFORDIAN

A moral? Why 'tis this, and this alone—
The mind is more a magnet than the eye
To search out beauty's microscopic throne,
And focus where her flouting legions lie.
Though straight to Fairmount's bosom I had flown,
I was not moved, just seeing earth and sky.
Yet, chain the poet to a swivel chair,
His thoughts will steal away to beauty's lair.

Then here's to Byron, brave, untiring swimmer,
Three cheers for Shelley, steeped in Chemistry,
And Keats—no schoolboy battler ever grimmer;
('Twas Wordsworth's voice whose sound was like the sea.)
Come, Coleridge laud, whose funds grew daily slimmer,
And Southey, primed with Pantisocracy.
Their names still lead the list of poets—rot 'em!
While mine, I fear,

is still

quite near

the

bottom.

This Petty Pace

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

THE old man of the mountains lay dying. He seemed weak and faded, and not at all imposing lying in the dim light, under his patchwork quilt that was all but rags. If he had been fearful in the out of doors in the mountains, he was no longer so. In the rickety old cabin in Sugar Tree Hollow which was so feeble a protest against the wind howling outside that even the lantern swung slightly on its nail in the wall, he was only another pitiful figure, dying in the backwoods. His youngest son was with him, all the others of his big family had scattered or died, but his last son, Charlie, had remained to care for the old man, and to bury him when he should be dead. The old man knew that he was dying. He knew that the grave had been dug since the day before, and that everything was in readiness. It made no difference, if his time had come he was ready. Life's business was raising food to eat, raising children to live after you, and dying when the time came. There was no time for anything else. Charlie put out the light and went to bed. He was weary with all this waiting, but he felt that it would not be long now. The old man had seemed to be in greater pain the last few hours, and he would not eat.

Charlie woke up early in the morning. It was bleak and cold outside. A grey day, with a feeling of dampness in the air. Looking over at the old man he saw that he was dead. He had probably died early in the night. Charlie ate a little breakfast, and then went to wrap the old man up in the quilt. When his mother had died the old man had made a pine box for her, but what was the use? Slinging the body over his shoulder Charlie walked out into the clearing. The hole was in the far corner, and it was only a shallow one. The ground was too hard for digging. When Charlie had gotten half-way to the hole he turned around and went back into the cabin, putting the body on the bed. He took the quilt from around the body. It was a cold winter. Then he resumed his burden, and put it in the hole, filling it up slowly. It looked like a hard winter, Charlie thought.

In the cabin there was enough food to last through the winter. The old man had been a hard worker, and had stored up some corn in the rafters. They had killed a hog, too, and that would last a while. Then there was the old man's gun. It had been his pride, and Charlie smiled when he reflected that it would be his now. Nobody understood where the old man had gotten

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it, but he had had it a long time. People in Sugar Tree Hollow never had enough money at one time to buy nearly so fine a gun, but then nobody had ever asked the old man many questions. Some people remembered that a while after the gun had appeared a hunter from the city was found out in Deer Creek Hollow. He seemed to have been dead several days, and his gun was missing. Still people in the hollow never cared to put two and two together. If they did they were likely to get a bullet in the back instead of four.

Charlie decided he would stick it out during the winter, and then build another house farther up the Hollow in the spring. The old man had refused to move on to another place while he lived, knowing that it would be a lot of trouble for nothing, since his time had nearly come, but Charlie was restless. The land in the clearing was poor with so many successive corn crops. It had not been too good to start with. The cabin was full of holes, and some of the logs were rotting. It would be as easy to build a new one as to repair the old shack. Perhaps he should marry, too. It would be easier not to have to do the cooking. Perhaps the orphan girl the old man was always talking about could help in the field, too. Maybe the old man had been right about his marrying her. He guessed he'd do it.

In the spring, then, Charlie and Hester, the orphan girl, started up the hollow to look for a spot to build their cabin on. She was a big strong girl. She had freckles, and buck teeth, and her long black hair was drawn back tightly and fixed in a knot in the back. Still, she was strong, and when Charlie had married her her guardian had given her a cow. They went a long way up into the hills, following the creek all the way, since they had to be near water. They finally found a place where there was enough level land to make a clearing, and they set to work, Hester doing her full share. There were only little trees and bushes, but it was slow work. After the larger trees were cut out Charlie left Hester to do the rest of the clearing, and went to cut trees for the house. It was only to be a small one-room cabin, smaller than the one the old man had built, but they could add to it later. Charlie thought that if it were twelve feet square it would be enough. It took him six weeks to finish it, and all the time Hester worked with her clearing. Then when she was done with that she dug it up and planted corn. After all winter would be coming, and there wouldn't be anything to eat. If Charlie was going to work on the cabin all the time she would have to take care of the corn field. Charlie smiled when he saw her industry. The old man had been right about the orphan girl. She was a hard worker, and good and strong.

THIS PETTY PACE

Finally the cabin was done. Charlie had managed to put in a good fireplace, and there was enough wood left over from the trees he had cut to provide firewood. Everything would be fine as soon as the woman's corn was ready. He could hunt during the winter with the old man's gun, and get some money from coon skins. The cow was a pretty good one, and maybe he could get a pig some place. In the meantime he could kill enough rabbits and birds for their meat. The old man had left plenty of shot.

The winter went by well enough. There were not so many coons as Charlie had hoped, still there were enough, and by spring he thought he would have enough money to buy some chickens, as well as cloth for Hester to make clothes with. Things were working out very well. Life up in the Hollow was hard work, and a little lonesome, since the nearest neighbor was a mile over on the next hill, but still, things might be worse. At least he had Hester to talk to if he should have anything to say. Charlie had hoped to have money for a new blanket, since the old man's quilt was falling to pieces, and the blanket Hester had brought was not enough to keep them both warm. However, when spring came, Hester had a baby, a puny little girl, and it took money to buy things for the child, so what with one thing and another, and the weather being warmer anyway, he did not get the blanket. Perhaps in the fall there would be some corn to sell.

It was nice in the hollow in the spring time. The year before it had been hard work, but now there was time to lie in the sun, or wander through the woods. There were berries everywhere, and they provided some variety to the meals. Then the woods themselves were pretty. First the dogwood, then the wild plum, then the first green leaves, and flowers. Charlie worked a little on the house, making new shingles for the roof, and he built a storehouse nearby, so that they would not have to keep corn in the rafters again. It made the cabin smell like a barn.

Thus the years went by. It was hard to keep track of them really, except by the children. There were children every year. But even that wasn't a very good way. The first one, the puny little girl, died, and some others after her. Then there had been twins once. That was a hard winter. They came in the dead of winter, one freezing night in December. Charlie had kept a blazing fire going, but it wasn't enough to keep even the tiny room warm. He had thought for a while that Hester might die, but then before he knew it it was spring, and she was strong as ever. When she finally did die there were nine children alive, the youngest, a boy, was five years old. Hester had worked hard, and all the children had aged her. She

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was old and wrinkled when she died. Her hair hadn't greyed, but it had thinned out, and had been stringy. She hadn't been so careful about pulling it back into a tight knot. Her freckles had disappeared into the wrinkles, and her great projecting teeth were blackened. Still, she had been fairly strong, and was able to care for the corn until the end, though the older children helped her.

As more children had appeared Charlie had had to work harder and harder. First he had tried to go out hunting more days. That had helped for a while, but then the price of skins fell, and things were as bad as before. He had tried working on the roads too, but he had had to walk so far every day and work so long that he gave that up too. In the end he had gone in with the man Brashears, who lived on the next hill, making whiskey. It was green, raw stuff, and didn't fetch a very high price, still it brought something, and all in all it was easier than working on the roads. He could still hunt, and the two together brought in enough money. Sometimes he made wine out of the blackberries, but that was harder to sell, and it was a lot of trouble, so in the end he gave it up. When Hester died the oldest children were nearly old enough to take care of themselves anyway, and money wasn't so important. He made a box for Hester, remembering that his father had done that when his mother died. It seemed foolish, but women were different, he supposed. Hester was comforted when he told her that he would make it.

The two oldest boys were the first to go away. One went to the city, and Charlie didn't hear of him any more. The other went a few miles west, where the land was supposed to be better. Here in Sugar Tree Hollow it was none too good, especially after fifteen or twenty corn crops. Some of the girls went next. Brashears had some sons, and they married two of the girls. A stranger, passing through the valley hunting had stayed at the cabin once, and when he came back a few months later he took another girl, and married her. In the course of ten years all of them except the youngest boy went away.

Charlie was getting old now. His hair was nearly white, and he had a short beard. People, coming to buy his whiskey, referred to him as "old Charlie," or the "old man" or "the old man of the mountains." The boy he had named Ezra, after his father. He was hard working, and kept the house clean. He had taught him to cook too, all the old man had to do now was work a little in the corn patch and make the whiskey. With only two to feed there was no need to work longer, and he almost never went hunting,

THIS PETTY PACE

though the boy did sometimes. Thus the years passed, with nothing changing but the seasons. It had always been like that, the old man reflected sometimes.

Then one day he knew that he should die presently. It was in the late fall, soon it would be winter. He stayed in bed more and more, getting up only a few hours each day, and finally he got up no more, pulling his old quilt, which Hester had made many years before, around him. Some of the patches were torn or worn through, and the cotton quilting was coming out of it. Charlie was old and cold, and knew that his time had come. The boy Ezra was twenty and could care for the old man now without too much trouble, and when he was gone, he could easily get along. The old man called Ezra to his bedside one day to tell him that he was dying. "The house and clearing will be yours," he said, "and my gun which I had from my father. It's a fine gun. Get yourself a wife, a strong woman who can work and help you in the fields. Old man Brashears had a daughter that never married. She lives with her brother and his wife in the old cabin on the next hill. You have seen her there. When I have died go and marry her, and bring her here to live."

The boy put the light out and went to bed. He was weary of all this waiting, but he felt that it would not be long now. The old man had seemed to be in greater pain the last few hours, and he would not eat.

Ezra woke up early in the morning. It was bleak and cold outside. A grey day, with a feeling of dampness in the air. Looking over at the old man he saw that he was dead. He had probably died early in the night. Ezra ate a little breakfast, and then went to wrap the old man up in the quilt. When his mother had died the old man had made a pine box for her, but what was the use . . .

House of Pain

By RICHARD GRIFFITH

*It is your room I fear through the swift day,
Holding the numbing interviews that count
My agony in minutes. Fearing pain, I arm
With laughter and bright words of carelessness,
Hoping to hide the deadly truth with thought.
But late at night the knowing threshold mocks
My hope. Silent I enter, and my hands
Tremble. I find a chair and turn away
My face, as if in thought. But nothing grows
Within the sudden desert of my mind.
I am betrayed, bereft
Of all the shining powers you seek in me.*

*Meanwhile you sit and wait for me to speak,
A questioning eyebrow lifted, a thin smile
Upon your lips. A fatal silence lies
Between us. I arise; naked, unarmed,
Shorn of my strength, I speak
And shiver for your answer. But your gaze
Pierces my body, finding there no sign
Of that you long for. Only, you wonder why
I who was strong in thought am weak in love.*

Anniversary

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

WHEN the bell rang he went upstairs immediately. He paid little attention to the others and only nodded briefly to those who spoke to him. Upon reaching the employees' quarters he went inside and washed his hands. Then he came back, got his hat, and went to wait for the elevator. In the middle of the pushing crowd he kept stiff and tried not to notice their noisy chatter. It was the same on the way down; he tried to be as little a part of this mob as he might.

He went outside from the employees' door, walked down the side-street and onto the Avenue. There he headed uptown and, without turning his eyes, passed the front of the store. He walked rather slowly but evenly and mechanically.

Four blocks North, four avenue-blocks East, two steps up and into the apartment-house, seven steps (eight on hot days) to the right, and he would be in the elevator. Seventeen floors, with the odds about three to one on two or more intervening stops (although on Saturdays it was often a non-stop flight). A sharp turn to the right, a key in the door, a step or two, and he would be home.

In the arm-chair John would be sitting, reading the sports section, or possibly, finishing the list of Big Board securities. He would look up, grin, and say: "Well, how's the sock and smock business?" Or, if feeling inventive: "Clessy-cut collitch clothes going good?" Or: "Whew, hot!" He had others.

Bill would grin, throw his hat in the corner, take half the paper, and sit on the window-seat. They would read in comparative silence for awhile, go out and have dinner. Sometimes they would sit around there and smoke, possibly have a drink. Then they would come home, read a magazine and listen to the radio. Around ten they would go into the other room, where they would make ready for bed. On the two or three nights a week that they went to the movies this would occur about eleven o'clock. In the morning they would get up, cook their uncomplicated breakfast, and go, one to sell stock-market tickers and the other to sell haberdashery. At five-thirty that afternoon it would almost surely begin again.

Tonight he felt worse than ever. Tonight was an anniversary. Three years ago tonight had been the first night he had left the store, No. 1223

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on the payroll of Belden, Pollock; three years ago tonight this round had begun. Assistant-shipping-hand to tie-salesman in three years. ASSISTANT SHIPPING CLERK TO ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER'S THIRD ASSISTANT RIGHT FIELDER IN THREE YEARS, or *How a Doctor of Philosophy Proved his Mettle*, by Horatio Alger! College graduates only. We need college graduates in our advancement chain: they have class and can tie bundles just dandy.

College graduates. That was nice. A college graduate. Yes, madam, a nice sheepskin? Delighted! Awfully cheap and really worth it. No, that was wrong, he didn't sell sheepskins, he sold ties and socks and coloured suspenders, and if you asked him nicely he could tell you where these lady-bountifuls could get the cutest pair of shoesies for little George.

Of course it really wasn't so bad. In three more years, if he smiled at the right times and laughed at the right times and looked commiserating when it seemed fitting; if he kowtowed and boot-licked for three more years, he might become assistant floor-manager, or even more. Wouldn't be long before he was making forty or fifty dollars a week, by golly, all for himself and his wife and seven kids.

Now that he came to think of it, he had been really clever to put himself through four years of college and three years of grad-school. Being able to tell the names of every monastery known to have existed in Aquitaine in the Twelfth Century certainly gave him the right point of view for selling foulards with a nice novel check to shipping clerks.

Slowly he walked across the Avenue, starting down Thirty-Eighth Street. He turned neither to right nor left, keeping his eyes directed straight ahead. At an even pace he started the fourth avenue-block East.

Three years! Three years of this. It had been enough. One week, indeed, had been enough. But they had promised advancement, success, the door open to wider things, the world—under the aegis of Belden, Pollock. He had promised himself not to stay a minute more than he had to. He would leave the minute he could get a job, teaching, almost any job so long as it fed him and provided him with the minimum amount of clothes. Three Springs he had visited or written every agency he knew; three times he had gotten the same answer. Wait. Hope. The new year. Better times.

He had tried to keep up his work, tried to use the free libraries, tried to keep his hand in. After a time he had given that up. Dulled hope and physical weariness had kept him from it. Instead he counted steps on the way home, did mathematical calculations as to the number of people within

THE POET OF BAGDAD

a block, cars passing in a minute, steps in a mile. Things came in threes, or fours, or sevens. What difference? They came.

Spring would come again. He would try again. His friends, such as they were—most of them in the same quicksand—would help. Maybe he would finally find something. Maybe some day he would be able to stop selling clothes. Maybe.

He reached the apartment-house and, turning, went up the two steps into the lobby. At the exact middle he turned to the right. The elevator, practically full, was about to leave.

“Up,” he said.

The others in the car moved aside to let him in. “Hello,” said the elevator-man.

“Hello,” he said.

People whom he recognized more or less vaguely got off, two at the third floor, one at the fifth, one at the twelfth. When he got off at the seventeenth there were still several in the car.

He stood in front of the door for a minute. Finally he turned the key, pushed the door, and went in. John was over in the arm-chair, reading the Market reports.

“Hello,” John said. “How’s the Millinery Merchandising profession this fine evening?”

Bill grinned. “Swell,” he said. “Toss me the front page, will you?”



The Poet of Bagdad

By JAMES E. TRUEX

*Dibil, Bagdad's bitter poet, had
A pen was held in awe by conqueror
And king. When roused he needed but to add
The name—the poem was composed before.*

*In old age, silent rather through the lack
Of foes than spite, he'd say, “Sunrise, Sunset,
I've borne my mocking cross upon my back,
And no one's nailed my body to it yet.”*

BOOKS

MARY PETERS, by *Mary Ellen Chase*.

Reviewed by JOHN A. CHURCH, III

At the turn of the century the simple, self-sufficient life of the Maine Coast-towns is giving way to the hybrid culture of the modern village, combining the worst elements of the old country life and the incoming city civilization. Boston and New York society is just discovering the possibilities of Mt. Desert as a summer-resort. With their arrival the younger generation is forsaking the tradition of its thrifty, patient forefathers for the chance of earning easy money from the "summer people," adopting the form of their life and becoming inevitably cheapened and coarsened in the process.

In the midst of degeneration the Peters family clings to its heritage preserving its integrity and security without compromise. With John the character of the country takes its most typical form: in a delight in the unremitting struggle with the land, a sense of completion, unrecognized for what it is but nevertheless imperative in its demands,—in the sprouting and growth and harvest of his crops. In Mary Peters and her mother Miss Chase has pictured New England temperament at its best, its shrewd thriftiness and rigid moral sense softened by a tolerance gained from the sea, from resignation to the inevitable forces of wind and waves, a willingness to be content when one has done one's best, a willingness to accept life for what it is.

But Mary especially, about whom the development of the book centers, is not satisfying as a character. We are not shown in terms of reactions to individual situations how her early life has produced in her such superiority to those around her; nor how the events of her later life affect her; psychologically Miss Chase's study is superficial. In the end we find that we do not know a woman, but a symbol of the land she lives on, the stubborn but rewarding Maine sea coast.

Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that Miss Chase's point of view towards her material is personal rather than artistic. This is apparent in the unmistakable bitterness she displays in connection with the grasping, provincial, small-minded Ellen and her mother, but even more so in the long and sometimes hauntingly beautiful descriptions of objects through which she approaches the states of mind of her characters, where it is obvious that she is often carried away by a sentimental emotion which has its roots ultimately in mystic worship of the fertile earth.

BOOKS

THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, By
William Saroyan

Reviewed by JAMES HOOVER

When a collection of twenty-six formless, highly poetic, and uneventful stories by an unknown author makes the best-seller lists, it is something of a miracle. A young Armenian, apparently without much money or education or anything except "a faint idea what it is like to be alive" has done the trick and definitely made a name for himself. By writing only of the things he knows well (and that means himself, generally) and by means of an amazing exactness of expression, he is able to overcome by sheer power of writing his lack of short-story technique.

There is something boyish about these stories that is both refreshing and annoying to the reader. The refreshing part is Saroyan's ability to throw a strange and vivid light on the most commonplace things: a typewriter, a curved line, cold weather, or a musical tune. But at times one feels he is guilty of that fault that all new writers have: an attempt to make the reader admire him; it is as if he would say, after writing a glowing paragraph, "This is myself; you've got to like it."

Whether you like it or not, Saroyan's personality is the most important thing in the book. The best stories, "The Daring Young Man", "Snake", "And Man", "Seventeen", to mention only a few, are purely autobiographical. There is no attempt here to found a new school of story writers; imitators of his style are already reported to have sprung up, and they have been uniformly unsuccessful. Saroyan is Saroyan, and has to be taken at face value.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall

Reviewed by A. R. MEMHARD, JR.

The story of the mutiny on the *Bounty* in the South Seas in 1789 is a favorite with those familiar with the legends of the sea. We know that the *Bounty* made a long sojourn at Tahiti to assemble a cargo of breadfruit trees, and that on the home trip it was seized by the mutineers who set Captain Bligh and eighteen loyal men adrift in an open boat. A hazardous 3600-mile voyage was navigated by the Captain and his crew before reaching the haven of Timor in the Dutch East Indies. We also know that the mutineers left some of their group at Tahiti, while the remainder settled on Pitcairn's Island. The facts at our disposal serve but to rouse the imagination of

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romantic conjecture—distance and time have lent enchantment to a sea drama which has now become half legendary.

In 1929 Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall began their preliminary work upon a historical novel dealing with the mutiny on board the *Bounty*. The archives of the British Museum were diligently searched and all pertinent material was gathered for the convenience of the authors. *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Men Against the Sea* were the results of their efforts.

Pitcairn's Island is a fitting and satisfactory conclusion to the trilogy. In it the authors give their version of what happened in the tragic paradise, Pitcairn's Island. With scant material on which to base their novel, they have necessarily called on their imaginations to fill the gaps. It is a fascinating account in which greed, lust, drunkenness, and social distinction play prominent roles. Fletcher Christian, the leader, with eight white men and eighteen Polynesians (twelve women and six men) constitute the colony. An idyllic, thriving community is established on this uninhabited crumb of land. For a time hard work joins them in happy comradeship. But as it becomes less and less difficult to supply the means of comfort and livelihood, the long days of idleness take effect and dissension appears. The white men want to exclude the natives from representation in the land distribution. An insufficiency of women creates hard feeling. Lack of respect for and hatred of the native men brings matters to a head. A bloody and sordid slaughter follows, leaving but four white men alive. The ensuing period of debauchery and drunkenness offers forgetfulness from this dreadful interlude, but it is responsible for the loss of two more lives. Once the temptation of drink is removed the characters of Young and Smith, sole male survivors, undergo a complete change. And with the arrival of the American sealing vessel *Topaz*, eighteen years after their landing, the patriarch Smith has "found religion" and is teaching Sunday school to the half-breed children.

The present book is written with simplicity of style and fidelity to scene. But *Pitcairn's Island* suffers by comparison with *Men Against the Sea*. One feels the artificiality of the former at times. Christian knew of the contemplated division of land that would leave the natives without a share, and he was not the kind of man to twiddle his thumbs. Strong-willed as he was, he could easily have prevented the massacre. Again, the character of Young as seen in the beginning of the book is too inconsistent with the Young of the period of debauchery to be convincing. He follows McCoy's example too readily. The work taken as a whole, however, is a thrilling tale.

DRAMA

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, by *Elmer Rice*.

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Whatever else the Broadway season brings, one knows that Elmer Rice will write an impassioned letter to the *New York Times*, denouncing the irresponsible critics and making an impassioned appeal to playwrights to write plays that will bring the People back into the theatre. I think *Between Two Worlds*, his new play, has brought back the people he means, for the smell of garlic hung heavily over the gallery in which I sat. But now that he has got them there, what is Mr. Rice going to do with them? That they do not appreciate the fine play he has written for them is too patent to be ignored, even by our foremost humanitarian playwright. On the night I was there they were puzzled by the tragedies of *Between Two Worlds*; and the comic scenes got no laughs unless there was (explicit) mention of sex. The play will find its admirers only among the footless intelligentsia whom it attacks.

That is because Mr. Rice cannot quite bring himself to denounce anything human. For his purposes he has gathered here a number of men and women and suspended them provocatively in the vacuum of a transatlantic voyage. Cut off from the ultimate objects of desire, released from the pre-occupations of daily life, they are free to be themselves, and playwright and audience can know them for what they are. The shallow gaieties of the ship absorb those who seek release from life, while the stronger members of the company find themselves plunged into thought. It is these latter whom Mr. Rice examines most carefully; the rest he lets pass as driftwood —the absinthe drinker, the giddy tourist, the egocentric singer, the blasé bon vivant. For them the voyage is only an incident, but for those who take thought it is momentous. Removed from life as they are, they are free for the first time to consider it from a distance, in perspective, and few of them are satisfied with what they discover about themselves. The self-assertive advertising man, confronted by a woman who does not succumb to him immediately, begins to doubt much more than the social system which he enjoys denouncing, and which supports him so comfortably. The Russian princess who dramatizes her sufferings in the revolution is forced to listen

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to a story of generations of misery patiently endured by the peasants on her ancestral estate. The most honest character of all, Kobilev the Soviet director returning from Hollywood, finds that the world is not so certain a quantity as he had thought. He falls in love with that most parasitic product of capitalism, a debutante, and finds her not at all contemptible. An ocean voyage is a test for the strongest prejudice.

Nothing much seems to come of it all. A momentary intuition of the truth cannot change character. Most of the voyagers will sink back into illusion after a while. But for some of them the experience has meant the difference between life and death. The debutante has pierced the web of conventional ideas which cut her off from the world and learned to face reality. She will never forget. Nor is the spectator likely to. This is a play which, if he has courage, must give him pause. Mr. Rice has bade him look into a moribund world where living people struggle to find a footing amid the ruin of accepted values. Because they are alive they enlist his sympathy and then his vital interest. He is made to feel that he is one of them. Their problems are his too, and they must be solved quickly or the world will crash.

In *Between Two Worlds* Elmer Rice is writing of a theme which he understands and commands. His exposition is complete. It is too bad that the production he has provided is inadequate. His direction is awkward, distracting the attention of the audience. The acting is superficial, the lines spoken by most of the actors in a deafening monotone which makes it difficult to concentrate on their meaning. Of the principals only Joseph Schildkraut, as the Soviet director, gives a worthy performance, and his acting fully realizes the personality it portrays. Rachel Hartzel plays the debutante so harshly that it is impossible to tell what she means to convey. Tucker McGuire is curiously real and poignant in the minor role of an adolescent girl in the first contact with life. The rest are scarcely adequate.



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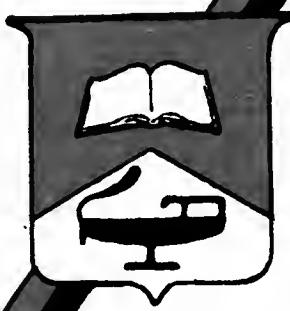


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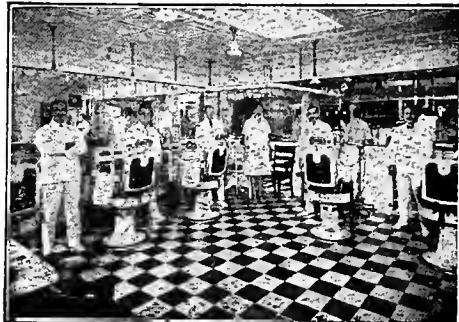
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In Re: Logan Pearsall Smith

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOTE: In his letter accompanying this MS. Mr. Morley writes: "It was written as a place-card for the guests at a dinner given to L. P. S. when he was in New York about the beginning of 1922—his first visit to the U. S. in many years; indeed I think his only visit here since he left Haverford and went abroad."

We scarcely need to remind you that Logan Pearsall Smith is one of Haverford's best-known alumni and a distinguished writer. His *Trivia*, *More Trivia*, and *On Reading Shakespeare* may be found in the Haverford Library.

〔Extract from *A Conspectus of English Literature in the Twentieth Century*, published by Frank Shay's Sons and Harcourt, New York, 2010.〕

. . . The period we are now considering—in general the 'teens of the past century—was meagre in first rate work. The novelists were bombastic and blowsy; the poets uncertain and dense; the essayists, for the most part, were described as being near-Beerbohm. But among the few writers of that period who still repay critical examination and remain the subject of active controversy we may mention Logan Pearsall Smith.

Our readers are familiar with the acrimonious quarrel that arose in the closing years of the century as to whether Smith was an English or American writer. Claims were advanced on both sides; it would have been more generous on the part of British litterateurs to have conceded him to the United States, that country being sadly in need of ironists; but European critics, after an exhaustive exploration of the texts (1) and careful notation of the internal evidence, have agreed that he must properly be considered as an integral part of England's heritage. It is true that Smith was born in America (2), but in such matters it is the source of inspiration that is operative rather than mere statistics of birth.

Of Smith's life, little is known definitely (3). Of his person, he described himself as "a large carnivorous mammal" and a cognate of the Kallipygian

baboon; but this, one hopes, was but pleasantry, and the passage (4) in which this confession occurs seems to support *in toto* those Darwinian hypotheses that were still current in the early twentieth century. There is abundant evidence in his writings that he was of a social disposition and moved (but not without pangs of internal disquiet) in cultivated circles; he alludes frequently to dinner parties and afternoon teas; evidently he mingled with the beau monde of his day, and much zeal has been shown by the critics in identifying the story of The Goat at Portsmouth (5), which, apparently, he was fond of telling.

But to the antiquarian the chief interest will remain in the two volumes, *Trivia* (1917) and *More Trivia* (1922). During the period of neo-Puritanism which took possession of the United States in the third and fourth decades of that century (1920-40) these works were suppressed; it was thought that they constituted too subtle and unsettling a mockery of civilization to be encouraged by The State. Smith's commentaries on Religion also were found disconcerting, particularly by Episcopalians, and in the editions used among schools these passages are generally excised (6). In spite of suppression, however, the books continued to circulate among a few enthusiasts, and together with his *Stories from the Old Testament* (7), constituted a form of advanced aesthetic skepticism that did much to undermine the earnestness of successive generations.

The consensus of the best scholars at the present time is that "Logan Pearsall Smith" was a pen-name; it has been persuasively argued that in that era of timid and conventionalized speculation no writer would have dared advance over his own name such delicately sharpened ironies and such dissolvent acids of observation. But the cautious critic must also take account of the minority of conscientious students who hold other views. Professor Mandrake of Oxford thinks that not only was there an actual Logan Pearsall Smith, but that he was chiefly notable as a humorist, not at all a penetrating social critic. Dr. Thaddeus Polksky of Halle has written an interesting brochure to suggest that the books are written in an elaborate cipher, and that when properly interpreted they constitute an impassioned defence of the English Vicar. Professor Isabel Jennings of Ohio State University considers that Smith was a sentimental euphuist and that his works are unintelligible; Professor Jennings is the leader of those who maintain that Smith's vogue was the work of an assiduous cult (8) and that posterity has been imposed upon. She points, moreover, to the exorbitant egotism of the writer who would beg Posterity to "hurry up and get born that they may

IN RE: LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

have the pleasure of reading *More Trivia*" (9). But even if only as a subject of controversy, the work of this curious and enigmatic writer remains of durable interest and value (10).

1. See *Beiträge zur Erklärung Logan Pearsall Smith*, Wien, 1960, and *Marginal Glosses Upon Smith's Trivia*, Manchester, 1968.
2. Vital Statistics of the State of New Jersey.
3. But see, for an ingenious conjectural monograph, *Lives of Anglo-American Bachelors*, vol. 3, and *Logan Piersall Smith von Seinen Vornehmsten Schriftstellungen Redintegriert und Aufgebaut*, Freiburg, 1973.
4. *Trivia*, p. ix.
5. *More Trivia*, p. 18.
6. The necessity of this will be realized by an examination of such dangerous passages as *A Precaution* and *The Vicar of Lynch*.
7. Suppressed 1925; and still only circulated furtively.
8. Professor Jennings lists in her appendix a number of minor writers who are now only remembered for their violent indorsement of Smith's writings.
9. This regrettable lapse of taste brought Smith into conflict with the American Birth Control statutes.
10. For further information the student will consult *Réflexions sur l'Art de Logan Pearsall Smith*, Paris, 1988.

Nulla Apologia

Being A Refutation of a Theory That Has Been Cast into the Author's Teeth at Least Seven Times, Proclaiming that THE HAVERFORDIAN Should Endeavor to be a Comical Magazine, Such as, for Example, Other Publications.

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*Humour, you say? You'd like a little
Less of the lugubrious in art;
More vigour, life, and levity,
And satire's sharpened dart?*

*More spice, perhaps, a sprightly fare
To pique your jaded appetite;
These pages steeped in waggery
With colours, various and light?*

*We are the dull, you think, who write
The chronicles of darker things,
And do not tell of gay wassail,
Or chant the joy of wedding-rings?*

*Young man, we have a higher task
Than being smart and singing glee.
We cannot waste our treasured lives
In brightening humanity.*

*We write of life quite as it seems,
Though it be bleak or it be stark . . .
We think we shall remain the owl,
And you may be the chirping lark.*

NOTE: The editors desire to have it distinctly understood that Mr. Zuckert's views are his own, and not representative of the HAVERFORDIAN.

Well, come to think of it, maybe he's right at that.

If There Were No Gods

By RODERICK FIRTH

THE lands of the kingdom of Arnuzd were fair and green. Even more fertile were they than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain. And yet the people of the lands were poor and hungry, for there were many thieves in the land, and none wished to grow corn to feed the thieves. Then it came to pass that King Or of the plains of Arnuzd died, and his son Poth reigned in his stead. And Poth called unto him all the wise men of the land and asked if any could explain why the people of the land were always poor and hungry, even when the fields were greener and fairer than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain. Then answered the wisest of all those assembled: "The people of the kingdom are loath to grow corn when they know it will be stolen by thieves." But of all the prophets and wise men, there was not one who could advise the King how to make his people rich and prosperous.

That very day the Traveler arrived at the palace of Poth, and when he saw all the wise men coming in and going out of the gates, he asked what manner of trouble lay upon the young King Poth, son of Or who had reigned since the Storm. And when he learned why the King had summoned all the wise men and prophets together, he asked to be admitted to Poth, saying that he knew how to make the people of Arnuzd as prosperous and wealthy as those that lived in the Shadow of the Great Mountain, yea, and even more so, since the lands of Arnuzd were more fertile.

"And what is there that we need in order to do this thing?" demanded Poth. "You must have Law," replied the Traveler, "for of all the kingdoms in the Great Bowl, that of Arnuzd is the poorest, and of all these kingdoms, Arnuzd is the only one without Law." And the Traveler departed from the land to continue his everlasting circle of the rim of the Great Bowl.

And the King knew that the Traveler was right and that Law would cure all the evils that kept the people of the land from becoming rich. From

the far corners of the kingdom he summoned all those that had any acquaintance with the making of laws, and instructed them to make him three books of law so that there should be no subject left uncovered, and then to make one small book containing the most important laws. For it was his intention to give one of these small books to every person in his lands. When the wise men had heard the King's will, they assembled in a great hall, and made three big books of laws and one small book, such that it contained the most important laws. And Poth was well pleased with their work, and sent them away with each a piece of gold in his pocket. And on every piece of gold there was stamped a likeness of the King's face.

Then Poth sent for all the scribes in his lands, and set them to work making many copies of the little book of laws, so that everyone in the kingdom might possess one.

And then Poth was well satisfied with himself, and set his masons to building a magnificent palace such as would be fitting for the King of a country richer even than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain.

At first the people of the lands of Arnuzd wondered exceedingly at the laws, and the few that could read carried their little books everywhere with them, and carefully did what was right according to the laws written in the little books. But there were many in the country who could not read, and many who, knowing what was right, still did what was wrong because they could gain thereby. And there was often no one to see these when they did wrong, so many escaped punishment because the army of the King was not large enough. Then did Poth increase the size of his army so that fewer of those who did wrong would escape punishment. But still the army was too small, so again he increased it. And the shoes of the soldiers wore out and their clothes, so that they were not able to go in pursuit of those that did not obey the laws as written by the wise men. And Poth had no more pieces of gold to exchange for shoes and clothes for his soldiers since he had exchanged them all for stones to build his palace.

Then did Poth send collectors to every man in his kingdom, making each give gold to the King according to his several means. And there was much complaining throughout the kingdom and many who had gold pretended that they were poor and starving. Then did Poth again increase his army in order to make these wily ones pay the gold, so that the soldiers who punished those who did wrong might have shoes and clothes. And the people of the fertile lands of Arnuzd, when they had given their gold to the

IF THERE WERE NO GODS

King, were still poorer than they were during the long reign of Or, before the country of Arnuzd had law.

So again Poth summoned all the wise men and the prophets of the kingdom, but this time they assembled in the new palace which was not yet finished because the King had no more gold. Again he asked them to explain why the people of the land were poor and hungry, even when the fields were greener and fairer than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain. Then answered the wisest of them all: "The people are poor because they have to give all their gold pieces to the King so that he can exchange them for clothes and shoes for the soldiers. We must find a way to make the people do what is right according to the laws we have written, without having an army to punish those that do wrong." But not one could advise the King how to do this and so make the people rich and prosperous.

That very day the Traveler arrived at the palace of Poth, having again completed his circuit of the rim of the Great Bowl. And when he saw the wise men gathered around the new palace which was not yet finished, he went in and demanded to see the King. And when Poth had explained his trouble, and asked how he could make his people rich and happy, or even as prosperous as they were before there was Law in the land of Arnuzd, the Traveler replied: "You must have Gods to rule over the land of Arnuzd, for of all the countries under the Great Bowl, this has the greenest and fairest lands, and is yet the poorest, being the only one without Gods." And the Traveler departed again to continue his everlasting circuit of the rim of the Great Bowl, constantly seeking and giving knowledge as had been ordained. And the King saw that the Traveler was right and that the country needed Gods in order to be rich and prosperous.

Then Poth made ready for a long journey, and setting out by himself, arrived on the evening of that same day at the edge of the Shadow. For many more days he followed the edge of the Shadow looking for a break, for no man without a God may venture to enter the shadow cast by a God standing on the top of the Great Mountain without acknowledging him as his God. And on the seventh day from the beginning of his journey, he found a break in the shadow and climbed the mountain to where the Gods without any land are seated so as not to cast too long a shadow, and so prevent men from approaching. And when Poth had arrived as close as possible to the sitting Gods, he picked out three and offered to let them rule as Gods over his kingdom if they would in turn agree to make the people obey the laws that the wise men had written in the three big books and the one little one that contained the most

THE HAVERFORDIAN

important of the laws. And the Gods agreed, and stood up so that the shadow of the Gods fell across the lands of Arnuzd. Then did Poth quickly return to his palace, but this time he had no fear of crossing under the shadows of other Gods, for now he had three of his own. And the people of the fertile lands of Arnuzd saw the shadow of the Gods fall across the land, and were afraid, and had fear of the Gods, and worshipped them.

Then throughout his lands Poth sent messengers announcing that by the will of the Gods, the people should do what was right according to the little book of laws. And the people believed when they saw the shadow move as the Gods nodded their heads in agreement, and they obeyed the laws.

And it came to pass that of all the lands in the Shadow of the Great Mountain and the Gods that stand thereon, none was so prosperous as the Kingdom of Arnuzd, for its fields were fairer and greener than those of any other land, and there were no longer any thieves to steal the corn. And the King of the land, Poth by name, ruled from a magnificent palace, such as was suitable for the King of a land so rich as Arnuzd.

Fall

By THOMAS K. BROWN, III

*I saw the forest tell a glorious lie:
It did not yield to winter in slothful ease,
But burst to vivid yellow and cerise,
A promise of new life when death was nigh.
I saw the forest turn to brown and die;
The sere leaves rustled in the autumn breeze,
Whispering a mournful death song to the trees,—
Gaunt, naked monsters against the somber sky.*

*Our love must die. Yet if it must be so,
I would it did not fade in silent shame.
Nay, let it, as the forest did, expire
In one last colorful blaze of living fire;
So, haply, may a lingering after-glow
Remind us of what once was brilliant flame.*

Miss Lita Goes Home

By GERALD BUERGER

YOU must work hard, Miss Lita," advised Monsieur Lepec at the close of the lesson. Lita lowered her violin into its case, and over it tucked the velvet cover. "You must practice every day two hours longer, if it is necessary."

"I will," promised Lita.

She looked out of the window. It had started to rain. Darn! It wouldn't make much difference to her if she practiced six or eight hours a day, she supposed. Of course, if she *was* a genius as her mother said, she *must* practice longer.

It had come all of a sudden, this being a genius. Lita used to take only weekly lessons, and the only reason why she practiced was because her mother made her. Now, she went to Monsieur Lepec three times a week. Now, because she had to practice so much, she didn't go to school. Now, she had a tutor. That wasn't much fun. Lita missed school, and Amy and Carol. Why, they hadn't even been to see Lita for almost a year now! And all because she was a genius. Darn!

Carefully, Lita made her way to the subway entrance. She was wearing her first pair of very high-heeled shoes, and wasn't very sure if she could manage it. Especially since she didn't have her rubbers on. She placed her hand upon the wooden rail and descended. She slipped. Her feet shot from under her, her hands clutched to save the violin, and she flew down the stairs, landing at the bottom in a dazed heap.

Two hands grasped her by the shoulders and lifted her to her feet. A voice asked, "Are you hurt?" Automatically she shook her head. He had opened the violin-case.

"It's not broken," he announced. She managed to smile.

"I say," he went on, "mayn't I see you home? You might slip again and then I'd be right there to pick you up."

She laughed, and so did he.

"Where do you live?" he asked, when they were seated in the train.

"At the Ritz."

MISS LITA GOES HOME

"Oh!" The cheerful look left his face. She was a rich girl. Probably some heiress or something. Hunh!

"This is where I get off," said Lita. He had not said a word to her for five minutes. They got up, and climbed out upon the street. It was still raining. He accompanied her to the canopied entrance of the Ritz.

"Good-bye," he said morosely.

"Good-bye," she answered, "and thank you very much."

Thank you very much. He turned around and looked at his watch. Thank you very much. He dug around in his pocket for some change. So! He had spent his last dime paying carfare for that girl. And she could have paid for both of them with ease. But of course that isn't done. No! Thank you very much, no.

He turned up his collar. The walk home was twenty-one blocks north. Water seeped through the soles of his shoes. Water dripped down his back. Damn! Thank you very much, damn.

* * * *

Are you hurt? It's not broken. Mayn't I see you home? You might slip again and then I'd be right there to pick you up. Where do you live? Good-bye.

Words humming through Lita's head as the elevator ascended. She rang her door-bell. The maid answered the ring and took Lita's wraps.

Are you hurt? Are you hurt? Are you hurt?

Lita brought her violin into her room. From a neatly laundered pile in her chiffonier she took a handkerchief, and smeared the raindrops from the case.

May I see you home? May I see you home? Please let me see you home? Please!

The maid knocked at the door.

"Miss Beckett is here, Miss Lita," she announced. Miss Beckett was here. Her tutor was here. She had to do her lessons with Miss Beckett.

You might slip again and then I'd be right there to pick you up. You might slip again. Then I'd be right there. I will always be there.

Verse

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

Sonnet Gone Wrong

*Go! run off! don't prate to me of Love as being
The stuff that turns a man's poor life into pure gold,
This cuttlefish whose tentacles get on his heart hard hold
And try to tie him down to things he'd better be fleeing.*

*No! myself I know we fix in a woman's face
The long mystery we fish for behind sly-winking stars,
The itch to turn the Janus moon that bars
Its half-blabbed secret to the cold mind, hot on the chase.*

*From many tales I'd read of many men,
I knew that Time would heal my heart again,
And I spent the midnight's calm in remembering to forget*

*The quaint deep look in her eyes. O, it took many days
To wean that passion from its weary ways;
And I've learnt to forget! And yet . . . and yet . . .*

*I am as any devil
Familiar with hell,
I know those deep and dedalous
Passages so well,
I think if God should want a guide
I'd serve him very well.*

Ambivalence

*She is my devil and my guardian angel,
Placed sinister and dexter side by side
Within the ventricles of my servile heart.
How should their strange proximity but terrify
The doltish minion who this double smart
Must bear with beast-of-burden sufferance?*

L' Epitaphe Sans Forme De Ballade Que Feit Rene Pour Luy Mesme

*Here lies Blanc, the constant man;
Shed a tear if shed you can.
He wooed one woman till he died;
Maggots thrust his dust aside
To suck and kiss his steadfast bones—
So his fruitlessness atones.*

The Unfaithful One

By JAMES E. TRUEX

THE revolving door of the Beverly Hotel took a vigorous swing, bringing with it a tall young man in evening dress. Once inside he paused. Casually his gaze took in the occupants of the lobby. One hand went to his thin, theatrical moustache, one eyebrow lifted ever so slightly. He turned slowly and found a seat close to the door, half concealed by a luxuriant palm tree. He took out his watch, frowned, and sank into the easy-chair.

That, he thought, was an impressive entrance. Without overacting in the least he had commanded the attention of everyone in the lobby. It gave him pleasure to think that all these people were in that moment turned from their own affairs to his; that they sat there now peering through the foliage of the potted palm, wondering who he was and what he waited for. Soon they would be watching her as she came to him, so petite and so beautiful. And their eyes would follow the handsome couple as they passed arm in arm from the lobby.

It had been just like that from the start. They had been utter strangers, side by side in a Fifth Avenue bus. And then the bus had skidded. She had clung to him, terrified. And he had done just the right thing. Gallantly he had quieted her fears, had insisted on seeing her home in a taxi. She had turned her soft blue eyes up to his. Her family, they would never understand. Tactfully he had let her out at the corner of the street. He had named a meeting place, she had made no promises, but she had come. Hesitantly, timidly she had told him of the trouble she had been through in getting away. She had hung her head at the thought of the lies she had been obliged to tell, and he had taken her soft, white hand reassuringly in his, whispering something about pale, lovely lilies.

The young man stood up and looked towards the door. Perhaps she would come in; anyway it was well to refresh the curious people ogling him through the potted palm. But she did not appear, and for a moment he felt disappointed in her. But of course, she couldn't possibly know, so he forgave her. She always apologized so prettily when she was late. It was almost worth the waiting. Almost.

He sat down again, thought of the evening ahead of them. They would go to the little *Maison Francaise* with the risqué drawings on the

THE UNFAITHFUL ONE

walls that had so shocked her. And they would listen to the hard working five-piece orchestra. He had taken her there so often that the leader would play anything she asked for. She never tired of requesting their favorites. And then they would dance, and he would whisper gallant phrases in her ear—phrases that had come to him during the day. Afterwards he would take her home and she would stand above him on the stair, and he would murmur “Sleep dwell upon thine eyes” as he turned to go.

He thought of her trust in him, and he felt guilty and ashamed. He was taking advantage of her. It was like the cat and the mouse, and he was the tom-cat. All the lovely things he said, he knew were only half in earnest. He pictured himself meeting someone else, and having to throw her aside like a worn-out glove. It would be dramatic.

A bellboy brushed against the palm leaves, calling his name. He nodded, took the note held out to him. It was from her.

“I have been trying to get in touch with you before this to cancel our date. You will be surprised when I tell you that I was married this morning. You don’t even know him—it was so sudden. We leave for Bermuda this afternoon. I have told him of our friendship and he wants to meet you—”

Friendship! Their love, that had been so fine and pure, shattered by a faithless woman. To be cast aside like a worn-out glove. Swallowing hard, he shoved the crumpled letter in his pocket. And he forgot about the people sitting in the lobby.

BOOKS

WINE FROM THESE GRAPES, By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Wine from these grapes I shall be treading surely
Morning and noon and night until I die.
Stained with these grapes I shall lie down and die.

With these lines from *The Buck in the Snow*, Edna St. Vincent Millay begins the book which is her farewell to man. It is not her farewell to poetry for, like the hero of Shaw's *Too True to be Good*, it is her nature as a poet to go on talking "no matter how late the hour or how cold the day, no matter if I have nothing to say . . ." Whether Miss Millay has anything further to say is the question before the reviewer of her new book. Its critics think she has done her reputation an injury by writing *Wine From These Grapes*. The books which culminated in the sonnet sequence *Fatal Interview* celebrated a life of passionate intensity, and now she seems to repudiate her previous work by telling us what we have so often heard before—that any life, whether vital or feeble, comes to nothing in the end.

I think the answer to this is that we have never heard before what Miss Millay is now saying. She has never given us philosophical generalizations. Her poetry is the record of the adventures of a traveller through life—the adventures of an individual who has lived with man's past as well as with his present. Being such a passionate pilgrim, she has found much in man that is worthy of worship, much to inspire fervor and faith. But these discoveries were always presented as the things *she* loved. She lays down no axioms. And now that she has given man up as not worth his own anguish, we need not think that she is attacking our own conviction that life is worth living. She is only saying that for her the game is not worth the candle.

But her constant reader will ask why the former poet of flaming life is disillusioned with man. I think it is because of her very intensity—the intensity which in her poems stings the reader with a suddenly grasped truth—that she has lost faith. Justice and mercy are meat and drink to her, and as she sees the modern world collapsing into greed and blindness she feels that she has lived too long. The poems "Apostrophe To Man (on reflecting that he is ready to go to war again)", "Conscientious Objector",

BOOKS

and the two sonnets to the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti depict a world in which even as strong a spirit as Miss Millay's cannot live without despair. Because her protest is isolated she has been driven into herself, and the new poems have a curiously reticent, incommunicative quality; she is talking to herself because there is no one else who understands.

It is unwise to say that *Wine From These Grapes* is Miss Millay's last word. She will go on writing, and she may change. For, and I can't repeat this too often, she is recording her own emotions, her own disillusionments, and she knows as well as anyone that life is varied. She may find man more worthy of her ideals than she expects, and she may only find peace. Meanwhile, there is *Wine From These Grapes*, and it contains some of her finest poetry. Her versifications sometimes surpass the standard of *Fatal Interview*, and the note of despair is struck with piercing beauty. In "Epitaph For the Race of Man", the sonnet sequence in which she prophesies the end, I find qualities which are as hard to describe in prose as the characteristics of a musical composition. Perhaps the last sonnet in the book best represents her verse, and what she thinks of man:

Here lies, and none to mourn him but the sea,
That falls incessant on the empty shore,
Most various Man, cut down to spring no more;
Before his prime, even in his infancy
Cut down, and all the clamour that was he,
Silenced; and all the riveted pride he wore,
A rusted iron column whose tall core
The rains have tunneled like an aspen tree.
Man, doughty Man, what power has brought you low,
That heaven itself in arms could not persuade
To lay aside the lever and the spade
And be as dust among the dusts that blow?
Whence, whence the broadside? whose the heavy blade? . . .
Strive not to speak, poor scattered mouth; I know.

NOW IN NOVEMBER, by Josephine Johnson

Reviewed by JOHN B. CHRISTOPHER

Josephine Johnson, who has already won distinction as a poet, has incorporated the poetic attributes of intensity of emotion and economy of expression in her first novel, *Now in November*, in such profusion that it might

almost be called a poem in prose. Exquisitely written, it has a poignancy and a lyric beauty that are seldom encountered in fiction. The *mise en scène* is a farm in the Middle West; the characters are a cultured farmer and his family. Through the eyes of one of the daughters (whose experiences, one feels, must be Miss Johnson's own) we learn that the ménage is not only burdened with an ever-increasing debt, but that it is intellectually and emotionally frustrated by its bondage to the soil. Finally, in a year of drought a mounting series of emotional crises bring death and despair to the family. The heroine emerges convinced of the emptiness of life:

"I do not see in our lives any great ebb and flow or rhythm of earth. There is nothing majestic in our living. The earth turns in great movements, but we jerk about on its surface like gnats, our days absorbed and overwhelmed by a mass of little things—that confusion which is our living and which prevents us from being really alive. We grow tired, and our days are broken up into a thousand pieces, our years chopped into days and nights, and interrupted. Our hours of life snatched from years of living. Intervals and things stolen between—between what?—those things which are necessary to make life endurable?—fed, washed, and clothed, to enjoy the time which is not washing and cooking and clothing."

DRAMA

WITHIN THE GATES, by SEAN O'CASEY

Reviewed by JAMES E. TRUEX

The union of the poet and the practical dramatist in a single person has been rare in English literature. So rare that when a playwright well schooled in the technicalities of the theatre breaks the bonds of our bourgeois drama and tries his hand at the unrealities of dramatic expression—music and dancing—his work is looked upon with interest. This is what Sean O'Casey did when he wrote *Within the Gates*. His earlier plays, and particularly *The Plough and the Stars* show sound workmanship within the limits of realistic

DRAMA

prose drama. But in *Within the Gates* he looks for his effects to models from the greater tradition of the drama. The use of incidental songs he takes from the Elizabethans, the chorus from the Greek dramatists and the dance from both. To this material he brings his own sweeping alliterative prose and his own symbolism. The play is shot through with symbols but it has not the vague other-worldliness of Maeterlinck. The crescent on the Young Whore's dress, the crooked staff in the Bishop's hand are instances of the touches which underlie the more obvious symbolism of the characters themselves. And all the while, with his earthy humor and his feeling for the foibles and the little tragedies of human beings, he keeps a tight hold on reality.

Sean O'Casey sets out to catch the throb of life in a pageant of men and women who wander through Hyde Park, dancing, singing, loving and despairing. Interest centers in the conflict going on in the Young Whore between love of life and fear of after-life. Weaving in and out of this theme are the Atheist, the Dreamer, the Bishop and the broken-down park-attendants trying each in his own way to find some reason in existence. O'Casey, the enemy of hypocrisy, is primarily indignant at the cant of religion, the "huggery-muggery" which deceives and thwarts mankind. In episode after episode he pokes a scornful finger at the Bishop, the Salvation Army Leader and the Evangelist. More artist than prophet, he offers no solution, but rather counsels a challenging attitude towards life. The Dreamer enunciates this idea forcefully near the end of the play when he says:

We shall weave courage with pain and fight through the struggle unending.
Way for the strong and the swift and the fearless:
Life that is weak with the terror of life let it die;
Let it sink down, let it die, and pass from our vision forever!

The New York production does the play full justice. Scenery, costumes, music and dancing are carefully and harmoniously planned. Lillian Gish plays the Young Whore with charm and variety. The modulation and clarity of her speech are outstanding. Bramwell Fletcher as the Dreamer is perfectly cast, though his consciousness of the fact tends to make him over-act. The rest, down to the least member of the chorus, have ably caught the rhythm and the spirit of the play.

CINEMA

THE PAINTED VEIL

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

In trying to follow up the magnificent *Queen Christina* Greta Garbo's producers have managed to turn out the worst picture she has ever made. Don't ask me why; there's no excuse for it, since Somerset Maugham's novel provides a theme entirely worthy of Miss Garbo's exposition. But Salka Viertel, Garbo's personal friend, has written a futile, lifeless scenario, perhaps in an attempt to whitewash the character played by the star. You see, Garbo is a silly idealistic girl who rejects the love of her husband for the spurious romance of an illicit affair. Only when she has suffered in loneliness does she find out that life is neither a glamourous excitement nor a gratification for vanity. This is a story which should provide an opportunity for stellar acting, but Mme. Viertel's adaptation and Richard Boleslawski's direction obscure the issues with long sequences exploiting Garbo's magnetism, beauty and technical skill—all the qualities which have nothing to do with the woman she is playing. Hollywood heroines, you know, must always be made to seem intelligent regardless of the stupidity of their conduct.

Miss Garbo does not participate in this conspiracy to produce a Joan Crawford vehicle. She lavishes her art upon the youthful arrogance of the character, her selfish vanity, and her final redemption. Through the veil of mediocre direction one occasionally glimpses the magnitude of her genius, and in the brilliant climacteric scene it is evident that she conceived the theme as a Dostoyefskyan drama of regeneration through despair. But the insipidity of the picture breaks the back of the characterization, and all that is left is a panorama of fragments finely wrought by Garbo and adequately acted by Herbert Marshall and George Brent.



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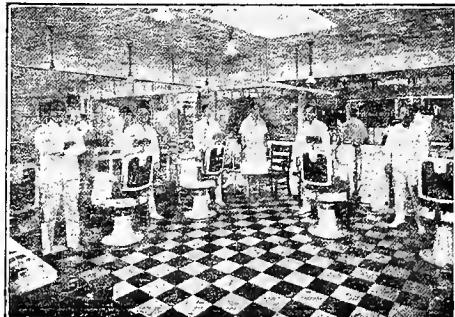
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Yaller Nigger

By GERALD BUERGER

SUDDENLY the alarm rang out and Jebe woke up. His hand shot out, grabbed the clock, and tried to stifle it under the bedclothes while he hunted for the little jigger to shut the thing off. There! He wondered whether Selma had heard the alarm. Cautiously he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. But Selma was a sound sleeper. Jebe got out of bed.

In the next room Selma woke to the sound of the alarm as she did every morning. There goes my Jebe, thought Selma, going out to work so we can live and eat. How happy he had been last night! And Selma had done it,—made him happy. She had told Jebe she was going to have a baby and he went nearly crazy with joy. What shall we call him? Jebe had asked her. Him? supposing it's a girl? Selma had said. Well, answered Jebe, suppose it is? And then they had both laughed. Selma thought Jebe was the handsomest colored man in the world when he laughed.

Jebe felt great, he told himself. Today would be a big day, a very big day. Because Jebe was officially going to be made junior partner in the law office where but six months ago he was one of the staff.

Gleaming white sink shave lather smooth chin for the new job.

He could tell they respected him even if he was colored. He was a gentleman college graduate, married and had a big future. A junior partner, what? How glad Selma would be when tonight he would tell her.

And yesterday evening Selma had told him that she was going to have a child. He glowed when he thought of it. Would it be different with another in the family? Jebe supposed so. Selma concentrating on her baby, bringing it up, educating it. Was Jebe already jealous? Why, the child wasn't even born yet! Nevertheless being a husband somehow didn't make you as happy as a father. Jebe wanted to open the window wide and shout below: I am going to have a son! A son of mine! And Selma wasn't scared a bit like Jebe had heard some women were.

In the next room Selma settled herself deeper into her bed. Had she prepared Jebe's breakfast? Of course. Selma turned her face into the pillow and slid into a comfortable sleep.

He would have to celebrate, Jebe decided. He would begin by taking a taxi to the office. And it wasn't "the" office any more either it was "his"

office. His office! His office! Jebe was the first colored lawyer who had been made a partner since Lord knows how long. They recognized his ability. At last he was going to have a real chance.

Kitchenette half a grapefruit coffee ready to boil Selma got it ready for you.

Funny, when Jebe was a youngster he damned God a hundred million times for making him black. That had been because he was thrashed in a fight beaten till he yelled: I give up! He hadn't wanted to give up! Especially since he was fighting against a boy, a white boy, smaller than Jebe. But he couldn't have stood it any longer, honest he couldn't! Ya dirty nigger dirty niggers is yaller yah yah yaller nigger. And so Jebe went home with a bleeding nose and puffed-up eyes and sobbed out his heart to God who had made him black. Then in public high school his senior year he had been the valedictorian honors in Latin and Greek honors in practically everything. The principal made that tactful speech about how proud the school ought to be to have a representative of another race carry off all the honors of the graduating class. And everyone clapped. But the only thing Jebe wanted he couldn't have, couldn't have the friendship with a white girl because he was black. She wouldn't even look at him! Didn't even notice him! And again Jebe cursed God.

You don't need an overcoat warm May morning Selma is still sleeping.

* * *

A tall negro stepped out of an apartment house and looked up and down the street as if in search of something. Evidently not finding what he wanted the negro set out for the nearest intersection. There at the curb stood a taxi; the negro opened the cab door and entered.

—Please get out. Please get out!
 —I'm sorry miss. I didn't notice this taxi was taken.
 —Get out! Get out, I say!!
 —All right, miss.
 —Get out!!

What's happened? What's that nigger doing in that cab? What's the lady shoutin' for? She's shoutin' for help! Who? The nigger, the nigger! What is it? The woman shouted for help! Why? The nigger attacked the woman! What? He *attacked* her in that cab!!

Nigger Attacks Woman headlines fools how can they talk like that of me.

POEMS FOR THE MACHINE AGE

There he is! Get him, boys! Rip the clothes offa him! Rip! Tear!
Punch him in the mouth! Hey you bastard!

Stupid fools they are tearing at you I haven't done anything they are
making you bleed.

Get him! Don't let him get away! Hey! Lookit him run! Yaller
nigger!



Poems for the Machine Age

JAMES D. HOOVER

Storage Dam

*A blast of dynamite blows off; the shock
Of falling boulders disturbs the earth awhile;
Yellow smoke fills the canyon; as it clears
Men below return slowly to their work.*

*Where once a frenzied river shot between
The narrowing canyon walls, straight wooden forms
Already wait to be filled; now only
A thin stream trickles around the woodwork's edge;*

*And soon will the pounding cement mixers turn,
And soon will a curved concrete band arise
To be a perpetual monument to fertility,
Strange goddess to these sun-infested fields;*

*And man, uplifting his well-known puny arm,
Say: nature, my child, enough of flood and famine;
Henceforth abundance of water, and you, once
Our treacherous master, henceforth our faithful servant.*

Moisture

*Naive man watching with literal 'eye
A stream flow !past 'saw 'calm and 'limpid waters
Move !with dignity 'between finite 'banks
Along a familiar course into the sea;*

*But now no longer. With a subtler eye sees
Molecules by billions shoving hectically,
Forward by overwhelming power driven,
From an unfailing fountain endlessly flung;*

*The lowest striking the rockworn bed, the highest
Pulled by the sun dizzily into clouds,
Others at unimaginable speed
Plunging one over another without rest;*

*Without rest pushed into multimolecular rivers,
Changing anew, mixed with the sea's salt,
Flying into air, striking the earth again
As rain and pouring over the soil into riverbeds.*

Protoplasm

*Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen:
Old friends, you have been transformed, yet once
We thought we knew you pretty well; had you catalogued
As to valence, atomic number, uses, properties.*

*But you have grown together, I see, somewhere
In paleozoic swamps. I hardly knew you
There under the clear-eyed microscope:
The tiny grayish mass, jellylike, quivering.*

*That line there to one side, the invisible whorl,
Might say: I was an ant once; I lived;
I learned we must cling together to survive.
Did life write those fine traceries into the surface
To guide the animal you will some day be
By what he has never experienced, but always known?*

Expanding Universe

*One of the gods long departed or else dead
Set mice on earth, saying: increase too fast,
Then hawks: diminish mice, then man:
Expand, build guns, keep hawks and mice in check;*

*And casually passing, forgot us, instilled
On other stars the demonic urge for growth,
While we, struggling wildly for domination,
Jostle, crowd each other out of the sunlight.*

*Wars have desolated nations, germs in a frenzy of increase
Plagued mankind, yet multitudes crowd the frontiers;
Supplies exceed our wants; the earth grown heavy
Plunges around the heavens in its mad orbit*

*With other earths that at unknowable rate
Flee one another into hollow space,
And driven expanding outward, outward
Into nothingness. How long will there be room*

*For this unfaltering spread? How long will the earth,
Already overcrowded, bear its load
Of coupled creatures? When must that explosion come,
Spectacular to the mice, to the gods annoying?*

Willo Runs Amuck

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

THERE was a certain cad abroad one murky night, James Willoughby Greenum by name, Willo for short. This Willo was sleek and black, and walked jauntily, with a cane. Anyone else, out in a murky night, would have walked rapidly, with shoulders stooped, while Willo seemed to be walking for enjoyment, or in order to think something out, as some people do.

There is this to be known about Willo, besides the fact that he was a blue-black sort of person with a flower in his button-hole: he had married, five years before, Miriam, who was agreeable. She had set him up in business with some money she had, and had provided for his living in other ways. They had two tiresome children who played tricks on such guests as found their way to the house where Willo and Miriam lived. The business which Miriam had provided was more than ever unsuccessful, and at the moment in which the cad who was blue-black was walking with his cane there were unsatisfied debts to the amount of \$100,000 waiting to be paid. Another man might have been worried, whereas Willo was the sort that would take a walk, and plan his way out.

It took two hours to plan the course to be taken, and Willo walked steadily during that time, except for a moment when he stopped in a shop to buy a new flower for his coat. Five years before, his old friends remembered, he had not been so careful about a flower. At the end of the two hours he returned home, nodded to his wife, and went to bed.

Miriam could not be regarded as happily married, although her husband was never unkind. He simply seemed to ignore her, not talking to her unless she spoke first, often not answering questions at all, walking out of the house without saying anything. She was a blond type, with abnormally small eyes, and when she was irritated, as she often was by her husband, they made her seem stupid.

Willo was secretive about his plans once they were made. Miriam knew about the debt, and worried about it, since it was her money that was involved, but she could get only vague replies such as: "Everything will be all right," or "Don't worry, please" out of her husband. Then one day, the company went into voluntary bankruptcy, and Willo was gone, nothing

WILLO RUNS AMUCK

more being heard of him for several months, when someone said they had seen a person very like him in Switzerland.

Willo had gone abroad, first class on a large ship, and he had gone to Switzerland. There were his nerves, he had said to the person who thought he seemed very like the Willo Greenum he had known. That had been in Lucerne, and the meeting had been casual, without introduction, so that people he had known could not be entirely sure.

In Lucerne he gave the impression of being a fashionable foreigner. He had rooms at a smart hotel, affected a yellow cigarette holder, wore a flower always. In the course of time he managed to meet a number of people from assorted countries, among them a widow, the Senora de Rivera, who represented herself as being an Argentine, traveling for amusement. Willo and some of his new friends thought that more probably she was a poverty stricken Spaniard, traveling for a husband. Nevertheless, they found her amusing, and, although they took her airy tales of life in the Argentine with a grain of salt, they took her into their set, Willo especially liking her, and taking her to clubs and for rides, on tours of the country, and to the villas of their friends. They enjoyed several months together in this manner, Willo liking the Senora more and more, the Senora, according to her friends, apparently in love with Willo.

Willo, realizing that the situation might be difficult on several counts, had changed his name at the first. He felt that otherwise there might be a small difficulty over the bankruptcy and his present income. In addition there were his wife, and the children, to whom he intended to return as soon as excitement over his failure should have subsided, and also the probability that the Senora was not what she said she was, in which case there might be more trouble than even a cad could manage. Casting about for a name he decided on Jimmy Burke, which seemed appropriate enough, and which also happened to be the name of a real person living at home, a man not entirely different in appearance from Willo, and an old friend. Willo, in choosing the name, was somewhat influenced by the fact that the real Jimmy Burke had at one time been engaged to be married to Miriam, though the choice was more of a whimsy than an irony. Thus his friends in Switzerland, and the Senora, knew him from the first as Jimmy Burke, traveling for his nerves.

The Senora, though according to her story she never stayed in one place for very long, stayed on with Willo, now Jimmy. While she had been sad at first, she seemed to be happier all the time, smiling a long slow smile when

she was with Willo. Her skin was very dark, and she wore white clothes as much as possible to accentuate it, and a white flower in her very dark hair. She was unbelievably naive, so much so that everyone, especially Willo, doubted her sincerity, and took every precaution against being caught suddenly in a breach of promise suit, or a blackmail affair, or any sort of minor scandal, that might prove embarrassing when he should return to his wife and children, as he still intended to do. For five months this agreeable arrangement continued, during which the two were constantly together, enjoying themselves with their first friends and meeting new ones. Then one day, Willo decided that enough time had passed for him to return, and the Senora said that she too would return to her ranch in the Argentine. She gave him her address, and asked for his, telling him that he must write, for she would be very lonely. He gave her Jimmy Burke's address, and told her good-bye, thankful that he had been so very cautious.

When Willo returned home he found some things changed. In the first place his wife would not take him back, which had not occurred to him. Then, although his peculiar bankruptcy seemed to be forgotten and there was no danger of any criminal action, there was no money for him. He had spent what he had taken from the company, which, as a matter of fact, had not been a great sum, and had counted on an allowance from his wife, who still had money, but her unexpected obstinacy spoiled things. It appeared that he would have to get a job, and he, more than anyone else, was convinced of his own incompetence. For the time being, he borrowed money from his friends. To Jimmy, because there was the possibility that the Senora de Rivera was really genuine, he confided the story of his stay in Switzerland. Jimmy laughed, promised not to tell, and lent Willo money. Jimmy was the sort of hearty, red-faced person who would laugh, and lend money.

From Jimmy, Willo heard that his wife was divorcing him for desertion and non-support. This was as near a catastrophe as anything that had yet happened to the sleek black man with the jaunty air, for he had been sure that eventually Miriam would take him back. Now there were his debts, and his lack of income. And from Jimmy also he received a thick letter with a foreign stamp, addressed to Mr. James E. Burke, according to the address Willo had given the Senora. Her letter was long, and full of her sorrow at being parted from him. She spoke of flowers in bloom, and of a happy life for them yet to come. Willo was sorry for having misjudged her, for at least she was really from the Argentine, but he was still glad not to be more involved. He answered her letter with a brief note, telling her how busy

WILLO RUNS AMUCK

he had been. There were further romantic letters from the Argentine, and sometimes they were acknowledged briefly, and sometimes they were not answered at all. They were often beautiful, wistful letters, and obviously a lot of time was spent on them, and then, after a while, they ceased to come.

It became harder and harder for Willo to borrow money. Jimmy, after his first cheerful loan, was insulting, and gave advice about buckling down. Willo lived inexpensively, and tried several times to get jobs, but he was always unsuccessful, and the point when he would be in real need seemed not far off. He tried again to make Miriam take him back, only to find that she was really and definitely through. Her divorce had been granted, she was much happier without Willo, and was seeing more and more of Jimmy Burke. She was reported engaged to him. Willo remembered now that he had thought it a whimsy to take Jimmy's name in Switzerland. "Poor Jimmy" he had thought. Now it was Jimmy who was doing the pitying, with his remarks about rotters.

One day nearly a year after his return from Switzerland, Willo had a letter from Jimmy, asking him to come around to his office. He went, and found Jimmy looking serious. "I have a letter from some lawyers in Argentina" he said. "Here it is." Willo read the letter, and found that the lawyers were the executors of the estate of the Senora de Rivera, who, it appeared, had died the preceding week. The Senora, the letter said, had no heirs, and had left her property, to the amount of approximately \$400,000, to James E. Burke, "in memory of a period of happiness." Willo was delighted. No more pinching, no more crawling. The poor Senora, he should have been nicer to her. She really hadn't been bad at all. How thoughtful of her, all that money. He looked up at Jimmy smilingly, but there was something in Jimmy's face that was not red and hearty. Willo's smile left. "Cad" said Jimmy.

"O" Willo whispered.

Two Poems

JAMES E. TRUEX

I

I passed three workers in the sun,
And one was after buried wealth,
And one was planting wheat and one
Was merely digging for his health.

When I returned at dusk, I found
Their trenches filled with earth and grown
With weeds. Three mounds. And by each mound
Was set a smooth, new-quarried stone.

II

A weary man, to hide
The shame he felt at failure
In his life career,
Committed suicide.

We Christians like to say
It is a craven trick,
A sin of cowardice
To take one's life away.

And yet it makes one start
To think he stabbed himself
With scissors seven times
Before he found his heart.

EDITORIAL

WE HAVE sometimes been charged with morbidity by our reviewers; and although we have not cluttered our pages with attempts to refute their statements we think a very little cluttering in this, our last issue, will not offend any one.

We think, for instance, that some people confuse two very different things: death, and morbidity. In the many stories which we receive that finish in death (death seems to be the hardest thing to write about and the easiest to end a great many things with) we are very careful to refuse any tale which resorts to death because it is the only way out of an involved situation; or because it is relied on for its emotional content to save a hopelessly incompetent story. That is to say, if Joe and Mike have gone to the circus to enjoy the show, have drunk each a dozen bottles of pop and eaten much too many bags of peanuts; and if on coming out of the tent Joe is attacked and eaten up by an escaped lion, we are not interested. We should be much more curious to discover how Mike and Joe get rid of the pain caused by pop and peanuts. We are not trying to be funny; it is a very slightly exaggerated example of many stories submitted to us. We rather pride ourselves that we are wholeheartedly morbid enough to abort them before they see the light of day.

But on the other hand we cannot very well exclude a good story merely because it ends in death. We do not judge stories by their climax only, although we are old-fashioned to the extent that we believe a climax in a story of importance. We have learned that plots are not easily cooked up by any of us; and that when an undergraduate writes a story (not infrequently after a wrangle with a girl the night before), the first thing to fly into his head is death. All other things being equal, we prefer a humorous piece to one dealing with unhappiness. You will have to take our word for it that most of the attempts at humour we receive make us laugh; but not at the story, alas!

What we should like to recall to some of our reviewers, however, is the fact that it takes greater skill and greater maturity to write a really happy or humorous story than one which implies that its delusioned, adoles-

cent author has as yet not found that equanimity the reviewer urges on him.

It is nonsense, of course, to suppose that we can assign this or that subject to a contributor. We cannot say to him "Sorry, but this will hurt the sensibilities of Mr. Jackstraw—make it funny, make it happy!" We are still bound to print what we get. The only thing we are responsible for is the printing of what in our opinion is the best of the available material.



Aurea Mediocritas

THOMAS K. BROWN, III

*Apollo lashed his steeds until they bled,
 Driving them down the sky—almost 'twould seem
 He doubted and must assure himself his team
 Was truly great, so fierce a light they shed—
 Until, his frenzy past and ego fed,
 He let them drift until their mellow gleam
 Was low against the hills, and one last beam
 With their blood flecked the evening sky with red.*

*So let our love endure—not in the heat
 Of midday passion's ostentatious glare,
 But in a gentler flame, presaging peace,
 A flame like sunset, soothing, sweet
 With tacit knowledge of its strength, whose flare
 For grief brings solace, and for strife, surcease.*

The Lover Sendeth Sighs

THOMAS D. BROWN

I

*Is poetry dead in the Twentieth Century?
Has Apollo been slain by the latest jazz tune?
In the breast of the bard can the zest for adventure be
Stealing his mind from the muse to the moon,
So that, rather than write and run dire risk of censure, he
Sonnetless soars in a Piccard balloon?*

*'Tis dead! . . . But what noise strikes my ear?
Does buried Sidney at us snicker?
And lo, what visages appear?
(Zounds, my mates, have I had liquor?)
Does buried Drayton at us sneer?
(I've been drinking nought but beer.)
Does scorn 'cross buried Donne's face flicker?*

*O infamy, O shame upon our day,—
Each hollow corpse that carps from out the clay!
(No man that breathes, but longs to sink his teeth in
The scaly hide of some Elizabethan!)*

II

*But we can beat them at their own verse methods shady,
I'll prove it in the following rhymes about a lady,
Whom we shall call Sadie, or, if you prefer it, Rosie O'Grady.*

*"Her eyes are like planets, her hair is like hay,"
All this the Elizabethans would say,
As well as comparing her cheeks to a rose,*

THE HAVERFORDIAN

(What would they get off, if they talked of her nose?)
Her breath, they'd say, "like incense does flow"
And her bosom, of course, would be "white as the snow."

Now see these similes they thought so very good
Turned to our modern manner and our modern mood,
Containing food for thought, and also thought for food.

Her hair's like the maze of a New Deal all dealt,
Her cheeks are as red—as red as Roosevelt—
Roosevelt, the scamp, the scoundrel, the blackguard,—
Her eyes are like headlights on a '35 Packard;
Her breath's like the sweet air in "painless extraction,"
And her bosom's as white as a *NIRA* infraction.

The better of the two you'll surely say's the latter;
I wrote both bits, and hence should know whereof I chatter.
I own I'm biased on our side, but what's that matter?
They were on theirs, ask your great great great Grandpater.

III

"Sonnetitis" had I in my youth,
And followed Bess's bards with soleful awe.
I dashed a sonnet off myself,— a proof
That nature's seldom mild when in the raw.

It was a pretty thing, like most of theirs;
Pretty, although trite. And every line
Depicted me a gallant of affairs,
Though really I was going on to nine.
And, if a lady ever for me cares,
Someday I'll use it for a valentine.

Of course, it should have had a daisied border,
But Blanc said bluntly "That is not in order."
So here it lies, like incense in a censer,
(And quite as good as anything in Spenser.)

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS

Sonnet

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE BEFORE AND AFTER MEETING HIS MISTRESS

*In darker days, ere yet I saw thy face,
I thought my fortune better far than most,
For wealth I had, and honor, a high place,—
All these were mine and were my fondest boast.
I pitied others in their strife for gold,
Their travail in the humbler paths they trod;*

*My opulence allowed me forty fold
Their happiness, and, blind, I thanked my God.
But then I looked on thee! How bleak and bare
Seemed then the paltry life I led before,
Mine eyes a stranger to thy beauty rare,
My soul unwinged, and deadened to its core.
With all my wealth, I dwelt in poverty
Till fortune changed, and I met love and thee.*

*I heave a sigh to think this publication
But rarely meets the friendly female eye.
Haverford should try coeducation;
I have my own private reasons why.*

BOOKS

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION, by THORNTON WILDER

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. REAVES

In his latest novel Thornton Wilder has definitely departed from the conscious searching after beauty which characterised the prose in his earlier works, the *Cabala* and the *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. There is no comparison to be made between these novels and the latest one. The mystic prose of the *Bridge* and the *Cabala* has been superseded by a rather trite workaday prose—Wilder's style has vanished and, in my opinion, with it goes a great deal of Wilder.

The book concerns a singularly righteous young man, George Brush, from Ludington, traveling salesman for a publishing house, graduate of Shiloh Baptist College and a religious fanatic. He carries his beliefs to the point of insanity—He kneels in prayer before his Pullman berth; he warns female traveling companions that "Women who smoke don't make good mothers;" he writes passages from the Bible on blotters in hotel lobbies and in countless petty ways bears witness to his steadfast belief in God. His one ambition is to be well liked, but in this he is thwarted. His repeated and lengthy dissertations on modern morals and God inspire boredom if not actual hatred in those thrown with him. They think him slightly mad and, perhaps, they are not far from wrong. He is arrested, by mistake, for refusing to accept interest on his savings, because he did not believe in interest and thought banks "immoral places." Again he is arrested when he assists a hold-up man to escape because he believes that all the man needs is a new start. And so the book goes, a series of episodes into which Brush's well-meaning stupidity projects him. The reader gains hope when Brush suddenly wakes up one morning to find he has lost faith. But it is to no avail, the finish sees him again haranguing fellow passengers in the smoking-car and scribbling texts in public places.

The purpose of *Heaven's My Destination* is obscure. Few people will be able to realize just how far Mr. Wilder intended this novel to reach. Is he satirizing his hero, or is he attempting to persuade the reader that Brush is correct and everyone else in the world is wrong? It is a book mainly concerned with morals, but fails to take a definite stand. It will be discussed for its ambiguity, but will be considered, by most readers, unsatisfying.

BOOKS

BETTER THINK TWICE ABOUT IT, by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Reviewed by J. ROBERT HARRISON, JR.

It is true that translations are often like the wrong side of a Persian rug, but I am quite sure that what must have been the sonorous Italian of Signor Luigi Pirandello's latest book of short stories has not suffered one whit in its rendition into English by Arthur and Henrie Mayne, two gentlemen with a sensitive and deft command of both languages. That's one thing to be thankful for. Another is that the well-known propensity of publishers to capitalize on the name of a Nobel prize winner has not been indulged and the collection, *Better Think Twice About It*, (a title taken from one of the stories it contains) stands on its own feet as vigorous and skilful art. The stories, in short, are a splendid addition to *As You Desire Me* and *The Naked Truth*, and admirers of Pirandello will find all they are looking for: metaphysical murmurs, frail beauty, pathos, and examples of a distinctive sort of wild Chaucerian humour.

It occurred to me as I laid the volume down that one might well get together an anthology of Russian and Italian short stories and call it something like "Depression and Irony: Peasant Studies." Like all other continental authors Pirandello has absorbed the ubiquitous Russian influence, and if his tales lack the unfathomed depth and the latent power of a sleeping continent which we find in, say, Dostoyevsky or Chekhov it's not his fault, but the Italian peasant's. Pirandello's olive growers, flighty professors and filthy harridans seem to lack that incredible sense of a common destiny and purpose which despite individual haggling lay deep in the consciousness of the lower class Russian of the late nineteenth century. His characters are all jeering, overweening individualists, subscribing to a garbled moral system which in many cases leads them through inconsistency to intolerance, and which seems to induce singular emotional instability. One has the feeling that a few lira and a good scrubbing would set the average Italian peasant on the road to happiness whereas a wild orgy and the consumption of whole tubs of vodka apparently did little to lift the gloom from the inarticulate soul of a Russian. The result of this individualism is that the Italian artist has a hard time discovering significant qualities characteristic to all his subjects by which he can evaluate them; and by which he can interpret their actions or discover their motives in any but the broadest and most elementary psychological terms. I think that these same grounds account for the fact that the thirteen stories are without exception merely vignettes, indicative of no revelatory truth and accomplishing no more than to acquaint the reader with a string of characters which in their essentials might be found anywhere. It is only

Pirandello's skill that lifts these people out of the ordinary. Without his well-balanced point of view, his distinctive observations of nature and above all his keen dramatic sense, the aforementioned olive growers, flighty professors, and filthy harridans would be nothing more than absurd or pitiable wretches.

PASSING JUDGMENTS, by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Reading his new book has greatly increased my respect for George Jean Nathan. His reviews in *Vanity Fair* seemed to be the productions of an uncomprehending journalist whose superficial generalizations reflected boredom with the theatre rather than intelligent evaluation of it. But the author of *Passing Judgments* understands Broadway thoroughly and is far from bored by it. His misfortune is that he is able to see a play apart from the season in which it appears, and to compare it with others of the same genre and purpose with which his extensive reading of dramatic literature has made him acquainted. The memories of producers and actors being what they are, he is therefore accused of perverse captiousness. Perhaps he is captious, but the fact that he presumes to judge a play as a potential contribution to world literature does not make him so. What really annoys the Broadway boys is that when they produce a play that they know is 'hogwash' but which they hope will bring in some money, Mr. Nathan describes it to the public as hogwash designed to bring in some money.

It isn't only Mr. Nathan's knowledge of the world's theatre that makes his new book interesting. He is a shrewd diagnostician of artistic and commercial trends, and *Passing Judgments* makes a creditable attempt to explain the problems which currently puzzle followers of the theatre. The slow but steady deterioration of Arthur Hopkins' producing judgment, Noel Coward's obstinate refusal to fulfill the promise of his early plays, and the annual controversy over destructive criticism, so-called, are dealt with thoroughly and interestingly, whether or not one agrees with Nathan's conclusions. One ends with the realization that he has read a review of the contemporary theatre as painstaking and comprehensive as the *Vanity Fair* reviews are unconvincingly incomplete.

Unfortunately, this is not enough. Knowledge and thoroughness do not make Nathan anything like as fine a critic as, for example, Brooks Atkinson. I think that what he lacks is a real appreciation for art, as such. He cannot

DRAMA

reproduce in his criticism the organic life of a play, the quality which gives it its hold upon the emotions and imagination of the spectator. He can criticize its ideational content and its technique, but he deals with them separately, in catalogued compartments. Thus his work, stripped of the breezy arrogance of his style, resembles the uninspired plodding of the hack scholar. Criticism must not only comment upon a play's truth, but must in some measure convey what it is like to see it. Nathan, rational, indefatigable, but uncreative, cannot accomplish this. Beside so grave a defect, his violent prejudices and his smart-aleck sensationalism are relatively unimportant.



DRAMA

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, by LILLIAN HELLMAN

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* tells the story of Karen Wright and Martha Dobie and the girl's school which has become their life. For ten years they have worked to build it from nothing, and now it is a success. Karen will marry Dr. Joe Cardin and keep on helping to run the school. She and Martha have achieved the balanced life which is their due—for they are sane, steady women who expect no more than what they work for. And then, for no reason at all, a crazy catastrophe descends upon them. A spoiled and malignant child runs away from the school and, desperately searching for some excuse, suddenly tells her grandmother that the headmistresses are Lesbians.

Grandmother's rage almost suffocates her. She spreads the news, and before evening the school has been emptied of its pupils. Karen and Martha can do nothing. A libel suit does them no good, for they cannot prove anything; and even if they had won it, the damage would have been done. They are marked women. The school, of course, is gone, and there is no place for them to go, for the suit has caught the journalistic eye, and Karen Wright and Martha Dobie are notorious in every hamlet in the country. But the destruction does not end here. Joe, who has stuck by them through the trial,

cannot tear suspicion out of his mind, and Karen sends him away. Overwhelmed by this final blow, Martha is paralyzed into revealing to Karen that the charge, so far as she was concerned, was true. Until the trial and the publicity she had never realized why she was indifferent to the love of men, or why she was jealous of Karen's love for Joe. The revelation has cut the last tie that binds her to life; she kills herself. Karen is left to face the apologies of the woman who started the charge, and who has at last found out that her granddaughter was lying.

On this story of a lie and its consequences Miss Hellman has built an engrossing play which, because of the truth of its idea and the intensity of its mood, will probably be remembered when the pretentious dramas of the season lie buried forever in Burns Mantle's catalogue of the best plays of this year and that. Though the introduction of the theme of homosexuality is necessary to the plot, I feel that the necessity is unfortunate, because it has transferred critical discussion from the most important issue that Miss Hellman sets forth. She is not interested in homosexuality, as such, but in what an inadvertent calamity like this can do to two lives. The grim last act reveals in a few curt pages how completely they have been destroyed. Everything that contained interest or meaning for Karen and Martha has disappeared.

All that is left to them is the mechanical daily routine, and even that—but listen:

MARTHA: What time is it?

KAREN: I don't know. What's the difference?

MARTHA: None. I was hoping it was time for my bath.

KAREN: Take it early today.

MARTHA (*laughs*): Oh, I couldn't do that. I look forward all day to that bath. It's my last touch with the full life. It makes me feel important to know that there's one thing ahead of me, one thing I've got to do. You ought to get yourself something like that. I tell you, at five o'clock every day you comb your hair. How's that? It's better for you, take my word. You wake up in the morning and you say to yourself, the day's not entirely empty, life is rich and full; at five o'clock I'll comb my hair.

Their tragedy would not hurt Karen and Martha so much if they possessed a little less of the sanity which has hitherto stood them in such good stead. Other people might get used to it, but their intelligence and sensitivity keeps them battering futilely at their hideous quandary. Miss Hellman has given us a drama of fate from a new point of view, and she has written it with striking power.



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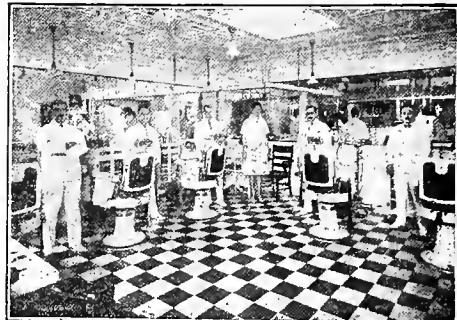
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Love and Kisses

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, Jr.

WHEN he heard his roommate's steps, his mind formulated the words almost automatically, and in the same instant he knew what the reply would be. "How'd your date go?" he said.

"It was hot stuff!"

His roommate took off his coat, put it on a hanger, and placed it in the single narrow closet. "God, I don't see how you can stick it out around here, Lew," he said. "All you do is study, and here you are, a college freshman, and never had a date in your whole life. What the devil's the matter with you?"

"Dammit, though, Tom, I've never had a chance. My folks would never let me and I don't have any money, and besides, I don't know any girls."

"Bunk!" said Tom. "You're not at home now, and you don't need much money anyway and besides, didn't you tell me that you were supposed to look up some girl whose mother went to school with yours and was such a great pal of yours?"

"Yeah, but—" He knew that these excuses didn't mean much, even to himself. The real reason was—God! If only he weren't so scared! If only he weren't . . .

He appraised her carefully as she walked a step ahead of him in the theatre lobby. Pretty nice, he thought, not bad at all. Dark brunette with wavy hair, attractive face, deep brown eyes that really sparkled, nice figure, nice legs, nice clothes, graceful—why had he been such a fool, not looking her up before? He was going to make an impression too, make her fall for him, prove himself. He moved up to her as they reached the sidewalk. "Well, where to?" he said.

"Oh, let's just take a ride, and then go to a hamburg place and get something to eat," she said.

"Swell. Gee, Dot, but it was nice of your mother to let us have the car. I can see why my mother liked her so well."

"Mom's that way. Let's ride out towards Hartville."

Then they were driving out in the country and Lew was embarrassed. He'd talked about a lot so far—the movie, and the college, and jazz, and a little about books, and the merest trifle about her, but he hadn't made any clever remarks, and he hadn't acted as he always pictured his room-

LOVE AND KISSES

mate, a gay, debonair young man of the world. And now he couldn't think of anything else to say except that the moon was nice, wasn't it, and he didn't want to say that. He wanted to say you're swell, you're marvellous, I didn't know they made girls like you. He wanted to park the car and say those things and maybe kiss her once or twice. He wondered if she had a regular fellow, if she'd ever kissed anyone. He really ought to say something.

"I bet you've got a whole string of fellows," he broke in abruptly, and then he was immediately sorry, and felt that it was a dumb thing to have said and he wished he hadn't mentioned it at all. She won't like that, he thought. Girls don't like that sort of talk. Why didn't she answer?

Then she said softly, "Let's not discuss that. Let's just ride and dream. I love to do that on nights like this."

So that's it, Lew thought. She's got another fellow and she just wants to think of him. She doesn't give a damn about me. She's taking me for a ride, I'm not taking her. I don't blame her, either. I'm acting like a fool. But maybe I can change and make her feel differently. I wish she didn't have another fellow. Lord, how silly I am, just like a kid. Jealous over her already, and I hardly know her! And she—

"Isn't the moon lovely?" she said, even more softly.

"It sure is." He ought to say "and so are you," but she wouldn't like that, not at all, and he was afraid to anyway. Afraid! But why did she say that? Maybe—maybe she really liked him! Maybe she was only trying to make him jealous! "Isn't the moon lovely?" That was—why, she really did like him, and the first time he was with her, the first time he was with any girl—why, she was just inviting him to—

"And so are you," he said. He saw an automobile come out of a side road a little way ahead, and when he reached it, he turned in. He shut off the motor and put his arm around her. "Aren't you?"

She didn't say anything; all she did was to look up at him and smile the merest bit. He kissed her, and she shut her eyes and didn't draw away. He could smell a faint and pleasant odor of mingled perfume and lipstick. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him and smiled. "Promise you'll come and see me again and again," she said. "Promise."

"You don't think I wouldn't, do you?" he said. He was looking straight into her eyes, and he could dimly see that she had closed them again. He kissed her a second time, a long, hard kiss. God, but she was nice! But then a shiver seemed suddenly to run through her, and she pushed him away.

"Now let's go and get those hamburgers," she laughed.
"Yes ma'am!" Lew said joyfully.

Then he was walking along the street to his dormitory, and as he drew nearer he could see that there was still a light on in his room. He had a date for next week and a swell girl already—and here he had never been out with a girl before tonight! He felt differently, somehow, he wasn't scared any more when he thought of a girl. He was whistling loudly as he ran up the stairs and down to his room. When he opened the door, his roommate said to him, "How was your date?"

"Hot stuff!" said Lew. "Hot stuff!"



As the New Haverfordian Board Goes Into Office

(With *apologies* to R. Burns)

By THOMAS D. BROWN

*Scops, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scops, wham Roos has often led,
Welcome to your nameless bed,
Or to poetrie!*

*Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front o' Griffon lour!
See the dread Reviewer's power—
Scorn and mockerie!*

*Lay all boors uncultured low!
Babbits fall in every foe!
Literature's in every blow!
Let us do or die!*

Strange Victory

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

HERE was no blind chance in Cupid's arrow, nor anything but anger, when it entered Apollo's heart, and lodged in it a love for Daphne, but Apollo was not to know that it was anger. Would that Cupid had told him that. And the arrow that Cupid let fly into Daphne's breast was of a different hue, bringing with it only loathing for love, and fear of every lover. So Daphne, when she saw Apollo afar off, fled into the tender forest, knowing in her heart that she must hide herself away. Yet Apollo could not but pursue her, such was the love within him.

So Daphne fled, running lightly over mosses, stooping lightly under branches, plucking lightly at a flower. O father Zeus, hear me in my need. I have no love, but only loathing, not for Apollo, but for love. There are these rocks which cut my feet with tiny scratches. If there were a handful of dry, white snow, there might be a drop of this bright blood to stain it, then Apollo could see just what it is to pursue a heart that's filled with gentle loathing. I must take care, or else I'll crush a flower under foot, and that might pain my heart too much. I could hide, but Apollo would find me surely, and then my love would be as only a little thing, lost in the sea of Apollo's passion, and he would be too blind to see whether I cared or no, or even if he saw he might not care. It would be a dreadful thing to hide and be caught. To hide and not be caught? Hush Daphne, there is only loathing in your heart for love. Hush heart. I'll hide in a cave, Apollo'll find me there. Run Daphne, run forever, remember your fear of Apollo's love. Your heart, Daphne, would be as a ball of thin crystal, tinted with the dawn's pink, smashed against a rock by Apollo's love. It is too late to hide in any cave, the caves are gone behind, and 'Apollo's nearer, running surely. O Daphne, woe is Daphne, help me Zeus, save me from my love. I am as any hare, rescued trembling from the jaws of capture, half knowing whether I am free or caught, bounding lightly on because of fear. Hide me Zeus, hide me here. Let not Apollo find the entrance.

Apollo, running surely, striding onward after Daphne, found a wall before him. Daphne had seemed to enter in that wall, which was only a green hedge, lately clipped into a wall, but there was no gate to enter by. Then Apollo rested by the spot where he had seen Daphne wrested from him in the moment before he was to catch her.

Daphne, within the wall, found herself in deadly quiet. There was the wall of green, shutting out Apollo, but Zeus might open the gate at any moment. There was the grass under her foot, clipped close to the ground, so that it was soft as new wool, and making no more sound. The quiet was too much for Daphne's senses, tired with running. In the moon-reflecting pool, bordered with white marble set down into the ground, there was no ripple, nor any sign of life. No other thing was there within the wall, only the soft sweet grass, the moon-pool, and Daphne, breathing lightly lest Apollo hear and break the wall.

Within the wall there was no sound, not even that which a butterfly might make in lifting its wings, no sound save only Daphne's breathing, Daphne lying quietly beside the pool lest Apollo hear. Nor was there any light, save only that cast by a setting sun through a high wall, which is only a misty light. And Daphne felt herself afraid in her heart. Lying by the pool the beating of her heart sounded like a mighty din within her ear. I am afraid, more afraid than ever I have been before. It is a fearful thing to be in such a stillness. My very thoughts, now while I am thinking, frighten me with their tremendous clashing. O Daphne, these must be bitter thoughts, so to disturb the quiet with their poundings. O Daphne, gather thy fear within thee. Daphne, sleeping, dreaming of tremendous noises in her ear, beatings of her heart which would have been as nothing more than the swimming of a fish below the water in any other ear but Daphne's. O Daphne, bury thy fear in Apollo's love, for he'll guard it as any precious thing. Small broken bits of rosy-tinted crystal in Daphne's dreams.

Apollo, waking in the dawn of morning, found that Zeus had opened a gate, and within was Daphne, sleeping. My heart has found you, Daphne, I have come to the end of my pursuit. Apollo walked quietly, lest he awaken Daphne and frighten her. It was his wish that Daphne, waking, should open her eyes and find him there, near to her, near to her forevermore; but Daphne, waking and finding him there, felt her heart grow within her into a great lump of coldest ice. Bury my fear, O Zeus. I have found Daphne, a lovely thing to find is Daphne. The icy heart is spreading into my body, through my arms, I am turning, Apollo, you have found Daphne, but you will not have her, but another thing, as many lovers have found before you. Another thing, Apollo, you who dared to seek Daphne against her will. Apollo, watching, saw Daphne turn, before his eyes, into a tree of laurel. A shimmering, shining thing of beauty such as seemed to be Daphne, yet was not entirely Daphne. He put his hand on the trunk of the tree, and felt

AUBADE

it to be cold as coldest ice, yet there was a pulsing that might yet be Daphne's heart. Apollo touched his lips to the laurel leaves, hopeful yet that they might be Daphne's lips, but the tree bent from him, as in shame, though it was a thing of beauty.

O Apollo, woe is Apollo, he has found Daphne, Daphne lovelier than any living thing, and he has her in his arms. Yet Daphne is nothing more than any thing of beauty in his arms, a tree of laurel. O Apollo, you cast fear into Daphne, a freezing, frigid fear, that leaves her there, within your arms, yet only a thing of beauty made of ice. Put bits of laurel into your hair, Apollo, for ornament. Make a wreath of them, Apollo, a victory wreath, to mark your capture of Daphne. But there will be little consolation in that victory, Apollo, gained of fear. A strange victory, Apollo, commemorated with a wreath of laurel.



Aubade

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

*Now, at touch of the lips,
There is no discrepant calling,
We are at one, we scarcely know
The thought of the one from the other's,
Hold to it hard, the moment—
O let it not yet be falling
Back into time,
Into the future that smothers.*

*And now, as you lock your laughter
Behind the hated door,—
(So strangely you change
By the mere mounting to another door!)—
Ah what's the great, the
Vagabonding wind you're hailing?
What unharboured voyage
Are you weirdly set on sailing?*

The Simple and the Good

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

PUFFINGS of the trains are metallic, and their mighty movements jar threateningly up and down the bed of the railroad. The creaks and successive crashings of a line of freight cars shaken in their inertia from far ahead make impatient the man huddled on the stony embankment. And the half-light of the darkening sky makes him shudder in desperation.

How, he has asked himself, can anything ever lift the weight that is on his heart? Light, gayety, companionship—they are all made shallow by the sickening, ever-present burden.

Often he has asked himself, what good is there living in a world that doesn't want you? The cops keep him out of the railroad stations, where he could at least sleep a stiff and sore sleep. The guys who run the stands, they begrudge him a sloppy cup of coffee and day-before-yesterday's buns. Sometimes they even ask him about himself—but they don't really care—they banter with everyone who eats off their greasy counters, in their comfortable, green-sheet reading, steam heated proprietorship. How can friendship do any good? Back-slappers, sympathizers can't lift a weight from your soul.

What chance is there for John Barrow, unshaven ex-convict, ever to gain respect, even of himself? He tries to button the neck of his dirty blue workshirt with a button that isn't there, wraps his coat around his body, and gazes at the cold, gray river down there. It is easy to die when you are not wanted, with black days behind you, a heaviness on your heart, and a blank future.

Once he thought that before he killed himself he would have one grand spree, shoot up the place, then he saw that it would only cause him the misery that he was dying to escape. As well to end life in calm solidity . . .

The tracks are silent now. The side of his eye catches a movement. Here is an old man coming up the track with a dirty newspaper-wrapped package under his arm. The old fellow is attracted by his fire.

"Hello there, young fellow! Have pot luck with me, eh?"

As he eases himself down and unwraps two cans of beans, John Barrow has a warmth of feeling come over him.

That old man has a worse future than he has. Yet his face is kind, and it has a sort of lean keenness to it. The calm of the night, the comfortable

IF LOVE WERE ALL

glow of the fire, and the assured take-life-as-it-comes attitude of the old fellow betrayed by the very angle of his jaw—all sweep away the despair in the heart of John Barrow.

It is simplicity itself.

Tomorrow is another day, and here I am.

As simple as that. . . .

“These beans are right good when you’re hungry, young fellow.”

He starts. Has he been staring that long at the man’s face? The beans are hot, and good! This is really enjoyable.

“Old man, you know . . . heaven and hell are right here, now.”

The old man looks at him shrewdly, and sees a calm keenness in his face, a take-life-as-it-comes attitude, betrayed by the angle of his jaw.



If Love Were All

By RICHARD GRIFFITH

*Let all who are betrayed
Forget the noble past,
And spend without a qualm
A year before the mast.*

*There are love’s lessons learned.
Thus are its pains forgot.
The polar snows remain as cold,
The tropic sun as hot.*

Epigrams of Martial

Translated by William H. Bond

THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

*Gemellus asks an aged hag
(A rich one) if she'll marry him.
He won't permit his suit to lag;
He shows much gumption.
But has she grace of face and limb?
Nay, she's as lifeless as a rag.
Why does he seek her with such vim?
She has consumption.*

THE SAME TRADE

*Diaulus was a doctor;
Now he's a casket-maker.
What he once did as medico he does as undertaker.*

THE MORNING AFTER

*Last night when we had drunk our seventh cup
I think I asked you if you'd come to dine.
I really scarcely thought you'd take me up
And take as serious words produced by wine.*

*Today, towards lunch-time, then, the test we'll see,
And find what kind of man you'll prove to be.
But this you'll note if you're a friend of me:
No friend of mine should have a memory!*

Science Takes a Hand

By ROGER L. GREIF

STUBBY, jeweled fingers held a white card saying, "His Excellency, Count Ivanov, Chancellor, is invited by Prof. Zinioneff to witness some interesting chemical experiments." "Nicolai," said the count, "convey my acceptance and thanks to the professor."

On the following day, the carriage of the chancellor, drawn by two white stallions, stopped before a shabby house outside Moscow. On the steps stood Prof. Zinioneff, a thin-faced, hollow-cheeked man with curly, brown hair and thick-lensed glasses. Beside him stood his pretty young wife, holding their only child. The count greeted them cordially, but the professor seemed more absorbed in watching his wife than in acting as host to his distinguished guest. She started to say something, but a glance from her husband silenced her. They entered the house.

In the narrow hallway, one flickering gas light cast indistinct shadows on the wall as the count climbed the stairs, followed by the professor and his wife. They entered a dimly-lit room filled with flasks, retorts, burners, and other apparatus.

"Lock the door, Olga," ordered the professor, and his wife complied. "Now for the experiment," continued Zinioneff. "I have here a new explosive which if heated by flame is more powerful than any substance known to science. Ten drops of the substance could blast this building to bits!" The professor, with trembling hand, held up a vial of brown liquid.

"Why good heavens, man, that's dangerous stuff to be playing with," said the count nervously.

"Aha, Count, I see you understand," cackled the professor. "You have oppressed our poor country; taxed our peasants until they starve! You control the Czar, you live in luxury, and—" here the professor shrieked, "and yet you must turn your lusty eyes upon my wife! Well, Count, we perish together. I go to heaven, you and Olga to hell! Russia is free, and my honor is avenged!" Leaping to a lighted burner, Zinioneff held the vial in its flame.

* * * *

The thick jeweled fingers held a newspaper saying "Mad Scientist Shot By Chancellor." The corpses of a widow and child were found in a Moscow gutter, starved and frozen to death.

Ex Lax Realism

By JAMES D. HOOVER

AN IDEA which has had a persistent life throughout the history of criticism and which has become very popular in modern writing is that the function of the poet is to cleanse nature. Nature is not to be exalted, or mirrored, or hidden, but purged.

Robert Frost once said to Louis Untermeyer something to the effect that "there are two kinds of realists, the one who offers the reader plenty of dirt with his potato to show that it is real, and the one who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean." This distinction, which Frost was applying to his own poetry, has always vaguely irritated me.

We have heard so much about the lofty function of poets, about theirs being the noblest occupation known, that it comes as something of a shock to find that they are to nature precisely what the housemaid is to society or Ex-Lax to the business man. No one exalts the housemaid as an artist; cookery is far more creative. There is nothing creative implied in the potato-brushing idea of poetry; poetry ceases to be expression and becomes more a process of revision.

The irritating point about this definition is that it often works. Much of the best modern creative writing is straight narrative where the only difference it bears from pure naturalism is that the facts are intensified and purified; nothing is changed. In poetry the work of Robert Frost himself is the outstanding vindication of his own definition. The modern critical essay is often nothing more than a clever rearrangement of facts.

In the past Ex-Lax Realism played a much less impressive part in literature; the writer has until recently been predominantly the improviser, the romancer. When the Eighteenth Century stated that its only ideals in poetry were to refine nature, poetry went into eclipse. When Wordsworth wrote down exactly what he felt and saw, his nimble poetic feet became clodhoppers. Only in romantic and mystical moods did Wordsworth compose elevated poetry, the total of exceptions being "Michael" and a handful of short lyrics. When the Victorian essayist tried to stick to the facts, he became intolerably dull, and in this factual modern age we had far rather listen to Stevenson discussing friendship than Huxley describing coal or a piece of chalk.

However badly this conception may have failed in the past, the fact remains that it works now. But will it ever produce supreme creative art?

SONNET

Can't the job of washing behind nature's ears be left to the prose writers?
It hardly befits ancient conceptions to see the divinely inspired poet standing
over the sink and scrubbing potatoes.

The poet's job is to produce some inherent change in the material he
works with, to fuse, to synthesize. Nobody's appetite is going to be aroused
by a raw potato, however clean. The cooking and flavoring are still to be
done, and he who does these things is more than a scrubber; he rises to become
a cook, a creator of savory and digestible food.



Sonnet

By THOMAS K. BROWN, III

*We cannot tell the ocean what to do,
When whisper tunes of peace and when to roar,
Which ship to dash upon the rocky shore,
Which bark to let come sailing safely through.
Nor will the earth afford us certain clue
When she the hopeful seedling will ignore,
When raise a flower where once was found a spore—
Both sea and soil but to themselves are true.
Here is my soul, to nurture or to spurn
As you may care to treat it: if sustain,
Its heat may warm you, or its fire burn;
And if reject—fear not, it will but wane
Till but the dry, dead, empty pod remain,
A speck in some forgotten funeral urn.*

Hospital

By CARL WILBUR

LL get even with that Supervisor yet. She can't make me work on the Fourth of July. I'll write to Washington or some place and complain to the N. R. A. No guy can work 78 hours a week.

Curse that Wilson! Who's *she* anyway? I'll take the chip off the gray old bird's shoulder some day. The work we got to do! Work, work, work. If I get a date one night, when five o'clock rolls around next morning I know it's going to take me a week to make up for it. Seven to seven, that's how long we work. I want leisure, that's what. I'm master over *me*. I'm going to play around some before I kick off like the rest of these stiffs.

I am taking it easy; that's why I'm sitting here in the doctor's quarters, smoking a butt. Wilson leaves a note "Scour all sterilizers, change curtains, set up 'A,' fold doctors' suits, and answer fifth floor calls." Catch me going up there to give those horses enemas. What are the nurses for? I'd help Miss Buckley, though, she's swell; I'd like . . .

There's that bell. If it's anything like yesterday—God! I'll quit—on the spot!

I knew it was pretty bad then. Fourth floor, that's a Ward floor. They would have put it off till next day if they could.

She sure was shouting when I got up there. But by the time I pushed her around to the elevator and waited for the thing she was getting cold and gasping. The nurse held her finger on the button and finally the elevator came. She said the patient was twenty-two and this was her fifth child.

We took her into "A" and got the table all set. The surgeon was still scrubbing and the Chief Resident was with him.

I had to think about that girl. She looked pretty nice. But now her eyes were fixed, staring back toward her forehead. While I was binding her arms I could feel they were cold and clammy.

Why didn't they speed it up?

The surgeons came in joking; they were gloved, and fixed up. I adjusted the lights for a Caesarean.

Doc took a closer look at the gasping thing on the table.

"Where's the anaesthetist? Who's doing it? I should have been told about this earlier."

Then they began to talk about the day. And she sounded fainter.

MEDITATION

When he finally came in and was all set, they looked at each other. The surgeon got it; it was dead. He unsterilized himself, called for glucose, needles, adrenaline, and they tried to save her. Five inch needles right in the heart. And they opened her arm to get the fluid in.

It was all over. She was dead too. The Doc put his arm around one of the nurses and started whispering. Something funny was said. They all laughed.

I could hear nothing but their laughter. Laughing, laughing, nothing about the pool on the floor that I would have to mop up, nothing about wrapping her up and taking her through those dark corridors to the ice box—only laughing, laughing.

She was nice looking . . .

Hey! What am I doing? Gotta go back. Am I going to paint the town tonight!



Meditation

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*I sit in my room in Entry Smith
And say to myself: "Gee whith,
My theme is due on old March fith!"
Which is poetic license, sith¹
It's really due March fourth.*

¹Archaic.

BOOKS

ELIZABETH, by FRANK SWINNERTON

Reviewed by RICHARD B. SHOEMAKER

The title of this highly engrossing story by the prolific novelist, Frank Swinnerton, is ambiguous. The life of the English coastal town about which the plot revolves, Seahampton, becomes entangled with the affairs and desperate actions of two Elizabeths, characters as different as a versatile writer could make them. The story belongs to neither one nor the other; they both develop with startling reality. Mr. Swinnerton seems mainly interested in these two personalities; at least he admirably contrasts two young women, one upon whom the sun shines with the greatest of happiness and the other whose days are darkly shadowed with pain and hatred. Their paths cross and the presence of beautiful joy inspires in one the longing to be a friend and in the other a deep jealousy. Perhaps this is a composite portrait founded on the coupling of two names, Eliza and Beth, to form Elizabeth. Such a speculation, however, can be overemphasized; for the merit of the book lies in the tale.

The story progresses slowly and fully develops its climactic situations, which are both briefly and skillfully concluded. The tragic death which the Seahampton architect, Syd Rose, meets is foreshadowed by the violent quarrel with his friend Julian; but a sense of dramatic value is shown by Mr. Swinnerton in leaving the immediately subsequent events in silence. The book is divided into six parts, most of which are laid in Seahampton although the atmosphere of London is an alternate background for the characters. Descriptions, to a leisurely extent specific, enrich the story and endear it to the imagination. When the old sea-coast town of Seahampton begins to cover its green hills with promoter Lott's modern and hideously useful buildings, we join the author in a slight indulgence in melancholy. The book is well stocked with characters which do not impress one as conventional types. Among the minor figures the weak Richard Carthwaite, a study of an inferiority complex deepened by the restrictions of a minister's home, and Charlie Cordell, Eliza's father and an ambitious hack-writer ruined by drink, stand out most vividly. These people are well-drawn and they make the book live, but they cannot be dissociated from their careers

BOOKS

in the story. It is the unified whole which remains with the reader after his hours of enjoyment. Furthermore it would be fruitless to search for predictions of social change and new social relationships. As a story-teller Mr. Swinnerton has succeeded and there lies the importance of *Elizabeth*.

LOST HORIZON, by JAMES HILTON

Reviewed by J. E. GOLDMARK

In *Lost Horizon* James Hilton combines the knack of telling a very good story with the same genius for creating atmosphere which animated *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. It is interesting to note that although the former book was published first and has much more of a plot, it did not attract interest until after the appearance of its successor. *Lost Horizon* was first published in the fall of 1933, but at that time the reviews of it were non-committal and it created no stir whatsoever. But after the appearance of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* in the *Atlantic Monthly* last spring and in book form last summer, Alexander Woollcott discovered it and praised it so highly that it soon became a national best seller.

The central idea of the book is original and refreshing; it shows a fertile imagination. The story deals with a strange lamasery in a practically inaccessible part of the Himalayas. It overlooks a fertile valley and is situated on the precipitous side of Shangri-La, a gorgeous conical snow peak. The air about the lamasery is pure and produces extreme longevity. This is so accentuated by the moderation in all things which is the main rule of the institution that the lamas actually live nearly two hundred years. Their aim is to remain cut off contact with the world, so that after civilization has been destroyed by modern warfare, they may have preserved life and culture on this planet.

A young Englishman named Conway, whose previous life has made him lose interest in an active career, is kidnapped with three companions and brought to the valley to become a lama. He is the first one initiated and shows great interest in the prospect of his new life at the lamasery. His zeal and talent raise him so high in the estimation of the dying head lama, the founder of the institution, that he leaves the headship to Conway. Just at the moment when he is stunned by this occurrence, one of his companions, who has found a means of escape and needs Conway's assistance, manages to shake his belief in the future of the lamasery, so that he flees back to civilization.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

tion with this man. The last we hear of Conway is that he is again in the Himalayas, searching for the entrance to the valley of Shangri-La.

Hilton has intensified the effect of this unusual story by the wonderful atmosphere that he creates about the lamasery and the peak of Shangri-La. Those who have read *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* know how gifted he is in this particular, and they will not be disappointed in *Lost Horizon*. Unlike most young writers his reaction to modern life seems to be a desire to shun it. He seeks the quieter byways and invests them with so much charm that we cannot but realize that he is giving true voice to his feelings. Moreover it is delightful to find so talented an author aiming merely to give pleasure by his writing—and succeeding so well.

THE PINNACLE OF GLORY, by WILSON WRIGHT

Reviewed by JAMES D. HOOVER

Mr. Wright's latest contribution to the small-group-of-characters-isolated-by-fate school is the story of Napoleon in exile, the quarrelsome last days on St. Helena. It is a record of petty fights between his French followers and his English captors and of various individuals within these groups, so there is little action but much emotional conflict and many heated words.

Napoleon himself is presented as being wrecked by his ennui and economic needs. Unable to appease his appetite for work in any other way, he must lay out a campaign for arousing sympathy, even though he has to sacrifice pride to do it. Napoleon's foil is the mean and suspicious Sir Hudson Lowe, who occupies the dubious position of being despised by everyone except the reader, who somehow feels he is getting a raw deal. Another source of conflict is Gorgaud's silly jealousy of the oily Las Cases. The rest of the characters are (true to history) pretty colorless.

One cannot help wondering why, out of all the past, Mr. Wright should have chosen this unpromising theme to work on. It is really historical, not novel material, and as history has often been done before. The leading people of St. Helena at the time nearly all left detailed accounts, though most are prejudiced. The library contains an illegible copy of Las Cases' memoirs and Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon: the Last Phase." Though written from the British viewpoint, this really covers the ground very well and leaves Mr. Wright little material on which to exercise his imagination.

BOOKS

The actual conversations and full character analysis are his, but otherwise Mr. Wright has to stick pretty close to the dull facts of the case. Even the melodramatic thunderstorm during Napoleon's death scene seems to have been a matter of history. The book is beautifully done nevertheless, and it is the fault of the material and not of Mr. Wright, if the whole thing fails to raise, or burn, or flow, or whatever it is that a good novel is supposed to do.

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH, by FRANZ WERFEL

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. REAVES, JR.

This recent novel, which stands out so distinctly from the current run of fiction, is quite different from most of the contemporary novels in that it is richest in story. Its intense dramatic narrative first captures the reader's attention and it is this same quality which holds his interest throughout the entire book. The tragedy of race hatred is exposed. With this in mind it is not irrelevant to note that Werfel himself is a German Jew, although it is not his purpose, I think, to draw a definite analogy between Germany's treatment of the Jews and Turkey's extermination of the Armenians.

The story concerns the return of a native Armenian, Gabriel Bagradian, who was educated on the continent, his French wife and son to the little Armenian village in which he had been born. When the Turkish government begins its systematic extermination of the Armenian people, Gabriel finds himself compelled to accept the leadership of his villagers. From the village which lies at the foot of Musa Dagh, the mountain of Moses, he leads them up onto a plateau of the mountain when the Turkish government orders that the village be evacuated. Then follow the forty days: forty days during which morals and social amenities must be suspended; forty days in which they drive off their enemy, capture rifles and provisions, defy and humiliate the Turkish government. And then, just as this band of brave people is about to succumb to death by starvation and disease, they are saved by a French battleship. Realistic vision makes this almost incredible tale of the stand of the Armenians on Musa Dagh assume classical greatness. The story of these human beings under such a terrific pressure creates in the reader an intense feeling of anticipation.

In character portrayals Werfel definitely fails. Most of his characters are too shadowy and unsatisfying. Gabriel Bagradian typifies the modern

hero. Bound to his native country by bonds which years of continental life have not severed, he returns to lead his people out of the jaws of death. Juliette, his French wife, is a rather vague symbol of the delicate foreigner in the far East. But in spite of this obvious flaw, the Forty Days will long serve as a social document because of its epic treatment.



D R A M A

POINT VALAINE, by NOEL COWARD

Reviewed by JAMES A. DAILEY, JR.

For two years the versatile Noel Coward contented himself with the production of gay and frivolous plays such as *Design For Living*. But now he returns to the sober mood of *Cavalcade*, and presents a strange and moving tragedy which he calls *Point Valaine*. This, his latest work, possesses a generous quantity of his light, sophisticated dialogue; but Mr. Coward is no longer really joking. He is concerned rather with the serious portrayal of a woman who cannot find her way to happiness, who meets only tragedy in her vain seeking.

Linda Valaine manages a resort hotel on a Caribbean island, where once her father sang hymns for the natives. She has renamed the place Point Valaine and developed a successful business. Nevertheless, she has not achieved happiness, has never found real love. Years past she had a short and loveless marriage. Seven years ago, hoping to find the answer to her need in physical passion, she became the mistress of her Russian head-waiter, Stefan, a thinly veneered beast. Now, irritable, frightened, she is still seeking release from her lonely existence, from the tropic rain and heat, from the chattering guests, above all, from emptiness. One evening the boat from the mainland brings a new set of guests. Among them is a fever-ridden aviator of twenty-five, Martin Welford. Immediately Linda and he sense a strong mutual attraction. Stefan, slinking about noiselessly, making the guests uncomfortable, is at once conscious of the situation. Within a few days, Linda and Martin are deeply in love, but neither has spoken. Then a faulty boat-engine keeps Stefan on the mainland for a night, and Martin

DRAMA

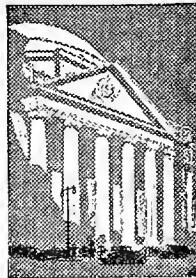
takes this opportunity to win Linda. She, burdened with the disgrace of her connection with Stefan, feels that she can have no happiness now. But Martin is pressing, and at last she yields, willing to clutch happiness to her, if it be only for a moment. Unfortunately, Stefan returns soon after midnight, senses what is happening, and summons Linda from her bed. The jealous beast stages a wild, noisy attack upon his frightened mistress, ceasing only when his outburst has driven the disillusioned Martin to his own quarters. Then Linda reveals to Stefan the hollowness of the love between them, and, when she has left the despairing, grovelling creature, he throws himself to the sea and the sharks. The next morning, when Linda and Martin meet, he has no word for her. His youthful love for her has been destroyed. She can hope for nothing from him, nor from Stefan, whose mangled body is soon found on the beach. Linda has only an empty life ahead, a life without love or happiness. That is the real tragedy for her.

Though his plot is relatively simple, Mr. Coward makes it unusually effective by his compelling characterization of Linda and by his skillful dramatic development. His play advances smoothly, but with a certain restraint, and is particularly successful with regard to its climaxes, major and minor, which come at the ripest, most fitting moments. The lighter elements introduced—the laughing guests, the cranky mother and her hampered daughter, the cynical novelist and his eager, young admirer—all this perfectly complements the basic, tragic element of the play; furnishes a mocking contrast to the vain struggles of the protagonists; and gives, by its presence, a natural air to a play that might otherwise be fatally overburdened with intensity and emotion.

Finally Mr. Coward assures a fully adequate performance of his play by giving it to that unique couple, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, who take the parts of Stefan and Linda. They, with their firm and finished acting, give this piece the strong, vivid interpretation that it requires. Both assume unattractive disguises and create complete and realistic characterizations. Of the two roles, Miss Fontanne's is far more extensive and varied, but Mr. Lunt's one important scene, after two acts of almost total silence on his part, gives him an opportunity to exert his whole strength in a long sustained and highly exhausting performance that is unpleasantly real. His characterization, in fact, is so thorough, that he even brings tears to his eyes as he pleads for the love he can never have. Mr. Coward surely could not have found better actors for his difficult play.

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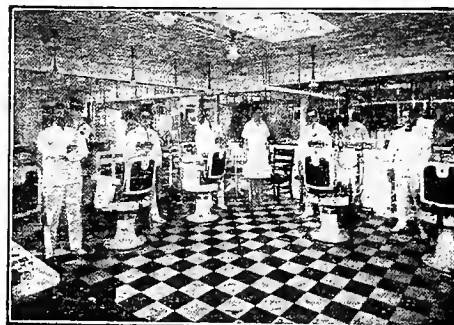


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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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A Holiday

By

JAMES D. HOOVER



HE SAT on the edge of the bed, tying his shoes. One of the strings broke. Now he'd have to go down the street with a knot in one shoe. One of those days!

He got up, looked in the mirror, saw a hard, pimple-covered face. It always made him feel a little sick. That face cut him off from so many things. People thought he must be practical-headed and unromantic. They were wrong.

Combed his hair. Went downstairs into the living room. Mom was there. "Hello, Mom."

"Hello, son."

"Evening paper there?"

"Here's the second part you want."

He turned to the baseball. Bears Lose on Moore's Homer in 7th. What next? He said nothing aloud, however; his face registered nothing.

"Rest all right, son?"

"Yup."

A HOLIDAY

"What are you going to do tonight?"

Tonight? No school tomorrow! It was Saturday. "Why, I don't know. Nothing much."

"There's a dance at the girls' school. You know you can go if you want."

"No, thanks."

"You ought to get more social life."

"Mm."

"I mean it."

"I know! I'll go over to Henry's, I guess."

"All right. Don't stay too long."

"All right, Mom."

He went out the front door. She thought: he's snippy; mustn't have slept so well. The fresh air will do him good.

Be damned if he'd go over to Henry's house and fool away the whole evening. He'd go off walking by himself. Unconsciously he drifted toward the girls' school and the brightly lighted gym floor where the dance was going on.

Through one of the tall windows he looked in and could plainly see several people he knew. George (naturally), and O'Brien dancing with Mary Locke. The orchestra could be faintly heard.

My god, how beautiful. A wave of some queer emotion swept across him. God, if he could only be there: how wonderful! Girls: how strange, how kind, humorous! And he was always an outsider by himself.

A mood of sadness unmanned him. Walked slowly down to the corner, where he stood looking at the traffic a moment, hesitating. What was there to do? Then he walked back and past the dance floor. Suddenly something to do occurred to him. Go get a drink. O'Brien had taken him to a place over on the avenue once after a dance. That was the only time he'd ever had anything to drink. He knew where the place was. Began to walk faster: two blocks crosstown, then turned down the brilliantly lighted avenue.

There was a beer shop with a curtain stretched across behind the show windows. After looking at everything that could possibly be of interest on the outside, he went in. At little tables with soiled covers groups of men drank beer. He went straight up to the bar, where he saw what he wanted: a cardboard sign with "Whiskey 15c" written on it.

The bartender faced him. "Some rye," the boy said.

"A bottle?"

"No, just a jigger." He drank it down as quickly as he could, without enjoyment, paid for it, and went out along the avenue again, watching the store windows.

Picture of Jean Harlow in a window: "Siren of the Silver Screen in her latest Hold Your Man Laugh Riot. Coming soon." "Hiya, Jean," he whispered, feeling pretty confident in himself, but he realized that talking to pictures was about as far as he got. An acute feeling of manliness absorbed him. Got to do something about it for once.

Well—his heart knocked as he thought of it. There were always women to be had on the streets. They at least wouldn't be snobbish toward him.

Pick up a woman! It took guts, but that was one thing he could do. He was mad with excitement.

A woman, perfectly decent-looking, passed by him on the street. He looked away. If she had been the right kind, he couldn't have stopped her. Too afraid.

He went into another beer shop.

"Some rye," he said. Nobody thought it odd, because he was a tough-looking kid. He came out again, grabbing a pretzel on the way, and stood on the street munching it and watching everyone that passed.

Old women with and without dogs. Young couples. Then he saw what he was looking for: a girl at the next corner. He walked nearer.

She had big eyes, her lips were sticky, her hair black and coarse, but he thought her beautiful. She pleased him decidedly.

He walked by her, staring hard. She, always susceptible to stares, looked back. He stopped, stared, said nothing.

"Hello, kid," she said. "Looking for someone?"

"Yep."

"Who?"

"Anybody."

"Me?"

"Mm hm." My God, how simple, he thought.

They were walking down the street together. He still felt exhilarated, feverish. Pictured himself standing entirely naked, with her looking him over. For some reason she was fully clothed.

She put her arm in his, and he nearly shouted. As they were going down

A HOLIDAY

the avenue arm in arm, someone passed by. He looked twice. It was his father.

The son turned, looked. His father had turned too. He seemed amazed, tried to say hello, then walked on.

The boy felt his new world crumple. It was awful. The joy dropped clear out of him. He freed himself from the girl's arm.

"My God," he said aloud. He struck himself on the head with his flat hand, right out in the middle of the sidewalk.

He's nuts, the girl thought.

"My God—my God—" he kept saying half aloud, crazy with rage. She looked straight at him. "Say," she began.

He wanted to strike her. "Get the hell away from me," he shouted. "Can't you see I'm sick of you?"

She looked sore and hurt at the same time. "Okay," she said crossly.

He turned away, almost ran from her up a side street. "My God, my God," he kept repeating pointlessly. "Why did it have to be my father of all the people in town—the only time in my life—at that place—my God, what luck. Some fine holiday this is!"

Walked, walked, didn't notice where he was going, thought he would never want to stop. Tried to run himself down.

Why? why? why?—my own father. I'll never be able to go back.

The sudden thought gripped him. How easy, how bold, never to go back home. Be rid of all that talking, those hurt looks, the endless tenseness, misunderstanding. Be all at once perfectly independent and be his own master. He kept on walking, as if trying to get away from something.

Mom: he thought. She'd cry when father told her. Well, she'd cry if he did come home! But maybe father wouldn't tell if he went back. But, no use thinking—too late now. He felt in all his pockets. Only change.

"My God! I'll go crazy," he said. "This is too much. Pick up a woman and have nothing but change with you. Dumb idiot!"

He was making an ass out of himself. A pistol—he thought in his excitement—he had never thought of that before in his life—how easy: a single shot, and it would be done—no more fool. Then he laughed at himself.

He began to calm down. For the first time he noticed he was outside the shopping district and in the dimly-lighted residential section. It was late at night. Coming out of it, he said to himself.

(Continued on page 155)

Three Poems

By WILLIAM H. MYER

I

*Gold is life,
The very essence of it.
It takes its place along with Love, and Sex, and God—
The indisputable.
It is the great power that makes us happy,
Or makes us miserable wanderers in a lonely city.*

*Life is Gold,
The very essence of it.
The dulled monies pouring through dirty fingers—
Always pouring,
Always handled once before we touch it.
They are great powers, Gold and Life,
Great powers that make us wanderers
In a lonely city.*

II

*I sought once
The wild fall skies with my beloved,
And walked with chilled ecstacy,
Kicking the dead leaves—
A year has past.
I walk alone
In the dusky fall evening
And only live.*

III

*Finished, after long endless nights
It's done.
Fingers worn leaner—
Eyes shadowed.
And I look in the glass
At my shadowed eyes,
And laugh for joy.*

A "Thing" of Beauty

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

MARY and Peter looked down at their offspring. "I wish we'd never given him the filthy thing," said Mary. "He's sure to catch something from it."

Peter resolutely plunged his hand into the crib and produced a nondescript wad of substance about a foot long, neutral mouse-grey in color, and decidedly dirty. Once it had been a toy dog, but the most discerning of connoisseurs might now easily guess Horse, Cat, or Bear. One knew it was not a Doll, at least, because of its rather long ears and a tail, or what was left of a tail.

Mary put her fingers into her ears at Junior's bloodcurdling screams. "Give it to him." Her nose wrinkled in agony. "Please, please, give it back to him."

Peter hid the thing behind his back, and tried to change the subject by making faces at Junior, first like a monkey, then like a Chinaman; but when even the imitation of the Dodo-bird failed, Peter owned himself beaten, and returned the thing to his son, who snatched it to him, and stopped crying immediately.

"Darling," said Mary, lifting an eyebrow, "you didn't have to throw it at him."

They had done everything to make Junior relinquish what Peter called "the thing." The baby would not go to sleep without it, and though Peter had several times taken it from him while he slept, Junior's yelling and screaming when waking with empty arms had compelled Peter time and again to get up out of bed to return the Thing. They had tried to bribe him by giving him a very handsome Bear and Zebra. Junior



had pushed the Bear down to the foot of his crib and seemed shocked by the stripes of the Zebra, which he threw on the floor with a characteristic yell. In the end the Thing had to be returned to him.

Peter looked at his wife. "I'm fed up," he said, walked from the room, and slammed the door. In a moment he returned with a pair of long shears. He went to Junior's crib, took hold of the Thing by a leg, but even as Junior gathered his forces for a war cry, gave up the idea of vengeance and stared pensively at the wall above his head. He opened and closed the shears absent-mindedly a few times—"I" he turned to Mary "have a thought."

That night he stole on tip-toe to the crib. Mary, puzzled, watched him. Very carefully he took the Thing from Junior's relaxed arms, walked into the sitting room, and laid it on the table under the light. There was the sound as of rat-cheese being grated, or as of a leg's being amputated from a toy dog. "Click" went the shears, "grr-click." "All right," Peter said, "sew him up."

Mary having wonderingly and silently obeyed, Peter tip-toed again into the other room and softly laid the Thing in Junior's arms.

In the morning, so far as Junior was concerned, dogs had always looked into the light of day with three legs—he noticed no change. Peter grinned mysteriously at his wife.

When the Thing lost its tail and had only two legs and one ear left, Junior began to be worried. He was still infatuated, but one could see that he was growing disillusioned. Finally Peter, taking a desperate chance, one night returned only the head of the Thing (there was still one ear left on it) stealthily to Junior's bosom. Man and wife rose early, and with eager expectation watched the awakening of their man-child.

He was holding What-was-left-of-the-Thing between his hands, slowly turning it around and around. At times his face puckered up and Mary put her fingers in her ears. But finally he pushed his hands through the bars of his crib, seemed reluctantly to open them, and the Thing dropped on the rug with the scariest of thuds.

"Quick, the new Bear" whispered Peter.

Professional Man

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

HENRY TOFT, though a burglar by profession, often slept at night. It was with mild astonishment that he awoke at an unknown hour to notice a girl climbing into his large open window. This was interesting to him because he lived on the second floor of the apartment house.

"Hullo," he said. The girl jumped lightly to the floor—she wore tennis shoes—and fixed her hair.

"I'm having an awful time," she said, turning on a light and sitting on his table. "That rope ladder business doesn't work and I can't open safes and—" she was serious—"I make a terrible burglar."

"So?" sympathized Henry, raising himself to his elbow and scratching his tousled head. "I'm in the business."

"Oh! You're a burglar!" she exclaimed as though surprised.

"This is out of my business hours." He covered a yawn with an arm clothed in violet. "But maybe I can advise you."

The girl jumped to her feet.

"Advise me! Aren't you going to help me get the letters?"

"What letters?"

The girl subsided to the table. Her manner was quiet and serious.

"Maybe I didn't tell you. I want to get some letters back. Do you know the fellow who lives above you?"

"No. And I've lived all my life in New York and never—"

"The fellow upstairs is blackmailing me."

Henry was a picture of silent meditation. He scratched his head again.

"You look terrible," commented the girl. "Now, listen. You get something out of this."

"Oh! Well, you might pay my rent."

"That's it. I'll pay your rent."

"All of it?"

"Well . . . yes, all of it. But I didn't bring any money. You'll have to trust me."

"I will, all right. You might sign a check for me," replied Henry, waving his arm at the table. "Just open that drawer. You'll find lots of different check books there. Pick one out."

"I'll sign one of these blue ones."

"Hundred forty. What do these letters look like?"

"Hundred forty. Why, I don't—why, like letters, of course." She turned off the light, slapped the check on the table.

"He lives above here?"

"I said so. The letters are in his safe. Now have them when I come tomorrow at four." She swung over the windowsill onto some sort of ladder.

"Well, come by the stairs," shouted Henry as well as he could with his chin on his hand. Then he became sleepy again.

With true burglar ear, Henry immediately suspected that someone wanted to get into Wellington Parkes' suite of rooms, since there was a loud knocking on the door. This rarely happened when he worked at night. He went to the door, unlocked it, and opened it gently.

"Oh." The assistant manager of the apartments was taken aback. He did not recognize Mr. Toft, since the latter wore a mask, but he wanted to know where Mr. Parkes was. Henry articulated artificially.

"Oh, I've got him bound and gagged in the other room. Why?"

"You've—" He didn't get the drift, so Henry slammed the door and locked it again. As he worked at the safe, finally opening it and removing the bundle of letters, cash, and valuables, he felt vaguely disturbed with himself. Actually, Mr. Parkes was nowhere around. Henry Toft had told a lie.

As he scrambled down his short hanging ladder and into his own window, and shut the window above by ingenious means, he dimly heard them breaking down the door into Mr. Parkes' apartment. Henry, as he began changing his clothes, wondered what he'd do with all the keys to the apartment above.

Shortly afterwards the girl walked in in a great hurry. Smartly dressed, it seemed impossible that she climbed buildings.

"Quick! I think I'm late for my train."

"I suppose I catch it for you?" asked Henry with extraordinary wit, handing her a package.

"All here?" she tore it open at a corner and slipped out a letter, looked at it. "Oh, thank you," she breathed. "You don't know how you've helped me." Then she turned and ran.

Henry watched her disappear; then he realized that the assistant manager was at his elbow. He was so official in manner that Henry Toft for a moment feared he was recognized.

SUCCESS STORY

"The bank has returned your check," announced the assistant manager, waving a blue piece of paper at Henry, who sighed in relief and took it resignedly. Then he reached in his pocket.

"And I'd like my shower fixed," he said to the assistant manager.

"Certainly, sir," replied the assistant manager cheerfully, withdrawing. For he had just been paid in cash.

Very shortly afterwards the fingers of the burglar held a telegram: THANKS FOR GETTING THE LETTERS. I'M DOING THE BLACKMAILING. GIRL.

"She might have used the tenth word somehow," said the burglar softly, reaching for his pen and a telegraph blank. At his desk his eyes fell on a pile of letters without envelopes, and he smiled. Then he wrote:

I STUFFED MOST OF YOUR ENVELOPES. I'M DOING IT MYSELF. BURGLAR.



Success Story

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*Let me sing of a fellow from Standard Oil,
Whose renown in sports was exceedingly great.
He could kick, he could run, on the gridiron a pearl,
Though he'd ceased school-attendance around grade 8.*

*His feats won him a scholarship at the U. of R.,
Where he learned with a certain degree of shock
That his genius entitled him to thirty-five per
As his stipend for winding an eight-day clock.*

*His career was magnificent, his honours uncounted,
And he was a leader in college activities.
With contacts quite helpful his earnings mounted,
In the face of a dearth of scholastic proclivities.*

*In due time he was graduated, magna cum
Money, with degree and a rakish board of mortar.
He took all his pelf to his humble home,
And straightway he wedded a bartender's daughter.*

Debut

By WILLIAM H. REAVES

NOW what's my cue?—"Darling, there is something I feel I must tell you." Then I knock. "Oh rats." Then I enter. I had better go backstage now.

I wonder if this make-up looks all right? They said it made me look like a corpse last night. Oh I know he's put on too much rouge. I'll probably look consumptive now. I don't believe I've ever been so frightened. I'll never be able to walk on the stage. I know everyone will see my knees shaking. Wouldn't it be terrible if I forgot my lines? It might happen. It has happened. Really this make-up. It's dreadful. People will probably scream with laughter. And they aren't supposed to. This costume is foul. I want a cigarette, but all the lipstick comes off when I smoke. There's the overture. Where on earth is my cap? Don't they realize I have to go on in just a moment. What have they done with it? Oh, there it is. It ruins my hair when I put it on. I'll be the frowsiest looking thing that ever appeared.

They're doing wonderfully. Oh I hope I don't forget my lines and ruin the whole thing. I can't bear this waiting. Oh my God. What are they stopping for. They've forgotten. Poor things. Oh I hope it doesn't happen to me. Where's the calling card I have to take in? Where on earth is the property man? I have to go on in just a minute. "Oh, thank you. Does this cap look all right? Yes, I am just a little nervous." My cue. ". . . I feel I must tell you." I knock. "Oh rats." Then I go on. I don't see how I'm going to make it. My heart's beating so I can hardly say a word. I wonder if they all feel like this. Maybe it's temperament. Of course, that's what it is, I—

"Darling, there is something I feel I must tell you."

Oh my God. There it is. Oh, I'm weak.

Knock, knock.

"Oh rats."

I—I

(enter)

"There is a gentleman to see you, Mrs. Roberts."

"Yes, Mrs. Roberts."

(exit).

Ordeal By Fire

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

BERRY, sitting silent at the dinner table, had been home from his first year in prep school for two weeks now, and during the fourteen days he had gone through a sudden and startling process of disillusionment. He had discovered that his parents weren't the brilliant and educated persons that his earlier memories had testified them to be, and the knowledge had made him feel important and misplaced. Of course, while he was carrying on, at prep school, the family tradition of being a person set apart, he had made himself thoroughly disliked, but, as his father had often said, practically all human beings, especially those of Northern Ohio, were morons anyhow, his unpopularity hadn't worried him to any extent. But it was absolutely shocking to hear his parents' conversations with his four-year-old sister Josephine while his fluent and intelligent talk was dismissed with a nod of the head, or in extreme cases a demand that he be silent.

And now his father had finished serving and had turned to his sister with a broad and extremely silly grin. "Well, how long did you practice on the violin today, Josephine?" he said.

"A whole hour, daddy," she said.

"Well, mother, did she do good work today?"

Say yes, mother, say yes she did very well, and grin widely.

"Yes she did," said mother.

"That's fine."

How silly, a child four years old learning to play the violin, how extraordinarily silly. She'll never amount to anything.

"Did you play with Phyllis today?"

"Yes, daddy, and we had an awful good time."

"Well, what did you do?"

My God, are we going to have this all evening? Why can't we talk sensibly?

"We played paper dolls, and we went in swimming, and she buried me in the sand and everything."

"Tell daddy about seeing Eloise Hilscher," said mother.

"Oh yes, daddy, and I saw Eloise Hilscher today."

The meal dragged on, and when Berry finished his dessert and started,

to get up from the table before his parents were through with their meal he was spoken to for almost the first time that evening.

"Sit down, sir!" said his father. "Hasn't boarding school taught you any manners at all? What are you planning to do tonight that you're in such a hurry?"

"I'm just going over to see Bob," said Berry. "And you don't have to be quite so disagreeable about it, do you?"

"Well, sit down until we've all finished and you might help mother do the dishes."

Do the dishes! What was the matter with the brat anyway that she couldn't help. She was certainly old enough. Was she too much of a genius to soil her lily-white hands, or what?

The dishes finished, Berry bolted from the house and walked through the streets of Hartville brooding dejectedly about the terrible conditions at his home. "And the worst part," he kept mumbling to himself, "is that I can't do a thing about it." His spirits lifted, however, when he found that, although Bob wasn't at home, his sister was. The two talked and danced to radio jazz for awhile, and then Berry turned out the lights and sat down on the couch beside her. Maybe she was a cheap little Hartville flirt, as his parents said, but she knew a lot of things, and didn't sit around and make an ass of herself. She had brains, too, and was a pretty decent all around girl, and liked him. Here she is, he thought, going out two or three nights a week and having a swell time, leading a free and easy life and not listening to absurd forced conversation all the time, while I've got to spend my days in an atmosphere that almost anyone would hate to live in. He'd told his mother that, too, more than once, but she'd gotten sore and said that if Bob's parents saved their money to give their children a fine education, instead of spending it all for a good time, perhaps there would be some reason for complaint. And then she'd said that he'd better be kind and decent to his mother if he wanted to get back to school.

Maybe he didn't want to go back; it wasn't much. It would be fun though to sort of exaggerate this night and tell his roommate, who had never gone out with girls, about it. But finally he was afraid that the girl's parents would soon return, so he left and walked home in a more pleasant frame of mind, regarding himself as quite a woman's man.

Early afternoon the following day, Berry was raking leaves in his father's

ORDEAL BY FIRE

unoccupied lot next to their home. How awful this job is. Why should I have to do work like this anyway when I'm going to be a business man? His thoughts wandered. It must be terrible to be married. Imagine your wife coming down half sick to breakfast and then spoiling the whole meal by moaning about her health and how her son should be more helpful because after all she's slaving and scraping to put him through prep school. That's right, his father had said. You haven't done a bit of work around here since you've been home. Now I want you to rake those leaves in the lot today and burn them. The lot's a disgrace. You might have been thoughtful enough to do it without being told, too. You might be thoughtful of me, Berry had said to himself. You're always talking to me and telling me to be thoughtful, and you aren't at all, at least not much. But he'd said out loud, "Yes, dad." And now—

Put the leaves in a big pile in the center of the lot where they won't catch the grass on fire and then burn them. Oh, but why? That will take a lot of extra work and they won't catch anything on fire where they are particularly if you are very careful and don't get panicky if a little something does happen. You want to listen to the ball game, don't you? Yes, so burn the leaves where they are. Now that fire's too small to spread, so light another pile and then go rake some more. Be efficient, don't waste time. That first fire—be careful it doesn't spread. It is spreading! Stamp it out carefully, wisely, don't get panicky. Dry grass burns so quickly. There, that's fairly well down—wait, no it isn't! It's spreading too fast! Get some water! Be calm. My God, the second fire's spreading too! Don't get panicky. Get some water quickly! This is awful! Oh, God, why can't there be an endless succession of full water pails here by me until that fire's put out? Now it's spreading faster! Why were you such a fool to try and save time? "Use your head and save your hands!" Use your head, at least. Don't call the neighbors, they'd make you a laughing-stock. Don't call mother, she's sick and crabby. But it's getting even worse, you've got to have some help. Oh, God.

"Mother! Mother!!"

Tell her what's happened, tell her to be calm and not get panicky, tell her she's got to help you. Tell her to stand out there and throw water on the fire as you bring it. Don't get sore at me now, come out here and be as calm as I am and pour water and put this fire out. That's it. It's getting even worse. Maybe I'd better call the neighbors. Maybe I'd better call Jim. "Oh Jim! Jim!!!" Don't get so panicky! Lord, but this smoke is

awful. It gets in your eyes and blinds you and makes you weep like a baby. "Oh, JIM!!!" Water, water. That's bad over there, those flames are pretty large now and going along at a merry clip. Oh Jim, smoke water smoke water smoke smoke. Mother isn't over there at that bad place, maybe I'd better go over and pour some water on it. This awful smoke, this awful fire. Ah, there comes Jim and there comes old man Gilchrest. That's better. Put that water over here where the fire's so bad. Be calm. Oh this smoke, damn this smoke, watch out, be careful you've tripped on a stick you didn't see oh God but how could you see it watch out be calm oh God you're falling in the fire face down in the fire face down in the awful searing flame.

Heavy oblivion, tossing around in a cool bed, terrible pain of skin and flesh and spirit. It's all your fault, you were a fool, you were panic-stricken and look what happened. The neighbors had to come and put out the fire and now you're a laughing stock. But don't think, it's too much trouble, go back to sleep again.

Mother's made you eat something or other, sweet-tasting liquid, and now you're sinking to sleep again because you can't stand the pain. Mother's at the door, and father's there beside her, and little Josephine, crying. Mother's telling father that you're getting better. Father's saying that was a terrible burn but really it was all your fault and you've been so strange and inconsiderate lately for some unknown reason and treating your parents like dogs but he hopes you've learned a lesson. Mother says yes, but all boys pass through that stage only not so severely. You're a sweet boy, though, she says, and I don't know what I'd do without you, even though you have caused so much trouble. You'll amount to something some day and then we'll all be glad we slaved and sacrificed to put you through prep school. You're a sweet boy. I'm eight years old again and I've bumped my head. I want to be kissed and told to be a brave little man and I'm not ashamed of it either. Oh mother, I'm crying, come and kiss me and comfort me mother, kiss me and comfort me. But now I'm tired, I'm tired, I'm sinking again into the deep and heavy oblivion. . . .

Berry woke up in the morning alert mentally for the first time since the fire. He lay there, sore in body and with his face swathed in bandages and he began to think coherently again. His spirit was bruised, there was no doubt about that; he had been wrong, a heavy, incomprehensible fog had clouded his brain. His parents—why, he'd felt as though they were cheap and worthless, his own parents, and he'd brought sorrow to them, and much worry and much work, but the fog had lifted and now he was

ORDEAL BY FIRE

going to be a decent sort of fellow again. And then mother was coming up the stairs, was walking down to his room. She opened the door and brought in a tray with an orange and a poached egg upon it.

"Good morning, mother," he smiled.

"Good morning, Berry," she said. "How are you feeling this morning?"

Dear mother, so kind, so thoughtful, bringing on a tray an orange and a poached egg fixed carefully, especially for me. Berry felt again like the hurt eight-year-old. A strange, sweet feeling welled up within him; he was going to cry and he wasn't ashamed of it. He couldn't keep silent; he must be comforted.

"Come here, mother," and he could taste the salt tears creeping into his mouth. "I've been oh such a fool mother. Kiss me mother, I'm so sorry."

And then his mother there beside him, and the queer tang of tears and a new, a deep, a monstrously comforting glow in his heart.



A Holiday—*(Continued from page 143)*

Where would he sleep till tomorrow? Then his old exhilaration came back with a rush. Tomorrow! A free man, facing his own sunrise. On the road! How easy, how complete for him to drop all his silly past with one gesture. Tomorrow!

That would be Sunday. Let's see, Sunday: sleep late, and pancakes for breakfast.

His walk became a little slower, more thoughtful. There was a car parked by the curb.

The street was dark, deserted. He looked in. A paper bag on the floor. Groceries! He could use them tomorrow when he got up for his new life.

Then he thought: that would be stealing. Well, steal them; guess that's the next step. No use worrying, or I'll starve.

Felt the car doors. One was open. Laughed. More fools. As long as he wasn't the only fool in the world, he'd make a living. If people forgot their groceries and left their cars unlocked, well, that was their tough luck, wasn't it?

Crawled in, closed the door. The bag was full of potatoes. Useful things: he thought bitterly. Was going to stuff one in each pocket when he saw a loaf of bread on the front seat. He grabbed it, got out of the car, closing the door softly.

Then he ran down the street, the dry bread under his arm.

BOOKS

A HOUSE DIVIDED, by PEARL BUCK

Reviewed by ANTHONY C. POOLE

A House Divided, the concluding volume of Pearl Buck's trilogy which began with *The Good Earth*, and was continued in *Sons*, is a sympathetic and illuminating portrayal of modern China and the conflict between the young and old generations. The action is that of the Chinese revolution and Communism, the breakdown of the old family rule, new morals and new manners, the turmoil of new hopes and fears.

The book revolves principally about the fortunes of Wang Yuan, sensitive and esthetic, of whom Mrs. Buck makes a symbol of the youth of China, groping in the dark and striving to orient itself in the press of new ideas. Mrs. Buck carries one into the recesses of Yuan's heart and mind and makes one respond to his particular outlook on life. Somewhat bewildered and yet at the same time cognizant of all sides of the question, he is constantly weighing the good and the evil in an effort to identify himself with the new world about him. On the one hand Yuan is loth to follow the creed of his war lord father, which is essentially repugnant to him, while on the other he feels hesitant about throwing his lot with the idealistic revolutionary younger generation. Soon he finds release from a life of discouragement and uncertainty by going across the sea to an American college, where he mingles shyly with American youth in an entirely different civilization. Returning six years later he finds a vastly changed China, and, armed with his new knowledge and inspiration, faces again with fresh courage the new nation.

Mrs. Buck deliberately dispenses with any factual material in the story. Precise identification of time and place is disregarded, for her concern is strictly with an interpretation of the inner life of the people of whom she writes. Her style, forceful in its simplicity, achieves this end with remarkable success.

NO QUARTER GIVEN, by PAUL HORGAN

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Edmund Abbey, a promising composer, developed consumption and temporarily lost his shallow, pleasure-loving wife. He turned for love and

DRAMA

understanding to the wearied actress, Maggie Michaelis, and with her he found long sought peace and freedom for his work. But for him and for Maggie, there was "no quarter given" and tragedy soon followed upon their brief happiness.

With this plot as his framework, Mr. Horgan has not written a very engrossing story, but he has developed a subtle characterization of a musician that is a work of art. In a sympathetic and painstaking manner he has re-created the whole of a musical genius's being, his origins, his struggles, his sources, his creative periods, his defeats, and his victories. It is a serious book, a work showing a large understanding of music, its background and its makers. And more, it is an original work, original in its method. To express his protagonist's musical inspirations and their sources, Mr. Horgan has incorporated within his plot a generous number of throw-backs, veritable short stories. There are accounts of boyhood tragedy at camp, of the father's terrible accident, of Edmund's early loves, of his fortunes as an accompanist for opera singers, of his convenient marriage to Georgia Abbey. All these episodes show what has influenced the rich and personal music of this feverishly active composer. And in depicting Edmund's mature struggles, his fight for unhampered self-expression in sunny, healthful Santa Fé, the author has filled his narrative with a series of bright and striking pictures: triumphant concerts, gay parties, odd Mexican cathedral services, an Indian rain dance.

But *No Quarter Given* is particularly pleasing for the evidence it gives of its author's improvement since his first novel, *Fault of Angels*. His pictures are more sure and more beautiful. His characterizations are more complete, though still burdened by excessive physical description. Best of all is the fact that through his mood and his successful fulfillment of a serious artistic purpose, he reveals himself as a great deal more than the entertaining but ordinary dealer in trivialities of *Fault of Angels*.



DRAMA

THE DISTAFF SIDE, by JOHN VAN DRUTEN

Reviewed by RICHARD B. SHOEMAKER

In a rich and pleasant comedy Dame Sybil Thorndike, one of England's leading actresses, has returned to the American stage for the first time in

many years. The play, as Mr. Van Druten terms it, is a "comedy of women" and delicately reveals the unconscious influence which a woman may wield on the home as a compensation for losing the one great love permitted her.

There are three generations of women in this English household. The spoiled old grandmother tyrannizes over her widowed daughter, Evie, and her children and dominates the two other daughters who come to celebrate their mother's seventy-fifth birthday. Evie's young girl, Alex, is a talented actress faced with the problem of marriage or career. Her sister, Liz, to put it bluntly, is a middle-aged flirt who wavers between her common-law husband and an eligible Belgian, while the other sister is pestered by her husband on a single week's vacation from him. These three plot elements find their solution in Evie, the role played by Miss Thorndike. It is she who induces her daughter to sacrifice her career, it is she who urges Liz to go to the man she loves, it is she who reveals the value of a husband to her other sister. Such a person necessarily possesses a strong philosophy of life and in her own crisis we know how she will act. A woman has but one great love and when that is broken, she must arrange the fragments in a useful pattern devoid of romance. Evie refuses her cousin.

This serious theme is lightened by the amusing contrasts between the three sisters. Writing in a light vein, the playwright emphasizes their qualities with gentle mockery. Nor does he miss the chance to compare all three generations. Alex's problem confronts her old-fashioned grandmother who is worried over the girl's nonchalant view of marriage and earnestly requests the ceremony before the lovers sail for America. The other elements of comedy are introduced by such characters as the "contraceptive" spinster, the quick-witted medical student, and the all-pandering servant-companion attached to the grandmother. Though in this manner the general atmosphere of light comedy is developed, yet Sybil Thorndike's role and performance are the distinctive parts of the play.



C I N E M A

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

Reviewed by C. WISTAR YEARSLEY

Once in a great many years there appears a moving picture that is genuinely successful as a "costume drama." *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is one of these. The original and the infinitely more artistic purpose of this type

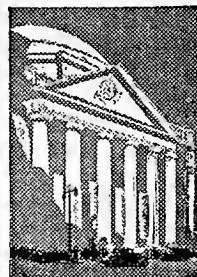
of photoplay was to present, by means of authentic costume and suitable scenery, an exact replica of life as it really appeared in the period concerned in the story. Of late, however, the term has come to mean loosely any play which portrays life in an age or period other than the one in which we live. Elegance and magnificence in dress rather than authenticity have become the by-words for success in this form. The one outstanding exception to this, however, is *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, the chief success of which lies—among other things—in its authenticity of costume and background. This fact alone is sufficient to make this a remarkable film, but it has other features, as well, to recommend it.

This is the first sound film to make artistic use of the panoramic "shot" of the city—Paris in this case, displayed so that it lends atmosphere to the drama. Here the decaying elegance of the French aristocracy at the time of the outbreak of the French Revolution is contrasted with the intense misery and suffering of the poor in a very interesting way. In the scenes in which we see the parks and palaces of the aristocrats, we notice at once the pale, almost anemic, yet delicately beautiful quality of the picture as a whole. In the glimpses of the more picturesque poor quarters of the city, we see the houses warped, twisted, blackened by smoke, actually exaggerated in their ugliness. In fact the atmosphere of misery is so effectively portrayed that the picture now has the quality of a painting; for, instead of the scene impressing us by its ability to hold the mirror up to nature, it appeals to us rather by the mass effect of its atmosphere of gloom and misery. There are also other scenes of this nature, such as the scene outside the city gates (where the Scarlet Pimpernel meets his confederates) in which the photography is so excellent that the scene has the appearance of a landscape by Corot.

The story revolves around the plot of an English nobleman, Sir Charles Blakeney, alias the Scarlet Pimpernel, to cheat the guillotine by rescuing French aristocrats from death on the eve of their execution. The plan is highly successful; and, although the Scarlet Pimpernel, who accomplishes his purpose through a variety of exceedingly clever disguises, is almost caught at one point, he outwits his adversaries and saves his wife and himself from execution at the hands of the shrewd French ambassador, a henchman of citizen Robespierre.

The contrast within Sir Charles himself, who feigns the fop to avoid suspicion, is brilliantly brought out by the acting of Leslie Howard, and the role of the scheming French ambassador is excellently played by Raymond Massey. Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney is less convincing, although her beauty adds materially to the pictorial element of the picture.

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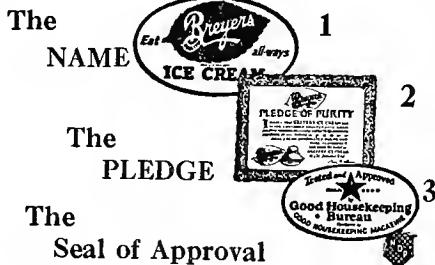
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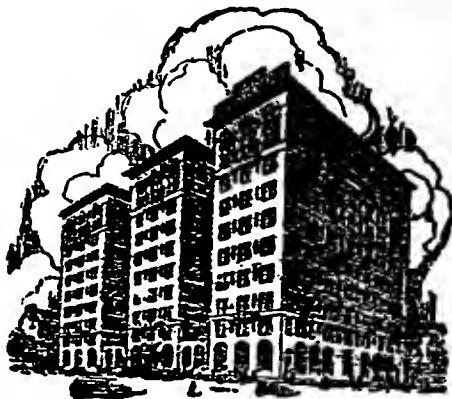
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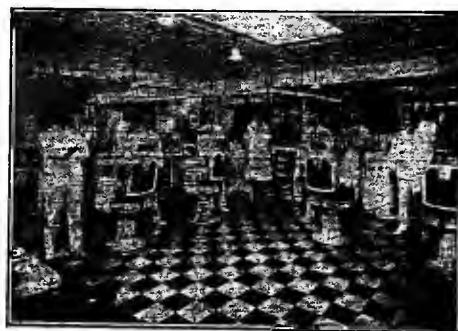
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Case For Mr. McCawley

THREE years ago, at a time when the financial position of the Co-operative store was, due to mismanagement and alleged corruption, so precarious that it could no longer secure the credit necessary to finance the sale of books, certain members of the faculty asked Mr. McCawley to relieve the situation by assuming the financial burden, and the considerable labor involved in the handling of the College book agency. Mr. McCawley accepted the burden and by means of his credit and his experience has rendered satisfactory service, where the store did not. The first year Mr. McCawley had the agency he lost a large amount of money on it, the second he came very near to breaking even, the third he has made a profit which permits him to break even for the three-year period. He has changed his original loss into a profit by spending considerable time and effort on the slip system which has finally, after numerous additions and corrections, been perfected. The Co-operative store now proposes to capitalize on the time and effort Mr. McCawley has put into the question, and to take over the agency. There is no criticism of Mr. McCawley's efficiency, the purpose is merely to take over Mr. McCawley's profits.

Without very much doubt the store could make a certain profit. In the light of the assertions made that there would be a considerable saving to the students, however, it is interesting to examine the figures. The College book business amounts to approximately \$2,600. Of this 20 per cent, or \$520, is the average gross profit on textbooks. From this would have to be deducted operating expenses: \$120 "transportation" (parcel post charges payable by the store, a figure based on Mr. McCawley's actual postage costs), a figure estimated at \$150 for salaries, a further cost of approximately \$25 or more for stationery, ledgers, accounting costs, and other incidentals. This leaves \$225 as the maximum profit, assuming complete efficiency, no mistakes, no unforeseen expenses. With 333 students in the College, the average saving per student, assuming the above impossibilities, would be seventy-five cents.

Obviously, however, the \$225 profit would have to be reduced by something. Those taking over the agency could hardly be experienced in the book business. They would probably be the last to maintain that they would make no blunders. In the past, it must be remembered, these blunders amounted to a large deficit, which has required two assessments on the students, and which is still unpaid—a deficit, it must be further remembered,

EDITORIAL

due largely to blunders in respect to the sale of books. The present committee maintains, and no doubt it is correct, that it can remedy the original ills by copying the system outlined by Mr. McCawley. Will all future committees be as capable and as honest as the present one? They have not been so in the past, why should they be in the future?

Though little financial benefit would come to the student body, a rather large amount would apparently come to certain employees of the store committee. This would be honestly earned by hard work and would be perfectly justified, but it is not intended to be given as a scholarship or on the basis of need at all. Thus money is to be taken from a local merchant to provide the students in general with a negligible saving or a potential assessment, and to provide a few students in particular with a tidy sum for spending-money.

Against these uncertain arguments for the Co-operative store are some important ones in favor of Mr. McCawley. In the first place there is the argument of unfairness. As Mr. McCawley himself said, "Having taken over the agency at the original request of the College, there is a certain measure of unfairness so long as we have done a good job." There is no question but that he has done a good job. There is next the question of the degree to which Mr. McCawley is dependent on the College. He estimates the textbook business at one-tenth of his total business. It is important more as a source of capital than as a source of profit, for the fact that a considerable amount of money comes into his store in the early fall permits him to lay in a stock of new books and to provide a normal turnover of his stock. The withdrawal of this capital, added to the losses already sustained by his store during the depression years, would suffice to seriously endanger its existence. Mr. McCawley has long been a friend of the College. He has assisted undergraduate enterprises wherever he could, he has provided a substantial prize in books to be awarded annually, his store is a decided convenience and source of interest to the many Haverfordians interested in books and literature. Endangering the existence of McCawley's book store for the small benefits to be acquired by the Co-operative store would seem an unwise and unjust change. We therefore call for an honest reconsideration of the facts. We insist on a presentation of the negative side in Students' Association meetings, with opportunities for a show of opposition. We charge railroading in the denial of such opportunities. And we petition the authorities to prevent the transfer of the agency from Mr. McCawley to the Co-operative store.

J. Wallace Van Cleave.

Sport Story

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

EIGHT pairs of arms lifted the long sleek boat off its rack and tossed her overhead. Its polished surface gleamed in the rays of the sun, already sinking behind the trees on the high west-bank of the river. They walked her down to the edge of the slip and waited for the coxswain's order to put her in the water.

Having shipped his oar and screwed down his oarlock, Michael Devleyn straightened and looked at the seven men who had rowed behind him during the last four years. Most of them had rowed in a college varsity before rowing for the club; they looked at ease, there were no signs of nervousness. Devleyn turned to the slight figure of the coxswain, already in his seat and straightening his rudder lines.

"Take her up slow as far as Falls Bridge, Tom," he said; "a long twenty-eight will do. Mac is sending us over the course for the last time."

Tom, settling the bands of the megaphone on his head, had to crane his neck to look up at him. "All right, Mike." His voice had a deep tone, incongruous in such a small man. "One foot in." He waited, leaning out over the gunwale and looking down the length of the shell; "shove her off." Some one on the slip took hold of the bow-oar and slowly pushed the *Hirondelle* away from the dock. The coaching-launch waited in the middle of the river.

Behind Devleyn, McPeeters tied his feet on his stretcher and spoke with raucous bitterness. "I swear to God," he said, "I swear to God if I ever look at a boat again after this race, you can glue my arse to a sliding seat"

The coxswain lifted his megaphone from his mouth to say, drawling "For four years, McPeeters, I've looked in front of me at that fat chest of yours All right—all right; no talking in the boat." He readjusted the megaphone. "Count her down—ready all!"

Michael got her under way with a racing start, held the stroke hard for a full minute, and brought it down to a long sweep. He watched the four clean whirlpools that passed him on either side, evenly spaced, no foam. He would hold the same long stroke for three miles; they would turn, and be clocked for their last time-trial before the race, three days off.

On the smooth dark waters the *Hirondelle* slid forward, perfectly balanced, rising slightly as the men caught the water hard, sinking back softly at the finish of each stroke. A strange tremor of elation passed through Michael's body. In less than an hour he would be so dead with fatigue that he would not be able to think except as a drunken man thinks, dissociated from himself. It was for this, he thought, that he lived through each day until the late afternoon, when he could take hold of the handle of his oar; the oar became the tangible substance of his trouble, the trouble he could not grasp in the world that had nothing to do with rowing. He wondered what it was made the other men behind him come out to row over the same stretch of water, day after day, until they dropped with exhaustion; not for the exercise, surely.

As often before, he considered the unromantic fact that extreme bodily fatigue exterminated emotions, at least until you fell asleep of nights; emotions were less felt in the morning, grew worse during the day, and could be blunted before their full onslaught at night by working them off on an oar-handle. He wondered what he would do this winter, when nothing could take the place of rowing.

They had come to the starting-line, and the coxswain gave the command to let her run. They turned the *Hirondelle* about with short jerky pulls on the oars, the port side holding water, and leaned back with hands on the gunwales, resting; letting the boat drift down toward the buoys marking the course. The launch came slowly alongside; they were asked to inspect their oarlocks closely, to check on their other equipment. The launch drew away and began to circle about their boat throwing a huge wash against its sides. Michael smiled at his coxswain—it was Mac's pessimistic fashion of preparing them for possible rough water on race-day.

Tom sighted over the heads of his crew, took his points, and signalled that they were ready to the launch lying near the west shore, a little behind them. "Ready all"—came across the water. Michael watched for the flash of the gun and had taken the first stroke before its report reached them.

The *Hirondelle* became at once a thing of terrified life, leaping and straining under the bowed backs of eight men. The coxswain, his eyes squinting down the long course, said nothing, leaving as always the start entirely to Devleyn. They were racing against time, against a stopwatch; there was no other boat for them to pass, to leave far behind in the last quarter.

In Michael's head there was no thought now; and he had again the

feeling of being outside his body, watching things with a strange detachment.

Tom, glancing at him through narrowed eyelids, had what was close to reverence for Michael Devleyn. Once more he was fascinated by the change that came over the man in front of him, usually so composed; watched the lip curled back against the strong white teeth and the upslanting eyebrows which gave him a look of—what was it—desperation; watched the long tense muscles of the chest and arms as they heaved against the oar. Any other man would crack, he felt, setting such a pace; and he wanted, as he always did, to tell Michael to let the others do the work.

The stroke came down and was lengthened for the middle distance. Tom began to call the beat, intently watching the button of Michael's oar as it snapped back and forth in its lock. As they neared the last quarter mile his voice was no longer deep, it pitched itself higher, became crisp, and stung the swaying men before him like a whip. He heard Michael's hoarse gasping "Coming up."

It came up. Tom's voice, impelling but still controlled, cursed them one moment and pleaded with them the next; and from the men themselves came choked curses in response. From the launch behind them Mac's booming voice reached them through the megaphone.

Michael had never driven them so hard before. His heart was a pounding piston, he had the taste of blood on his tongue and he saw in front of him only a red vapor rent with streaks of green. His brain was a frenzy; there was no thought there now. Dimly he was aware of a sharp stabbing in his chest. He heard Tom's screaming "Let her run!" They were over the line. He let himself sink down over his oar while Tom and McPeeters splashed handfuls of water over him. Some one in the bow of the boat sobbed like a child.

The cramp in Michael's chest left him and returned as a dull aching pain. He remembered having had it at the end of his last race and knew it would soon disappear. In the launch Mac, without any expression on his weatherbeaten face, handed the stopwatch to his driver who looked at it and said, under his breath:—"Jesu!"

Back at the club, when they had replaced the *Hirondelle* on its rack, Michael watched old Mac walk toward him. Mac's face, as he took Michael aside, was impassive as ever. He spoke quietly:

"It's a pace-setter you're supposed to be, Michael—not the power in the boat. You're trying to be both. Do you want us to drill holes in your oar-blade?"

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Michael wiped the sweat out of his eyes and grinned. "Don't worry, Mac," he said. "Just beginning to get in shape."

The other looked at him keenly. "What happened to you in the last quarter, Mike? It's a gaunt look you were wearing on your face I've not seen there before."

Michael looked at him, puzzled, and then remembered: "A cramp in the chest-muscles—nothing else, Mac. I'll have Charlie rub me down tonight. I'd already forgotten about it."

The other shook his head. "I'm sending the bunch of you to be looked over between now and Saturday; I'd have you make a call on Dr. Forestel tomorrow, Michael, to make sure." He checked Michael's remonstrance: "Don't argue with the old man, Mike."

Michael laughed at him. "All right, Mac; we'll go to set your heart at ease." Mac's face was once more impassive as he watched Devleyn go up the stairs to the locker-room.

II

Having dressed, Michael walked out on the open porch facing on the river and sat down. It was growing dark. The sound of a jangling gramophone reached him and, looking out, he saw a canoe with a boy and a girl; they were not paddling.

His jaw-muscles set hard as he watched them; then he smiled, slowly and not happily. He heard the signal of an automobile horn. He did not get out of his chair. The horn was blown again and he got up slowly and walked down the stairs and out to the drive.

She leaned sideways from the driver's seat to open the door for him and he climbed in beside her. He noted the evening-gown beneath her sportcoat. He had seen her only two days before but it seemed to him that he saw her again for the first time in as many months. But it was always like that. "A dance?" he asked.

"Yes, but not till much later," she said. They drove off. "Isn't it fortunate, Michael, that every man does not insist on being an oarsman. What should a poor maiden do for an escort?" She looked at him with pretended seriousness, and then laughed. "And at what time does it have to go to bed tonight? Ten-thirty, of course."

He grinned. "Right you are," he said. She would leave him at ten-thirty. The thought of that made him wonder if he had not done better

not to see her at all. An old thought. He asked, grinning, "Where are you taking me, Viv?"

"I thought we could drive to the country-club, darling, and have . . . —oh no, that's right. You could have a cup of tea, though." She sighed. "You really should have a nurse, you know."

He knew he should do his best to keep up this string of talk; it was safer; but he was too tired. "Do you mind frightfully just driving? I don't think I want to see a crowd much, tonight." He looked at her sideways and watched her face by the flashes of the lights from passing automobiles. Always he had the feeling that she did not exist, that for him she was no more definite than a character in a book, and that only one thing could disperse that phantom to replace it with actuality. He said, almost reluctantly, "You're very lovely tonight, Vivian."

It was no commonplace, she knew, to hear him say it. She turned her eyes away from the road in front of her and looked at him. Her voice was very low and soft and her words went over him like a caress though at the same moment they made his nerves quiver. "There's no other man can tell me this who can make me believe it," she said, "nor any other man from whom I want to hear it. Do you believe me, Michael Devleyn?"

"Yes," he said quietly, "I believe you."

She turned the car into a sideroad up a hill winding away from the river, pulled over to the side and shut off the motor. She settled herself in the corner of the seat and faced him. She spoke in the same voice as before:

"Michael, when shall you stop this ridiculous game of yours, this rowing?" She regarded him anxiously. "You are looking rather drawn lately, darling." He did not answer and she waited. Then again, "Why do you keep it up?"

He thought of some bantering remark to make; but he was very tired tonight. "Let's not talk of it, Viv," he said, "please." There was a note of hysteria in his voice; his face was turned away from her but she could see the corner of his mouth twitching nervously. He looked at her quickly. "You mustn't take that away from me, Viv—it's only . . . it's my way of getting drunk, don't you see."

She leaned towards him and laid her hand on his arm. "Darling," she said in almost a whisper. "Dear darling."

He bent forward suddenly and covered his face with his hands but she took hold of his shoulders and turned him, very gently, until his head rested in her lap. She stroked his hair. Her eyes looked out beyond the

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trees, unseeing. There was no sound but the chirping of the crickets for a long time. She tried to think of something to say, of some way to help him, but this had happened so often and there was nothing to do.

"Michael," she said, "oh Michael, there is nothing I can do, is there. I should be glad to marry you if you want me to, Michael. I am very fond of you, you know."

She was very fond of him, he thought. She was not in love with him but she was very fond of him. And that might come, surely; that might come in time. If they were married. Why not. But the old intuition came back and settled coldly about his heart.

"It's all right now," he said. He straightened and looked at her. "And if you married me, and then should really fall in love with some one?"

She looked at him helplessly. "O it's awful, darling—Michael, would you rather I did not see you any more? Wouldn't it be easier in the end?"

"I've got to see you, Viv. I've—O God, I don't know—I really don't know. Let's go back, please, please let's go back. I sha'n't let this happen again, it's all so damned unfair to put you through a scene like this. I'm just on edge about this race Saturday, do you see. Will you let me see you after that's over?"

"Of course, darling." She leaned her cheek for a moment against his; and said, smiling: "I shall be there to watch you and those brutes of yours perform. I shall be waiting for you at the club afterwards."

When he got home, he undressed slowly and went to bed. He lay staring at the ceiling for a long while; then suddenly turned on his face, thrusting the pillow between his teeth and shutting his jaws together till they were seared with the pain. There was something substantial in physical pain.

III

On the following day Michael dismissed his secretary early and drove to Dr. Forestel's office. "Mac's in the doldrums again, Doctor," he said. "Some of the muscles across my chest tightened up a bit yesterday and Mac insisted I should trouble you. He's sending the whole crew over to you, you'll be busy the next two days." He took off his coat and unbuttoned his shirt.

The doctor looked at him shrewdly. "Mac was ever a pessimist. How is the big eight stepping along these days? Better take the shirt off altogether."

There was the usual process of chest and back-tapping. As the doctor leaned over him, Michael placed his hand on his head. "Ah, my heart," he said softly. "Is it whole, Doctor?" The doctor punched him in the chest, and then walked over to draw the shades, darkening the room.

"Get in there, you barnacle." He motioned Michael to the fluoroscope cabinet. Michael stood still and listened to the humming of the electric current.

The humming ceased. Dr. Forestel raised the shades, remaining for a few seconds at the window to stare down into the court below, and then walked over to his desk for his stethoscope. "Just sit down again and we'll be through in a second. I met McPeeters down-town the other day." He placed the diaphragm of the instrument on Michael's chest. "He tells me that after this race"

". . . he'll never look at a boat again," said Michael. "I know. And next year he'll be out on the river before any one else."

Forestel replaced the stethoscope on the desk and turned again but did not face Michael directly and his voice had lost its jovialness. "Devleyn, I have got to tell you this—you're through."

Michael's smile remained, but it became fixed and hard. Through the window could be heard the voices of children playing in the court. There was a long pause.

"Might one know the particulars, Doctor?"

The doctor's eye met his. He spoke gruffly. "It's strained very badly—very badly. With care it should not give you much trouble."

"And without care, Doctor?"

Forestel walked over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Michael; but the next good pull may finish you."

Michael turned to put on his shirt, carefully tied on his necktie, and put on his coat. The doctor held out his hand. He said again, "I am very sorry, Michael; take care of that thing, my boy."

"Thanks, Doctor—oh yes, by the way—will you do me a favour? Don't mention this to any of the other chaps, will you? And I should prefer to tell Mac myself, if you don't mind. Thanks again, Doctor." When he had opened the door he looked back over his shoulder. "Wouldn't it have been the devil," he said, slowly and earnestly, "not to have found out about this in time."

Girl Show

By

WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.



HERE was a crowd of people in front of the storeroom and a voice shouting and the noise of a three-piece band. Ray, who had just hit the big city three hours ago (coming from Utica on a freight train), stopped to listen because he didn't have anything else to do. He had forty-five cents.

"Step right inside, gentlemen," the spieler was shouting, "step right inside and see the hottest singing-dancing show in America held over the third week by tremendous demand, 'Darktown Follies,' ten people, gentlemen, ten singers and dancers, the hottest spiciest dancers in the world today, just look at 'em gentlemen." He pointed to three fat, ugly women of at least thirty who were standing on a rickety platform to his left. They wore stage paint, and grinned hideously. "Show 'em a sample, girls, just a small sample so they'll get an idea of what they're gonna see *inside*." The girls grinned again and twisted their torsos slowly three times. "Thank you girls. Only a dime, gentlemen, a dime to see 'Darktown Follies' AND Ripley's queerest freaks direct from the World's Fair, gentlemen, THE peppiest, spiciest singing-dancing show in the world, gentlemen, guaranteed."

Ray looked at the women and thought forty-five cents, two bits for a bed at that joint down the street, twenty cents for supper, maybe I can bum some more and see this show, Lord I haven't hardly seen a woman since I

hit the road I might as well, I'd sure like to see some hot dancing. The three-piece band began to play "Limehouse Blues." Ray paid a dime and went in. A deep black woman in an absurd green-silkish dress was singing and soon she sat down and a chubby mulatto with a baby face wearing short pants and a brassiere got up and sang and the dark black sat down in a folding chair at the back of the stage and stamped her feet and said, yeah man, at the end of every line in the mulatto's lyric. Then a blackface came out on the stage and tap-danced and pretty soon he stopped and someone in the rear said right back here for the next part of the show, gentlemen. The crowd, mostly negroes, pushed back and watched a sword-swallowing for a while and after he had finished he tried to sell the crowd an envelope containing a ring which you looked through to see a hula-hula girl, a cigarette lighter of the same type, and a picture of What Johnnie Saw Through the Parlor Keyhole. Ray was anxious about Johnnie, but no, he said, no, I can't spend another dime. Next a girl was sawed in two and after that the barker said that the dancing girl show was in a room to the rear and that tickets were ten cents. Oh hell, said Ray, I might have known that this was a gyp joint, thirty-five cents, two bits for a bed, but Lord I want to see some real stuff for a change and this must be real stuff so many guys tearin' in there and there wasn't no ballyhoo even I can bum some more what the hell why not and then he was in the back room and he had two bits left. On the stage was a small rug and a cheap lantern with two red bulbs illuminating the stage. The girls came out one by one and stood right at the front of the stage and twisted themselves furiously and then turned around and went to the back of the stage and did it again. It was not restrained. It was just long enough to make the men feel that they had gotten their money's worth and just short enough to make them ache for more.Flushed and excited, Ray started to leave when a short stout man shoved his way through the crowd and said, "Just a minute, boys, just a minute, don't go yet," and then he went up to the front of the men and said, "Boys, I'm glad there ain't no women around because I want to talk plain to you and I couldn't if there was."

The men looked expectant. He dropped his voice to a low, confidential tone and said, "Come on up here boys, right around me so I can talk easy and if there's any women near the door they can't hear what I've got to say." A few of the men looked scared and started to back away. "Jesus Christ," said the barker, "I ain't gonna hurt ya. I don't have no gun on me and I don't want your jewels. I only wanna tell ya something really confidential."

GIRL SHOW

The small herd edged up to him. "That's better," he said. "Here's the dope, boys, and I'm speakin' to you straight, plain talk. On the other side of this stage the girls are gonna give a show and it'll be the hottest sexiest show you ever seen in all your born days. Now the girls put this show on themselves and I don't get a cent out of it but they told me they'd like to make a little money on the side and give a show like this once a day and I said O. K. So you're not helpin' me by seein' this show, you're helpin' those girls and you've already seen that they're cute lookin' little tricks and that they *can* do it! Here's what it is, boys. It's absolutely the DAMNDEST hottest spiciest sexiest show you've ever seen. It's done in just the right place, small room, small stage, and just the right atmosphere for a smoker. Now all you boys have seen smokers at your parties and at your clubs and you know just what they're like. I *guarantee* that this is better and hotter than any smoker you've ever been at—in fact it's the best sexy show you've ever seen and I've been in show business thirty years and oughta know. And that's not all boys, we've got a surprise for you. We've got a fan dancer back there, we think she's the best there is. She was at the Mexican village at the World's Fair, and before Sally Rand got herself pinched she was more famous. Now she's coming out on that stage, right in front of your eyes and all she's gonna have to cover herself with is two big fans that she's gonna wave back and forth. She's damn clever at it but if you boys look close you'll see her slip up now and then and you can see *everything*, remember boys she ain't wearin' a thing except those two big fans! And before that the girls will come out and you ain't seen nothing yet except a little sample of what they'll do. They'll do the weird, passionate African cannibal love dances that you've heard about but never had a chance to see. But that's not all boys. They'll TAKE IT OFF PIECE BY PIECE! ! Now I guarantee that this show would cost you a dollar or more at any theatre in the country, but we're not asking you a dollar boys, nosir, this is no gyp, we're not a fly by night show that's gonna be gone tomorrow. We want you to be satisfied and tell your friends and come back and see this show every week—it's always new. If you got any idea that you're gonna be gypped why the girls just don't want you back there, that's all. We're not asking a dollar, not even seventy-five cents, not even fifty cents. All we're asking, boys, is a QUARTER, two bits for absolutely the *damndest* hottest *peppiest* spiciest *smoker* show you ever seen in all your damn days! ! I'll give you your tickets and the show'll start right away."

Oh, God, Ray said, how I want to see that show—hell, it can't be a gyp it must be really hot stuff the way that guy talks it'd be worth two bits

to me to see this if it's so much better than the other I can easy bum a half a buck for supper and a bed, look at the bunch going back there. I'll have to hurry to get right up in front of the platform should I, should I, no not really but—

And then the girls came out and did the African savage dance which was apparently just exactly what they'd done in the earlier performance and they were even in the same costumes. Roy was able to see flesh behind the dancer's fans but he saw that she was well covered and that her act was not in the least daring. Recovered from his excitement and from the spell of the spieler, he became immensely angry at his foolishness and at the tame-ness of the show and when the spieler said, "That's all boys," and the motley crowd had filed out he stepped up to the man and said, "You lied about that show you dirty kyke, you knew it was lousy and you just hooked me into it and now I haven't got a cent. Where in hell am I going to sleep to-night? How am I going to eat? Give me back my two bits, you!"

Another man had heard Ray and now came over to join the spieler. The girls kept out of sight. "We didn't say that the show would be any different from what it was, did we?" he said.

"The hell you didn't," said Ray. "You said they'd take it off piece by piece and they didn't and you said the fan dancer wouldn't wear anything and she did. You took my last two bits with your damned lies and now I ain't got no place to eat or sleep. Gimmie my money back!"

"Why don't you go to the authorities if you feel you've been cheated?" said the barker in a conciliating tone. His face showed no trace of annoyance.

Ray clenched his fists. "Why don't you go to hell?" and he was shouting now. "You give me back my money you filthy bastards or by God I'll give you lousy kykes—"

"All right," said the spieler. He reached into his pocket. The other man walked over to Ray's side. "All right," the spieler said again and took his hand out of his pocket and at the same moment the other man grabbed Ray's arm and twisted it furiously behind his back, making him bend over in sharp and sudden pain. The spieler slapped his face twice with open palm and then he clenched his fist and hit him again and again, hard, until he went limp in the other man's arms. The two took his body between them, careful to keep the blood from their clothes. They opened a small door in the rear of the building which led to a narrow and filthy alleyway, and they let him slip to the pavement. When they went back in they locked the door behind them.

The Escape

By JAMES E. TRUEX

AFTER she had prepared her husband's breakfast, Martha Saunders sat by the front window and waited for him to come downstairs. She pushed the loose strands of hair back from her eyes. A dull-grey early-morning fog lay over the patch of lawn and the road before the house; it isolated the house and it isolated her from anything that might exist beyond the hazy limit of vision. She felt quite alone in a damp, grey atmosphere that was not meant for life. She leaned forward and wrapped her kimono about her bare legs. The bedroom door opened upstairs; she could tell because it was warped so that you had to pull it hard, and when it came loose the whole house shook. He would be coming down soon. The windows and doors were warped, but they could not spare the money to call in a carpenter, so the bedroom door would probably have to go on sticking always. Always she would have to get up at six-thirty and while he shaved she would have to grope in the half-darkness down the creaking stairs to make his breakfast. She stood up and yawned.

He came down the stairs slowly, pausing at the bottom to button his vest. A man approaching sixty, he was thin, with a long face and a tired expression about his eyes. When they had first been married the fifteen years' difference had mattered little, but the years had built an ever-thickening wall between them. Gradually, so gradually that neither of them had been fully conscious of it, he had drawn within himself: in his communication with her there now remained only the naked structure of daily existence. As he grew older, he spoke and did less and less. She found herself unable to approach or to understand him. Sometimes she felt like shaking him hard, but she knew that he would not resist, but merely look at her with his reproving, tired eyes. She could no longer find contentment in attending to his wants; it was like being a housekeeper to a strange man.

He gave a final tug to his vest, glanced at her as she stood by the window, and sat down to breakfast. He ate very little. It was in the way of a household example. He laid down no economic rules, but looked at her reprovingly if she put on an extra piece of toast, or if she tried something new in their diet. Their meals could quite properly be called a diet. The wage he was being paid was hardly enough to support them, frugal as they

were. She wondered what use he could be at the advertising office, why they kept him at all. Perhaps like her they had grown used to him.

"What time is it?" he said.

She went to the door and looked at the clock in the hallway.

"Six forty-five," she answered.

"Ah."

He sat for several minutes, sucking between his teeth. The sound penetrated her damp soul and sent her shuddering to the kitchen with the breakfast plates. At eleven minutes to seven he stepped out of the front door, and in one minute the bus stopped at the corner and he got in.

For a great many years Martha had kept to a strict routine in her housework. But recently she had given it up, loosened her self-discipline. On this morning she piled the dishes in the sink, went upstairs to her bedroom, let her kimono drop to the floor and got back into bed. The bed-clothes were wrinkled and mussed; they had lost the warmth of their two bodies. She closed her eyes.

If only something would happen; something to wrench her out of a life that was dull and idiotic. She shrank from doing anything decisive, upon her own volition. She wondered if she might not wake up some morning and find him dead. She would be really sorry, for the sake of what he had once been. And afterwards she would get rid of the run-down clapboard house, and move somewhere far away. There was no horror at the thought of his dying; perhaps because she could not really imagine or believe in the possibility of his death. Though she did not understand why, she felt that he would live on and on. But she would die; he would kill her at length with his eyes and his silence.

Lying there in bed, she attempted to face her problem squarely. What could prevent her from packing a few things and quietly leaving the house? The more she considered it the more natural and simple it became. She had held back for years, but now fear of the unknown was swept aside by her growing realization that she must escape.

She got out of bed and dressed. From that moment there was a significance and an excitement to everything she did. Her preparations did not take long. She packed her suitcase and carried it downstairs. Plans began inevitably to form themselves in her mind. She would go to her sister's home; it was in New York. They would probably not be pleased to see her, but they could not turn her out. She was still young, she could find some sort of work. There was one very substantial obstacle to her

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leaving that same day; it was the end of the month, and she had almost no money left out of what he gave her for household expenses. Tomorrow she could easily ask him, without his suspecting anything unusual, for her allowance: that would be enough. Now that she had made up her mind, there was no reason why she should not be able to wait a single day. She hid the suitcase in the closet under the stairs. Tomorrow, then.

She did not mind the silence of their evening meal together. She watched him sitting across the table from her, and she wondered how she would feel not seeing his thin, hollow face any more. She repeated to herself over and over again her sister's address. One twenty-eight, one twenty-eight East Thirty-third Street. She would leave after he had eaten his breakfast and had gone for the day; quietly, by the front door. Occupied with thoughts of the future, she found his silence less irritating. His inscrutability no longer vexed her, and when she thought of his confusion on finding her gone, it was with something not unlike pity.

When he came downstairs in the morning, breakfast was waiting for him as usual. It was raining hard outside. With a feigned unconcern she asked him for her allowance, which he handed to her immediately. She felt that she had only half concealed her nervousness. After he had eaten, he went to get his rubbers out of the hall closet. She had not expected that he would go near there. Scolding herself for having left the suitcase downstairs, she watched him from the entrance to the dining room as he rummaged in the closet. If he noticed that her suitcase was in the closet instead of in the attic where the others were kept, she would be able to make some sort of excuse: but she was taken unawares, and it made her more nervous. He pushed the suitcase out into the hallway.

“What is this doing down here?” he asked.

She told herself that she must keep calm, she must. But when she spoke her throat contracted and her voice sounded not at all like her own.

“I was cleaning, I just brought it down to get it out of the way.”

He turned at her answer and looked at her. She felt the blood rushing to her face and her temples throbbing madly.

“That's all, that's the truth!” and she added excitedly, “Stop staring at me like that!”

“I don't see why you couldn't have left it upstairs,” he grumbled.

She thought that her head would burst.

“You want a better reason, do you? All right then, that suitcase is

packed with my clothes, and I'm leaving this house and you, and I'm never coming back. Never."

She waited for him to say something. For a while they stood facing each other in the hallway. Her quick, sharp breathing and the ticking of the clock above their heads were the only sounds that fell in the void about them.

"I had wondered—," he began, very slowly. But he did not go on. There was despair in his voice. He went past her into the dining room, and sat by the table. She moved slightly, leaning her weight against the banister. He began again to speak; the words came to her through the open door.

"I have sometimes wondered how long you would stay. I can't really blame you for what you are going to do. But before you go, try to understand that it is not you, it is all of my life that I hate."

He paused. Then he went on, speaking with apparent effort, haltingly.

"It is so hard for me to explain, because I don't understand it all myself. I feel sometimes as though I were already dead."

He had not spoken so many words to her in a long time. She had prepared herself for scorn or indifference; this was neither. Her eyes rested on the clock.

"You will miss the bus," she murmured.

He got up slowly and put on his coat.

"I am very tired," he said. At the door he turned and added, "There is nothing else, then?"

She shook her head, looking away from him all the while. When he had closed the door behind him, she took the suitcase upstairs and began to unpack. She wondered what she would say when he came home.



BOOKS

THE LONELY LADY OF DULWICH, by MAURICE BARING

Reviewed by A. C. POOLE

In this charming novel of a beautiful English woman, her strange loves, and her "loneliness," Mr. Baring has furnished a masterpiece of character detection. At the start he puts himself in the position of a man confronted with a problem which he is determined to solve. The enigmatical character of a certain Zita Harmer whom the author knows only as a gracious and

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retiring old lady is the problem which absorbs him, and which he attempts to unravel and interpret from utterly inconsistent and contradictory facts gained from those who knew her. And so Mr. Baring carries the reader on a delightful journey back through her life, and through this makes the analysis of her character depend almost entirely on deduction. So ingeniously does he handle the narrative that in the end one cannot fail to appreciate the inner motives and essential nature of Mrs. Harmer's paradoxical past. This woman who is the beautiful wife of a middle-aged English banker, unwittingly embitters the life of a sensitive French poet who loves her, and, conversely, sacrifices herself for the sake of another man who never knew she adored him. The remainder of her days she spends in seclusion in Dulwich. Villagers and others who meet her walking about the country wonder about her and her possible story. She dies at seventy, still unexplained. Even at the end much is left to the reader's interpretation.

Mr. Baring's method of narration is competent but unassuming—it is indeed a finished and beautiful piece of work.



DRAMA

PANIC, by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Economists and politicians are constantly offering remedies for our long and too frequent economic depressions; yet few seem to realize that a good part of the trouble does not lie in our economic arrangements or our political institutions but rather in the character of the American people, a character certainly faulty in some respects. And not the least important blemish is our swift and spineless surrender to unreasoned panic in times of stress. It is this easy yielding to panic that furnishes Mr. MacLeish the theme for his latest work, a play in verse; and it is a theme that he handles with considerable skill, making it timely and impressive by his use of his individual form of verse.

No better crisis than that in the banking circles of New York in February of 1933 could be used for a study of panic. Focusing his attention sharply on a group of bankers of that time, face to face with ruin, and on a representative section of the general public, Mr. MacLeish shows briefly and pointedly how the spirit of panic develops—in less than two hours in this case—what its nature is, and how panic in the big man reacts on the

little man. The chief character is McGafferty, owner of the country's leading industries, a type character, standing for the many of his kind. Factories and banks are closing throughout the country. McGafferty's banks alone are steady; he is ready to meet the crisis, ready to fight. But his subsidiary bankers are fearful. The people, gathered in the street outside the office where McGafferty and the bankers are meeting, trust in the great financier. Shortly the bankers decide to close their banks; McGafferty alone will stand firm. But a group of unemployed invade the office and their intense blind leader shakes the financier's determination by his prophecy of doom for the financial giants. The people hear of the occurrence, but still they place their hope in McGafferty. Recently so sturdy, the latter is weakening, gradually succumbing to the panic that has already engulfed the petty bankers. More and more banks go down. Reports of riots arrive. McGafferty is growing desperate, feeling now that the prophecy is a true one, that he is in the hands of relentless fate. And as his courage fails, the people, too, begin to feel a genuine fear. McGafferty still fights the approaching panic. A close associate's suicide is reported; McGafferty finds even his own great bank at the brink. Panic has him now; he, too, commits suicide. The one strong financier a victim of panic, the people are stricken with him. The financial world comes crashing down. Panic has triumphed swiftly. Neither in the great nor in the small is there courage or hope.

The power this play has is due in great measure to the verse Mr. MacLeish uses. He writes in lines of irregular length, with three or five strongly accented syllables as the scene requires, the general rhythm being dactylic and trochaic rather than the usual iambic, the former meter representing, with its descent from stressed syllables, the nervous tempo of American speech of today more accurately. The result is a vigorous poetry, fully capable of expressing the sharp and excited words of business men, and giving added strength to a theme that would be weakened by the use of a more artificial form of verse. The haunting chorus of the people, the worried plaints of the bankers as they speak in unison, and McGafferty's determined or despairing speeches are modern and entirely natural in almost every case; at the same time they are always clear and vivid. Most successfully does Mr. MacLeish fulfill his ideal of a living theme expressed in living verse.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN, by S. N. BEHRMAN

Reviewed by J. W. VAN CLEAVE

"We are all shut in behind our little fences," Mr. Behrman tells us in

DRAMA

his new play of contemporary manners. It makes no difference whether we are liberal, or radical, or conservative, or undetermined, we are nevertheless shut in, and there is no way out, as far as we know from a study of contemporary life, or of *Rain from Heaven*.

Mr. Behrman's play is a play of character, and each character is a type. Each talks brilliantly of current matters, of Nazi Germany's persecution of the Jews, of the psychological status of the émigrés, of the political and social dangers in the world today. Each has his solution: Hobart Eldridge, the conservative, would have an Anglo-American Youth movement towards dictatorship; Lady Violet, the liberal, played with brilliant detachment by Jane Cowl, believes that "in the main people are reasonable," and that, left alone, they will somehow muddle through; Hugo Willens, the persecuted, believes that "goodness is not enough," and that he must return to Germany and help repair what is destroyed; Sascha Barashaev, the Russian musical genius, knows that a man must live, as does Nikolai Jurin. The other important characters do not know. Rand Eldridge and Phoebe Eldridge are protected, and immature; they have no quarrel with their world.

Mr. Behrman brings these people together in Lady Violet's house. Lady Violet is tolerant, and she is interested in everybody. By leading a very brilliant conversation, only vaguely interwoven with events, she brings out everybody's character, and reveals what had hitherto been concealed by courtesy and amiability, that basically every one of the people was different in point of view, and in interpretation of life. The conversation, humorous, thoughtful, always educated and informed, progresses to the logical conclusion, the only possible conclusion, that there is no solution. Mr. Behrman cannot take sides, he is not interested in propaganda, and any solution would be untrue. His interest was rather to present a picture through the medium of conversation, a picture of fair minded, civilized people, all striving, and in the portrayal of this picture, *Rain from Heaven* succeeds remarkably well.

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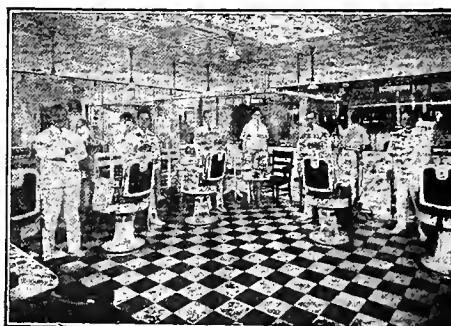
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PROFESSORS HOTSON AND REITZEL FROLIC IN THE ORCHARD

Devil Fish

By RICHARD R. SMITH

CAP'N JONE FLETCHER'S home was as snug a harbor for an old salt as I shall ever hope to see. "Harbor" is indeed the word to describe it, for it was not a house, but a house-boat. High and dry it stood, with its stern propped up on bricks to offset the shelving bank underneath. She seemed to have whelped numerous offspring in her fifteen-year stay, for twenty flat-bottomed rowboats floated at the whar not far from her stern. They were painted the same slate gray as was the house-boat, and they formed a goodly flotilla.

Cap'n Fletcher made his living from those rowboats. He rented them out at a dollar each, plus an extra charge for bait, to enterprising fishermen. I have spent many a day in one of them, drifting with the tide, or anchored in some likely spot fishing for flounders. Today, however, I was anticipating a special treat. As a good customer, and a friend of ten summers, the Cap'n had invited me to accompany him as his guest in his private row-boat for a day's fishing. I felt that I was in for a happy day. Cap'n Jone always caught fish.

The Cap'n himself slowly descended from his side door. He lived alone, now. I knew that he had had a wife and a little girl when first he came to Corson's Inlet, but both of them had died. There was some mystery connected with the little girl's death about which I was not at all clear. I had heard vague rumors that she was killed in some fishing tragedy, and that the mother had died a few years later, but the South Jersey fishermen do not talk of themselves to outsiders, and Cap'n Jone had never discussed his sorrows with me. At any rate, he was all alone now, except for a Swedish woman who cooked his daily meal and cleaned out his house-boat once a week.

In appearance, he was a spare, little man, rather dignified and austere, and possibly fifty-five years old. His hair was prematurely white, and he had clear blue eyes set deep in a tanned face. As he approached me, a slow smile curved his lips.

"Mornin'!" he greeted. "Ready fer some fishin'?"

I told him that I was more than ready any time he wanted to start.

"Wal, let's git goin', then," he drawled. "The tide's been runnin'

in fer a half-hour, an' the flounders ought t' be stirrin' up b' now. Come on down t' the dock, an' we'll git some minnys."

"You have any shedders?" he inquired after a moment.

I had brought several of these crabs along in case we might need them.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I thought maybe we'd run into some 'kings' or 'weakies'."

"You never can tell," said the Cap'n, squinting at the water as it swished past the dock pilings with the flow of the incoming tide. "You never can tell," he repeated in a thoughtful way. Abruptly, he turned and went into the house-boat. While I was still wondering what he was after, he came back with three silvery fish in his hands.

"Bunkers?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," he replied.

"Do you think we may strike some drum?" I queried, excitedly.

"Mebbe," he responded, non-committally, "or sharks," he added, "or, mebbe, a stinger."

I said no more at the moment, but I wondered idly why he should be interested in catching a sting-ray. It was always an unpleasant nuisance, and it usually swallowed the hook . . . necessitating a lengthy and bloody, not to say dangerous, operation. Its whip-like tail could lash round in a twinkling, and the rumor of its envenomed barbed end might not be entirely a myth.

The Cap'n took his place on the seat facing the stern, and I sat on the other one directly behind him. We rigged up, and baited our hooks before starting. Trolling along the bottom of the inlet while drifting with the tide was the best way of attracting fish. It kept the live minnow wriggling on the hook and in plain sight. We generally counted on making a fair catch before reaching our anchorage about a mile up the inlet.

For almost an hour, we fished diligently without a bit of luck. We cast out from the boat on all sides and trolled in, but it seemed that all life had departed from those waters. Not even a crab stole the bait.

I was tired of trying to coax the fish to bite, and I leaned back in the boat, which was called the *Beth*. I wondered about its name, and decided that the best way to find out was to ask the Cap'n directly. Coughing to attract his attention, I inquired if *Beth* had been his wife's name.

He did not reply for a moment, and then he said slowly and rather huskily, "No, that was my little girl's name."

"Oh, she's dead, isn't she?" I said softly.

DEVIL FISH

Another pause, then, "Yes. She died when she was three an' a half. She . . . she got hurt."

I could see that he did not care to discuss the subject, so I said no more. Suddenly the Cap'n began to reel in his line. There was no jerking of the tip as there generally is when you hook a fish. The Cap'n was tugging hard. Slowly, reluctantly, whatever was on the other end began to come in. By its action, it seemed to be one of those flat-winged fish that are called "skates." I asked the Cap'n if he thought that was what it was.

"Either that, or a stinger!" he said, biting off the last word with a snap. A tense look came into his face, and at length a flat purplish and white thing came alongside. It was a sting-ray, and a big one, too. I judged it must weigh about twenty pounds.

Suddenly I was startled by the Cap'n. He fairly snarled, "Gaff him!" It was so unlike his usual gentle and unperturbed tone that for a minute I I did not move from amazement.

"Gaff him!" repeated the Cap'n, even more harshly.

I snatched up the two-foot wooden stick with its long, sharp hook on the end, and plunged it into the stinger's body just below the eyes. Pulling him up alongside the boat, I balanced him on the gunwale. The Cap'n drew his sharp fish knife, and waiting until the fish was comparatively still, with one stroke he cut off his long tail which, till then, had been flailing the water behind him.

I supposed that now the Cap'n would try to get his hook loose. Instead, he plunged his knife into the stinger's belly and ripped it wide open, all the while muttering through clenched teeth, "The Devil! the Devil!" Entrails and blood spurted out discoloring the water. The Cap'n cut his line and said, "Let him go. He won't do no more damage."

I turned to the Cap'n with an inquiring look in regard to the brutal knife stroke. He was still staring at the spot where the stinger had sunk and muttering to himself. At length he became conscious of my gaze, and turned toward me with a defiant expression on his face.

"That's what should be done t' all of 'em," he snapped. "The killers!"

"Are they really poisonous? Could they really kill a man?" I asked.

"Wal," he hesitated, "I don't rightly know about a man, but they can kill a little girl." He looked at me dully, and then went on in an expressionless tone, "One of 'em killed my little Beth."

"Oh!" I could say nothing more.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

There was a pause, and then he added, a fierce note coming into his voice, "An' if I ever ketch that devil-fish . . .!"

"But when did it happen?" I asked.

"Twelve years ago."

"Surely he isn't alive now."

"Oh, yes he is," stated the Cap'n. "He's alive an' here. They live sometimes twenty, thirty years. I hook int' him almost every summer, only I ain't got a line strong enough. He allus breaks away." Triumphantly, "But I'll git him the next time. Look!" He reached in under the stern seat of the dory and pulled out a coil of rope about half an inch thick. Firmly knotted to one end was the largest barbed hook I have ever seen. It must have been two inches from point to shank.

"That'll git him," exulted the Cap'n. "He'll never git away from that." I was inclined to agree. Suddenly I became conscious of a steady dragging on the end which was more than the pull of the current. I raised my pole, clapped my thumb on the spinning reel, and the tip of my pole was bent irresistibly toward the water. There were no sharp tugs such as an ordinary fish would make, only a steady, even pull.

"What have I got, Cap'n?" I said.

"I dunno," he said, a puzzled expression on his face. "Mebbe it's a big shark. Or," his expression changed, "mebbe it's *another* stinger."

The thing had drawn out nearly a hundred feet of line as it swung in a long arc from the stern of the boat. It was now almost broadside to us, and the pressure I was exerting on the line swung the end of the boat from the pull of the tide out toward the fish. Suddenly, the thing on the other end stopped moving. I jerked at the line, but it felt as though I were fast to the bottom. I stood up and tried to pull at it from another angle, but it was no use. I turned to the Cap'n.

There was a grim look in his eyes as he growled, "It's a stinger, all right. He's down on the bottom with his wings flapped in the mud. A shark don't act like that. Keep pullin' steady like on the line, an' the pain o' the hook'll fetch him loose soon."

For almost ten minutes we sat there. I was pulling with as much force as the light line would stand. The thick pole bent nearly double. The Cap'n began to stir nervously on his seat and mutter to himself. He reeled in his line, for he had been fishing till then. Finally he broke the silence, "He must be a big 'un. I never saw one stand that much pullin' so long."

As he spoke, the tension on the line slackened a bit. The thing on the

DEVIL FISH

other end was beginning to move reluctantly toward the boat. Foot by foot I reeled in, with now and then a stop while I pried him loose from the bottom. At length, he was directly under the boat. I dragged him from the bottom for the last time and began to reel him to the surface. He came in surprisingly easily considering the resistance he had put up. The line made large circles in the water as is usual with stingers and skates. Suddenly, not three feet beneath the surface, I saw a huge black shadow. Then I made out the shape of the thing. It was a monstrous devil-fish. The wings were all of ten feet from tip to tip, and the black naked tail three inches thick at its base, stretched out even farther in the rear, lying gently in the water and writhing. I could even see the murderous two-inch barb on the end. Two baleful unblinking eyes glared straight into mine, and I shivered as a wing rasped along the bottom of the boat.

The Cap'n had the gaff in his hand to dispatch whatever it was I had. When he saw the fish he gasped and then shouted, "It's him! it's the Devil!" And he plunged the gaff in the water up to his elbow trying to spear the thing. The curved shank struck the devil-fish just back of the eyes. He swung unhurriedly in the water and whipped his tail at the boat. The barb struck the gunwale, scoring the wood. Then he slowly sank, with wings flapping gently.

I had been too startled to do anything, but now I pulled the line taut again. It came up easily; I was loose from the devil-fish. When I reeled in, I saw that my hook was gone.

I took a deep breath, and turning to the Cap'n I said, "Well, he got away." I was glad that he had, for I remembered the unblinking stare of his protruding eyes, and the lash of his tail.

The Cap'n did not answer. He was uncoiling the rope he had been showing me.

"Are you going to try to hook him again with that?" I asked.

"Uh-huh!" he replied. After uncoiling the rope, he tied one end to a ring at his feet set in the floor of the boat. Unhurried, he picked up a silvery moss-bunker and split it open underneath from mouth to tail. Folding the scally side inward and with the bloody surface on the outside, he ran the big hook through the fish two or three times and dropped the whole affair over the side. The tide carried the line out and down.

Through all these preparations, I sat uneasy. I had seen the devil-fish at close enough quarters. "Do you think he'll take it?" I asked, hoping for an uncertain reply.

"He ought to," said the Cap'n grimly. "He's still down there, an' they like bunkers."

The Cap'n was slowly raising and lowering the rope to keep the bait moving. Suddenly his back stiffened, and his hand became still.

"Somepin' suckin' it in," he croaked. We waited tensely, silently.

"Why don't you set the hook?" I whispered after a minute.

"I wanna git it down in his belly!" snarled the Cap'n.

Still we waited, and then I saw the muscles in the Cap'n's arm bulge. He gave a tremendous yank on the rope. There was no slow pulling this time. The line burnt through his fingers, rasped over the gunwale and on into the water with a hiss.

"Got him!" exulted the Cap'n. In a moment, all the rope had sizzled over the side, and the boat slued around with a sickening lurch, shipping several buckets of water. The fish was heading into the teeth of the tide toward the sea a mile and a half away.

We gathered speed for about a hundred feet, and then, with a jar that almost threw us from our seats, we stopped. We had reached the end of the anchor rope, and could feel the boat quiver with the pulsing of his wings as the fish tugged furiously. Evidently, the Cap'n's hook had bitten deep into his vitals, and he was driven to a frenzy by the pain.

Suddenly, we lurched forward again. The anchor rope had parted, and now we were fast to a mad devil. I saw that the Cap'n would never cut the rope which bound us to his enemy.

Stern first, we followed our careening course to the sea, shipping buckets with every surge of the crazed fish. Down the channel it went, a new danger looming up ahead. We had to thread between the pilings of the auto bridge. I jammed out my oar to ward off the blow, but the blade splintered against the tough wood, and several boat planks were stove in. We scraped through somehow and then thrust our oars into the water again, moving sluggishly, but still doggedly toward the sea, just around the sand bar ahead. As we rounded the bar, we felt the first of the ocean swell, the water shallow with a lively surf foaming on the sandy bottom. The fish, a hundred feet in front, was already fighting the first comber. We could see his big wings flopping heavily on the crest of the wave. Gamely he battled on, but he was exhausted. A wave caught him on the side and rolled him over toward us. In the trough he made one last desperate attempt to beat his way through, but it was no use. He was done and badly hurt, and as we finally drew him alongside, blood was spurting in little jets from his mouth.

NIGHT PIECE

When we got to the wharf, several friends were standing on the outer edge. Silently they helped us from the boat, and murmurs went through the gathering crowd at the size of the fish. They all knew of the Cap'n's tragedy and his feud with the thing. Ready hands seized the rope, but it took the combined efforts of fifteen or twenty men to pull the devil-fish up on the wharf.

The Cap'n walked slowly to his house-boat, while we stood in a circle gazing. It measured eleven feet from wing tip to wing tip, while its snake-like tail was twelve feet long. We never weighed it, but it must have been at least a ton.

While we stood round talking in low tones, the Cap'n came out of his house-boat and approached. He had a long butcher knife in his hand. Silently he stood and looked at the thing for a long moment. No one said a word. Slowly he leaned over, and with one stroke of his knife cut off the black tail at its base. He gazed at it fixedly as it trailed from his hand, and then, still without a word, he turned and went back into his house. That black, dried-up tail still hangs from the house-boat wall.



Night Piece

By WILLIAM H. MYER

*The rain is beating soft, so soft that I
Can scarcely call it rain. In sombre lines
It draws the trees in black and grey—The pines
Are still—thrilled with moisture, pushing high
In misty heights of boundless, formless sky.
I walk, and look into the night for signs
Of mystery and death.
Unto myself I cry,
“I am the cat that walks alone, that walks
The path of long forgotten nights.” I call,
“I am the tiger creeping through the banned
And unknown ways.” I purr—here only talks
The milk-white cat—and dance on the sand
Where planets fall blood-red into the sea.*

The Tall Garden

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

TAKE one of my white ones, Alice, and fix it in your hair. You look so pretty then. Here, I'll help you."

"No, sister, a flower won't help. We're old, and women don't stay pretty more than a little while, especially when they're lonely."

"Nonsense, Alice. You'll always seem pretty to me. You know, I always think of you as mother did. Remember, she always spoke of you as 'little sister'?"

"Yes. I'd supposed you thought that. Mother could never let me get older. She'd say, 'Wait a little, it'll be time next year.' And you're the same. 'Little sister.' And now I'm old."

"Oh, Alice. Would you resent anything mother ever said? How strangely you're looking at me, almost as though you hated me. Alice, Alice what is it?"

"Nothing, sister, I didn't mean anything about mother. Here, I'll smile."

"Take my flower, then, and let's go into the cottage."

"No, I won't take *your* flower."

"*Our* flower, Alice. I forget sometimes. Everything that was mother's is ours, of course. Everything of mine is yours too."

"Yes, I know. Only, sometimes I wish mother had made it that way really. There's no difference between us, except that you were born a little before me. And so everything is yours, even though you share it with me. The cottage is yours, and the spoons, and the clock, and more than everything the garden here. *Your* flowers. Yes, they're yours. You know, I think I do hate you. Why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't anybody? I can see you now, you and mother, whispering behind my back, planning how everything should be yours. You were always good, you would stay home with mother, and I wanted to go out and be young while I could. I might have married, only mother said, 'Wait a little, it'll be time next year.' You told her to say that, you were jealous because you could get nobody. Yes, I hate you. It's queer, isn't it? I've always hated you, only I didn't know it."

"Alice, what would our mother say? Oh, how could you hurt her

THE TALL GARDEN

memory so? I've loved you, and given you everything, and this is what you give me in return. Don't stay, please, I couldn't bear to have you unhappy here. Go away if you want to. Leave me, if you don't love me."

"Yes, go away. Where could I go? You can say that. You can say anything you please, because I haven't any place to go, or any money that isn't from you. You, saying you've 'given me everything.' How like you. Well, I won't be grateful to you any longer. I will leave, and I won't come back. You can have your cottage and the garden all to yourself."

"Alice, what are you saying? You wouldn't really leave me. You know I'd never manage without you. Oh Alice, this is so foolish, and all over a silly white flower. Come, let's go inside, and forget all about it."

"Yes, all over a white flower. I'm not really angry, sister, but if it hadn't been the flower it would have been some other thing. It will be better if I carry out my decision. I would be unhappy . . ."

"Perhaps, Alice dear. I wouldn't have you unhappy. You can always come back, of course; mother would not have had it otherwise."

"I'll pack now, sister, why not? Why not now? Come and help me."

* * * * *

"So Alice is really gone at last. Four years, what a long time."

"Yes, Mr. Fosby, four years. It was a long time for us to wait, but then it had to be gradual. Mother would not have had it otherwise. I'm quite clear in my conscience though, and I'm glad we waited. She made the decision herself this way. She was quite sure of what she was doing. No anger, no bitterness, and now it's all settled."

"Yes, I suppose so. I've made the arrangements for the minister, he can come tomorrow. Then I'll have my things sent. It will be better to have it quiet. At our age, you know."

"Yes, of course. Shall we ask Alice?"

"No, she needn't know until later. We'll have her to dinner some time. Pity there wasn't room for her to stay with us, but a man wants his own house . . ."

"Of course. Dear Mr. Fosby, we'll be so happy here."

The old clock struck four, the rapid brassy striking of a Seth Thomas clock that's been striking forever on a mantel.

"I'll be going now. Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Good-bye, Mr. Fosby."

She went to sit by the window to rest awhile before taking the tea things away, looking out into the garden wearily. Mother's tree. I remem-

ber the day we planted it. How long ago. Poor, dear Alice. She hardly knew at all. Odd. Odd. Maybe it wasn't just right. She made her own decision. Mother's tree seems to be drooping, almost to the ground, as in shame. I tried to reason with her. A flower, one of the flowers from mother's garden. And after four years. The plants in the window box seem dry and brittle. Why, they're about to die. Mrs. Fosby, tomorrow, how odd. Perhaps they weren't watered. Five o'clock so soon? So long by the window?

Washing the dishes, hers and Mr. Fosby's, and the silver, hers and Mr. Fosby's. Some of the silver's tarnished. Rubbing doesn't seem to help at all. How odd. Alice never could endure tarnished silver. Well . . .



Lion

By RICHARD S. BOWMAN

*His tawny skin shimmers in the sun
 His muscles ripple as with unstudied grace
 He lopes toward me, unconscious of the gun
 I might have in my hands
 But don't.*

*His tail weaves a dissatisfied pattern
 His paws pad softly, flatly, and
 In his eyes I see the restless yearn
 Which might make him leap to kill
 But won't.*

*A tendon twitches, but not
 The mighty muscle underneath.
 Perhaps one time in a climate wet and hot
 This tireless strength, this welled-up force
 Was released.*

*People pause here to admire captured grace and force:
 Things which command awe alone in their exertion.*

Movements In Jazz

By JAMES D. HOOVER

PEOPLE are inclined to listen to jazz in the same way they see movies: uncritically, as if the enjoyment to be obtained were purely sensual.

Daily it is heard over the radio and elsewhere, yet to many it sounds all of a color, black or white according to taste. Yet there is more to jazz than either its critics or worshippers tend to realize; it has already survived longer than was generally expected, is still going strong, and can no longer be pigeonholed as "just noise," "all right for dancing," or "a phase of the post-war generation."

Before this claim is defended, a little generalization is necessary. Music has always been of three kinds: folk music (now superseded by popular songs), music for a special purposes (for the church, for opera, or for dancing), and music as a form of artistic expression. Jazz, a syncopated and disharmonic outgrowth of the Negro spiritual, though superficially sounding uniform, really has three forms, one in each of these groups. There is popular jazz, jazz for dancing, and artistic jazz. The whole thing is not, as generally supposed, moving in one direction; but there are three separate movements, each trying to go a different way.

The commonest question on the subject seems to be: "What's your favorite orchestra?" Even the most unthinking jazzbug soon finds that he likes one better than the rest, though the reason is often hard to explain. Usually, it depends on what he looks for in music.

The outstanding characteristic of folk music everywhere has been sentimentality. The person who once liked "Just a Song at Twilight" or "Darling, I Am Growing Old" is not, as we are led to think, out in the cold today. He can tune in on Guy Lombardo or Wayne King and feel perfectly at home. The same people (or their children) who enjoyed the old tunes like this type of orchestra today, with its brain-calming melodies and spongy vocalists. There is really no reason why old-fashioned people should appear silly to habitues of Lombardoland, or the other way around. Both come from the same environment; both have large, tender hearts.

These simple souls differ radically from those who got rhythm. Those who shout "hot-cha" and drum with their feet at the sound of music would be out of place in the dreamy bliss of Lombardoland. The red-hot type casts its vote for Glen Gray or for Cab Calloway. Such bands are for people who

prefer dancing to music. Rhythm tends to drown out melody, and a tune with a tricky syncopation needs no harmony. The louder the better.

But where do true music lovers come into the picture? Ask a concert-hall frequenter what syncopated music will last, and he is apt to mention the "Rhapsody in Blue" and perhaps Ferdie Grofe, and then halt.

There is, however, one orchestra leader who is a little more than a smile and a bankbook. He is a Negro: Duke Ellington. Few seem to realize that Ellington is contributing anything to American music. The novelty of his treatment (chiefly his improvisations) scares most people away and obscures the important fact that for years he has been presenting jazz songs that are unsentimental, yet deeply expressive of feelings musicians have evaded before.

Ellington was most perfectly at home in the classic blue songs ("St. Louis," "St James Infirmary," "Yellow Dog," and "Dallas Blues," to name four of the best) and in similar songs written by himself (such as "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Mood Indigo," and "Solitude"). These pieces have a wonderful power and vitality and get under the skin in a way more civilized music rarely succeeds in doing.

The blues are not decadent, as is sometimes claimed. Fundamentally, they express the nostalgic feelings of peoples uprooted from their surroundings and transplanted to a new world: Negroes like Ellington, and Jews like Gershwin. Native Americans have too little to express to hope for an indigenous school of music that will compare with the songs of peoples who have not yet lost their sense of the strangeness of life.

Less attention need be paid to George Gershwin here, for, though a more important composer, he is also more widely recognized. The "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Concerto in F" come closer to "classical" music than any other jazz, though his efforts in the stricter classical forms are less successful. Gershwin's store of musical ideas is not large. Nevertheless, he is acutely aware of his mission and is constantly experimenting with new idioms and rhythms. His next effort is to be music for "Porgy," which should be worth watching, for if jazz ever does ascend to art, all signs point to the ballet as the form it will take. There are others who have been experimenting with jazz on a less ambitious scale: Rube Bloom, Hoagy Carmichael, and Zez Confrey, for example.

Modern music reaches an all-time low in the school of composers that is trying to be vital by imitating natural sounds. Mention might be made of Johnny Green, whose feeble "Night Club Suite" culminates in the pop of a champagne bottle being opened. Various other attempts, popularized

MOVEMENTS IN JAZZ

by Paul Whiteman's orchestra, have been made to transcribe the sounds of modern New York City literally into music, with results than can easily be imagined.

The "master" of this school is Ferdie Grofe, who has obtained an inflated reputation by attempting to create something that will please both lovers of jazz and of "highbrow" music. In his "Grand Canyon" and "Mississippi" Suites he succeeded in this, though he did not manage to produce any music worthy of the name. The suites do include, however, with the aid of themes taken from Chopin, a number of pleasing melodies.

Ellington with his blue songs is not altogether as popular as the sentimental orchestra leaders. This trend of popular taste is apt to prove fatal, for when jazz becomes sentimental, it has nothing new to say, loses power, and finally dissolves in a pool of commercialized tears. There are signs that jazz is already on the way to lose its hard-boiled vitality. Ellington's orchestra is sounding more and more like the others and about two years ago began to mix the Negro idiom with the white man's sentimentality. The mixture is a dangerous one. The more Ellington sounds like a white man, the less he means musically.

Guy Lombardo, who once popularized the latest jazz hits, is showing his emotional kinship with the nineteenth century more and more in his latest series of broadcasts by playing old favorites slightly jazzed up. Wayne King is doing the same thing. The hot bands, like Cab Calloway's, are getting nowhere. They repeat the little they have to say over and over again, and the novelty is beginning to wear off. Musically, they move our feet only.

But regardless of whether jazz progresses further or not in any of its three movements, it has already made its contributions. For mundane tastes there are more and better tunes than ever before. A small but genuine amount of real music exists too.

Jazz is so different that several concessions have to be made by the listener before its appreciation is possible: (1) greater emphasis on rhythm need not be evil, (2) the saxophone, capable of wonderfully expressive solos, is entitled to a prominent orchestral position, (3) blue music can be as human as the familiar nineteenth century works, (4) it is more satisfactory than music written today in a devitalized nineteenth century tradition, (5) jazz has developed further than any music rising from popular sources since the growth of church music, and (6) it means more to more people than any other music accessible today. With these considerations jazz ceases to be a noisy nightmare best overlooked and becomes something worthy of intelligent study.

Was It a Word

By JAMES E. TRUEX

*Why is it that your tender
Soft eyes are turned away?
In what am I offender
That you will not let me stay
Beside you; that you stand aloof, politely
Speaking of the weather, lightly
Touching on the topics of the day?*

*Was it a word or two
Idly let fall to flatter
Some person neither you
Nor I admire? What really matter
These careless, thoughtless slips? We will smile, tomorrow.
But meanwhile you must bear my silent sorrow,
And I, your chill impenetrable chatter.*

And the Years

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

*And the years
Bring of Love no understanding;
Though I have wandered
By hill and hollow
Looked on its many shades.
It toucheth not reason
But leaveth behind it
The sense of a season,
Fields green after showers,
Voices wild in the wind.
Thoughts that tighten the membrane
Of the memory of these hours.*

Summer Sunday

By WILLIAM R. BOWDEN, JR.

THE fine Sunday afternoon had faded into evening, but at seven the boardwalk was still thronged with week-enders. If, now and then, someone glanced quickly at the western sky, where a few ugly little clouds had marred the sunset, it was a glance of curiosity rather than of wariness. We sat on the white counter watching the people stroll by in the blue evening light.

Our stand faced east, looking across the boardwalk to the ocean. We could not see what was going on in the west; but I think the wind, when it came, surprised everyone else as much as it did us. One minute there was a gentle, refreshing sea breeze; the next, a whistling gale blew from the land. We jumped to slam down our side windows as a stack of paper plates swirled to the floor. Then, secure from the blast, we turned to watch the crowd again.

A fine spitting rain rode the wind, threatening ruin to dainty summer clothes. The sky with strange suddenness was, instead of slowly deepening blue, an opaque grey. The sea was grey and hostile-looking. The boardwalk, a moment before a bright blur of color, became a fantastic confusion of hurrying figures in pale garments.

We watched the spectacle with amused curiosity. It was all over in a moment. We leaned far out over the counter and looked down the long slow concave arc of the beach. The boardwalk was clean and bare. Soon the rain had stopped; there was left only the steady whine of the gale.

Something high above the low buildings attracted our attention—an airplane from the flying field at the lower end of the island. Almost at the same instant we saw a parachute puff open below it. We knew there was a daily exhibition jump made for a cash collection, but the man must be crazy to be going up under weather conditions such as these.

One side of the grey parachute caved in sickeningly under the force of the wind, then filled out again. It dropped rapidly on a long flat slant out to sea. Helplessly it drifted on out, farther and farther, finally coming to rest

on the surface of the water. Filled with air as it was, it did not sink at once, and we could just discern its balloon-like outline against the rapidly darkening sky. We strained our eyes through the dusk as two planes—another had already left the field—circled about the spot, hovering dangerously low. Both land machines, they were powerless to help; although even a seaplane could not have landed in the high sea. At last our tired eyes could not make out the blur of the 'chute; the horizon grew obscure and vanished. Perhaps ten minutes later a Coast Guard patrol boat raced by, close to shore, its searchlight piercing the blackness ahead.

As various friends of ours passed our stand on their way home from work, they stopped to give us the latest reports. The man had been saved. The man had been drowned and the body recovered. The body had not been recovered. In return for this information, we passed on our own theory, that the parachute had carried only a dummy. It was all a publicity stunt.

Not until we were closing up for the night did we hear the real story, told us by the friendly boardwalk patrolman. He told us how the jumper had been carried a half mile out to sea, had been dragged by the still inflated parachute perhaps half a mile further, driven by the fifty-mile gale. He described the heroic attempts of the beach patrol, already off duty for the evening, to rescue the man. Two lifeboats had put out into the raging sea; the body had been found under the tangled, waterlogged silk, and dragged into one of the dories.

We walked home quietly that night. There I got a new angle on the accident. A friend had happened into a lunch wagon at the moment when the pilot of the second plane was describing what had happened. Before the parachute jumper had gone up, he had carefully tested the wind. A light sea breeze was blowing, and the plane had carried him several hundred yards offshore to jump. This was done to allow the wind to carry him back to the island without overshooting it into the bay. Either the wind at that altitude had not changed at all, or else the gale had come up so suddenly as to strike actually between the time that the man left the wing and the split second later when he pulled the ripcord. We knew the rest.

I lay awake in bed late that night, imagining the sensations of the man, his realization that he would inevitably fall far off shore, his rising panic. That drop must have lasted centuries, and still the waves must have reached up for him all too soon. Probably he was almost mad with fear, or he would surely have loosed himself from the straps and risked a drop of fifty feet into

the water, free at least from the treacherous parachute. He must have fought insanely to tear himself free; his mind must have wavered from blind panic to flashes of supernatural clarity...

Monday morning dawned calm and clear. As I read the newspaper account of the accident, the events of the night before seemed strangely remote and alien to me.

Books

GREEN LIGHT, by LLOYD DOUGLAS

Reviewed by WILLIAM REAVES, JR.

In the *Green Light* Mr. Douglas has again concocted one of those mystic plots which made the *Magnificent Obsession* so popular. He has become so impressed with his own conception of Personal Adequacy and life, which is a Long Parade, that he sadly neglects his characters. He makes mere puppets of them; every move they make, everything they say is too obviously made to conform to his philosophy.

Crippled Dean Harcourt receives maladjusted souls who, once they have talked to him, lead an orderly and beautifully regulated life, for they have learned his philosophy of Personal Adequacy. The plot, such as there is, concerns the influence the Dean has on the lives of Newell Paige and Phyllis Dexter. Newell, a young surgeon, shoulders the blame when his superior, Dr. Endicott, falters in an operation and loses the life of his patient. Paige runs away. Some months later he comes to the Dean for advice. Here he meets Phyllis, the daughter of the patient who lost her life by Endicott's mistake. Phyllis believes Paige responsible for her mother's death. He runs away again, this time to fight deadly diseases in Montana. Phyllis is sent to Montana by the Dean. Here she meets Newell. Endicott confesses his guilt

in the operation on Mrs. Dexter, and so Phyllis and Newell are happily wed in the presence of the Dean.

Mr. Douglas has, in this book, expounded his latest idea in an incapable manner. He has made the book absurdly far-fetched. We tolerate the idea of coincidence until he has Phyllis and Newell, who parted in Chicago, meet in Montana. This is too much even for the most fanciful reader. Mr. Douglas has certainly lost, rather than gained his point, by carrying his new ideas to ridiculous extremes.

LOVE IN WINTER, by STORM JAMESON

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Miss Jameson presents here an intelligent story of a love maintained only with patience and courage, maintained even when the impossibility of complete happiness is recognized.

The lovers, Hervey Russell and Nicholas Roxby, are not people of the same nature or tastes. Nor are their energies matched. Nicholas, exhausted by the war and his first wife, has retreated to his furniture business. Hervey devotes herself to her promising novels and to the son of her first marriage. An energetic, determined woman with a gentle, "polite" heart, she falls in love with Nicholas almost at first sight. Then she must spend many fruitless months before she can stir her weary lover to face divorce and a second marriage. Even when their path is cleared, the two find themselves far apart. Yet they wish to keep their love, each making sacrifices and adjustments. Though these efforts to achieve compatibility are in some part vain, Hervey and Nicholas will not cease trying.

Surrounding Hervey is a large set of characters, divided into three groups. There are the novelists and critics that involve Hervey; the financiers of the House of Harben; and the Socialists supporting Earlham in Parliament. In this part of the novel Miss Jameson shows some sympathy for the radicals, but does not hesitate to criticize Earlham and his kind for their ineffective activity, now and then wedging in an uncomplimentary reflection on American capital and labor. But this part of *Love in Winter*

BOOKS

is only slightly related to the personal story of Hervey, and for this reason forms a distraction often unwelcome. Miss Jameson has made Hervey so strong and vital that the reader would prefer to concentrate on her, and leave the Harbens and Earlhams till another time.

A FEW FOOLISH ONES, by GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

Reviewed by THOMAS CONWAY

This book, describing the changing life of a rural community from 1870 to the present, is little more than a character study of the rapidly disappearing yeoman farmer, wresting his living from difficult soil, content to live as his forefathers lived.

In 1870 the families settling along York Road, near the village of Dur-wich, Maine, formed a community of farmers living simple, secluded lives. By 1895 the scene has changed. York Road is no longer as thickly populated. Families have broken up and moved to other land or to the cities. But Gus Bragdon continues to accumulate land, forests, and money. By 1920 York Road is practically deserted, except for Gus, who finishes life a rich man, providing for his descendants who have abandoned their farming heritage and gone off to seek a new order.

The stolid, canny Gus Bragdon, practical Kate Bragdon, and a host of others are drawn with sympathy and understanding, but the book taken as a whole, although mildly entertaining, is inconsequential.

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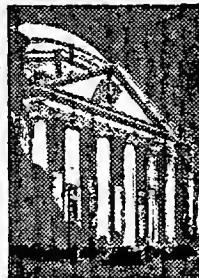
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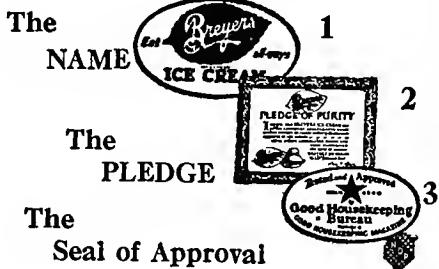
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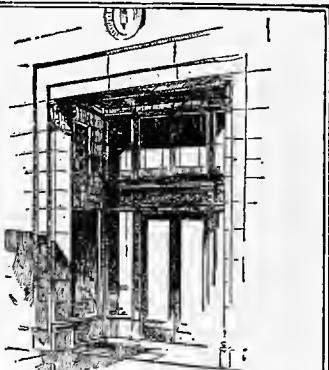
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The Fusser's Book

By THOMAS D. BROWN

THE verb *fuss* is defined in my dictionary as meaning (v.i.) "to be unduly anxious about trifles" and (v.t.) "to disturb or annoy." But there is another meaning for the verb *fuss*, or at least there was when our fathers and mothers were in their youthful prime. Then our verb would have been generally defined as meaning "to be seen frequently in the company of young persons of the opposite sex." "Sparking" and "2-sing" were, I believe, later equivalents. There is no modern synonym that expresses quite the same idea which the compact and eloquent "fuss" conveys. Perhaps it was derived from one of the old and established definitions quoted above from my dictionary. Perhaps, in the case of a young gentleman, the "trifles" he was "unduly anxious about" and those persons whom he was "to disturb or annoy" were young ladies. Whatever its origin, "fussing" had the distinction at the beginning of the present century of being the accepted slang for "keeping company," or whatever they call it now.

One day recently while I was rummaging morbidly through an old trunk in the attic, I chanced upon a thin little book which, after a thorough cobwebbing and dusting discovered itself to be a list of forty important do's and don'ts for fussing entitled, *The Fusser's Book*. These rules were compiled by two ladies with the alliterative names Anna Archbald and Georgina Jones. The book was published in 1904 when the generation immediately preceding ours was in its heyday. Most of these rules would still be useful to present-day "fussers." A few are hopelessly antiquated. Here are some of them applying to the male fusser.

RULE II

Even if you *were* voted the handsomest man in your class, don't presume that a lady is "pinning roses on herself" simply because you are monopolizing all her calling hours. "Make good" with at least an occasional carfare or proffer of escort. Otherwise, at some psychological moment, you may find yourself taking a far-back seat in favor of a homelier but wiser man.

(The automobile has largely done away with this difficulty. Rarely does the 1935 fusser sit in the parlor of the fussed a whole evening without "proffer of escort" somewhere, if only to drive out and "look at the moon."

THE FUSSER'S BOOK

Then, too, there are always the movies. But consider what our fathers were up against. You couldn't get anywhere worth going to in a buggy and the only reason for taking a girl for a ride in one was to get engaged to her. No wonder their "proffers" of escort were fewer. There is the added consolation, in considering Rule II, that very few of us are ever voted the handsomest man in our class.)

RULE V

Don't drop her like a hot coal the minute the music stops. Seem loath to let her go, and waltz a few extra steps if necessary. This is tremendously telling, and so easy!

(This rule should be included in the ten commandments of dancing.)

RULE VI

Words are cheap. When introduced to a girl at a ball, even if you decide she won't do, at least remark: "May I have one later on?"—It makes for good feeling.

(A rule of doubtful ethics.)

RULE VII

Do occasional penance; it is good for the soul. Make the saddest girl in the room feel that she is the most attractive while you are talking to her; or dance during an evening with at least one "ice-wagon."

(Strong word, "ice-wagon.")

RULE XI

Respect her serious side (if she has one) and don't meet her fads with an amused, indulgent smile. She won't love you for that attitude of male superiority. It makes her feel that the real thing in you is lacking, and in spite of herself she loves the real thing.

RULE XV

Watch how the wind blows! On a boat place the straight-haired damsel with her face to the breeze. This keeps her stray locks in place. She knows they are unbecoming to her, and she can enjoy you more when not worrying about her looks. The girl with curls, however, rises superior to any wind that blows; and is aware of the fact.

RULE XVI

Make her care before you try to make her jealous.

RULE XVII

Remember always to "keep your eyes in the boat!"

(Accompanied by a picture of a young couple sitting on the beach. The girl looks rather bored, as her escort gazes amorously at a sweet young thing clad in one of the voluminous bathing suits of the period.)

RULE XVIII

Be graceful as well as useful. In diving under a table at the end of a dinner,

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for the purpose of corralling your partner's handkerchief, gloves, smelling salts and fan, don't mar your host's mahogany by a too violent impact with your skull. It may create some temporary amusement, but detracts on the whole from your reputation as an accomplished fusser.

RULE XIX

Don't assume that you are her only suitor. Imply rather by your general attitude that all mankind, of course, is ready to eat out of her hand.

(It is sometimes a fact, whether you imply it or not.)

RULE XXII

When negotiating a difficult street corner don't grasp your fair companion by the crook of her shapely elbow and steer her in one direction if she shows any real inclination to set sail in another. The course of true love is never helped by such a crossing.

(If, under present-day traffic conditions, you manfully thwart her inclination to "set sail" in another direction, you will probably have saved her life. "Difficult street corners" are very different from what they used to be. Disobey rule XXII even if the loss of true love is the price you have to pay.)

RULE XXV

Make up to the little sisters and all small girls. You may be able to lord it over them when you are twenty and they are only ten. But some day when they are twenty and you are thirty the tables will be turned—and they don't forget.

(Cradle snatchers, please note.)

RULE XXVII

Beware of too long calls. Although it's true you've been brought up to believe that *some* girls think a beau in the parlor worth two in the hair, this maxim may not hold good after midnight.

(Touching picture of two maidens wearily going upstairs to bed, with the hands of the clock, apparently, although you can't tell exactly, pointing to five minutes past twelve.)

RULE XXVIII

Be politic. When talking to one girl do not expatiate on the accomplishments of other "Pippins" and "Queens": it betrays the amateur hand.

RULE XXIX

Step carefully. Remember, when you put your foot through a lady's \$250 gown, that her sweet smile upon you is all composed of heroism and that you are lucky if she is not inwardly cursing you. Learn to gaze earnestly into your partner's eyes, at the same time that you skillfully and delicately avoid the edge of the "creation" trailing just ahead of you.

(Ten years ago this problem had ceased to exist, but now it is with us again as dresses have returned almost to their former length.)

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RULE XXXIII

Don't kiss your dollar good-bye before treating your best beloved. Spend what you can afford with kingly carelessness and make up your laundry bill in another quarter.

RULE XXXIV

Fuss the chaperone, even at the expense of a tête-à-tête with "the only one." The longest way round is—sometimes—the shortest way home.

(*O tempora! O mores!*)

RULE XXXVI

Don't be timid about "butting-in" at a ball. No girl in this world was ever annoyed because a man made her look popular.

(Maybe not,—up to 1904. Several have been since then, though.)

RULE XXXVII

Cultivate a breathless eagerness to learn *everything* about Her, whether it be her views on Browning or the kind of scent she uses, and jolly her with gentle questionings to this end. This is one of the cheapest ways for acquiring the reputation of an "interesting talker."

RULE XXXVIII

Discover fancied resemblances to celebrated actresses or professional beauties. Use the formula, "Do you know you remind me more of than any other woman I ever saw?" and flavor to taste.

(But be extremely careful what name you select to fill in the blank.)

RULE XL

Be chivalrous to all but easy to none.

(And it is with this highly moral commandment that *The Fusser's Book* comes to a close.)



The Frasch Process

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

THE words shook before his eyes and utter fear rumbled in his breast and his exhausted brain danced wildly as he read the first question: "Describe the Frasch process for the refining of sulphur." Panic cluttered his thoughts and clung closely over his senses like a dense fog enveloping the gray-greenness of mountain trees. But crystal-clear through the fog he could see, and in seeing lose all consciousness of else, the letter which the day before he had received ". . . and do, Fred, try very, very hard to get good marks in your examinations. Your father has been tremendously worried about his business the last few weeks, he can't sleep over four hours a night, and he says that if you don't get a scholarship, he will not be able to send you back to school next year. I fear that if he does not soon stop this continual worrying he will have a nervous breakdown" He looked up and saw all around him faces with furrowed foreheads and concentrated miens blending crazily into pencil-holding hands frantically scribbling a half-year's accumulated knowledge into blue-coated examination books; then, with great effort, he moulded his brain into the question, the Frasch process, the Frasch process; but, defeated by fatigue and panic, the answer eluded him and his mind instead clawed up recollections of yesterday, of last night, of the early morning, in a chaotic confusion and convulsive jumble.

Last night he had known his chemistry; he hadn't understood it, and he hadn't held it in a grip of coherent unity, but he knew it in the sheerness of memorization; the letter, however, standing before him seared into his being, had frightened him, had made him resolve to get an A in the examination, to stay up throughout the night solidifying his knowledge and barricading it against unexpected obstacles. Fortifying himself with four packages of lemon drops and some caffeine pills, which he had been assured would keep his mind clear, he had plunged into the task. Nonetheless, his saturated mind had seemed to become suddenly a deadening and useless weight; to clear it, he had at two o'clock gone for a walk in the coolness and fragrance of the spring night and had eaten a sandwich at an all-night restaurant crowded with boisterous truck drivers and hazy with the choking blueness of tobacco smoke. And when he had returned to his work, he had dis-

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covered with consternation that both mind and body were tremendously fatigued, that he could not remember those things which an hour before he had known perfectly, and that his stomach was rebelling at the sweetish-sourness of innumerable lemon drops. His body sick, his brain throbbing, he descended swiftly into utter panic, the pages of the book stared back at him in the brittle glare of artificial light with a hardness and an impersonal-ness which sent him reeling wildly out into the night again, throbbing with a senseless mixture of remembrance, an impenetrable jungle of chemistry, of money, of home, of the country, of exultant freedom in months to come, and above all of the silence and the strangeness and the sweetness and the soft mystery of the spring night. Again and again he had forced himself back to his work, and again and again, body and brain rocking in hopeless weariness, he had been driven out into the balm of the night, desperately trying to collect his faculties, to forget the bitterness and solemn fear of his mother's letter. The dawn had come; time was an empty void; all things wore a strange air of perilous nothingness, and in that nothingness he cried out for sleep and succor from hopeless panic. And then slowly into the red-eyed and horrible nothingness had come breakfast, the last hour before the examination, the great effort of walking to the classroom . . .

Now he saw that the majority of books were about halfway filled with writing, and he glanced down at his own and leafed through its pages, a line or two on each page, in desperation. *If I don't pass this I haven't a chance for a scholarship, I haven't a chance to get back next year, I won't have a chance to get anywhere in life, I'll be a terrible, disgraceful failure. Oh God help me, help me, help me.* The Frasch process for refining sulphur, I've got to get a scholarship, I've got to pass, oh God, help me to think. He felt the tears of deep frustration welling up into his breast, he buried his head in his arm in futile attempt at concentration, and as his hand passed his forehead he realized with sickening shock that he had a fever, a burning, brain-eating hotness. *The Frasch process, the Frasch process.* His breathing was shaky and convulsive, he felt that the others must be staring at him in wonder. *The Frasch process, I've got to get a scholarship, oh God, help me, I'm so deadly tired, tired, tired, helplessly tired . . .*

And then his agitated body became quiet and relaxed, and his breathing became deep and regular and hard to hear because of the scratching of pens and pencils and the rattle of paper.

New Deal

By JAMES DAILEY

ON SATURDAY mornings Clyde Porter sent his woman to sell her eggs and vegetables at the Hayville market. The town, in the eighties, was still young, very poor, and Mandy Porter could not make a profit. Regularly, for this failure, Clyde whipped her. Never did his plodding mind question the justice of such punishment; to him whipping was no more than a strong habit inherited from father and grandfather.

When younger, Mandy had resisted her husband's assaults, but gradually he subdued her, and now her only response was a gentle moaning. Still pretty in a faded way, she worked for her husband silently and patiently. Never did she contemplate revolt.

One day, when the market was duller than usual, Mandy attracted to her stall a stranger. Jack Lord had noticed her apprehensive eyes, and, a lover of his fellowmen, immediately saw a need for his services.

"Trouble, lady?" he asked politely.

"Nobody's buying today," Mandy murmured.

"That can't be what's upsetting your handsome eyes."

Mandy turned from him, refusing to talk. Jack was determined to be of aid. At a distance, he waited till noon. Then Clyde drove up, fetched his woman, and rode eastward again to his farm. Jack followed the pair on horse. He had his suspicions. As he reached the farm house which he had seen the Porters enter, he heard from within the lashes of a whip and slow, quiet moans. Jack was not built for a physical encounter with an angry husband. He must use other means.

For an hour he waited behind the Porters' barn. When at last he saw Clyde walk out to his fields, and Mandy come out into the yard, he approached her quietly, smiling pleasantly. Before she could retreat far toward the house, Jack had spoken.

"I want to help you, lady."

"Help?"

"Yes, we'll have to teach your husband to behave."

Mandy did not understand. Jack was patient.

"I have a plan," he said, "if I should kidnap—"

Mandy was ready to run.

NEW DEAL

"—Only with your consent, of course—perhaps your husband will value you enough to stop beating you."

The object of his concern gazed at him blankly, said nothing. Skilfully, Jack urged his complete plan upon her. Mandy, frightened, stirred, slowly came to comprehend his purpose; her legs were smarting terribly.

"I'll come. Thanks."

"I'll give you the most spectacular kidnapping Hayville has ever seen."

And he did. At two the citizenry was just returning to its affairs of business. Everyone was outdoors. Suddenly, down the one street of Hayville dashed Jack Lord, his horse doing its best. Mandy wriggled in her abductor's grasp, her hair wildly disheveled, her dress tantalizingly torn. She was screaming at the top of her voice. Clouds of dust rolled after the villain and his prey. The town stood aghast. No one moved. No one breathed. Only when the horse had vanished westward, did anyone realize what had happened. Mandy Porter was being seduced!

Jack chose for his hiding place a conspicuous cabin directly west of Hayville. Rescue would not long be delayed.

But it was. Etiquette demanded that the husband lead the pursuers to the rescue of a lost woman. And it was an hour before Clyde could be found, his horse saddled, and weapons provided. Clyde was all amazement.

"Who'd ever steal Mandy?"

When after a long wait, no posse came, Jack lost patience. He must try another method.

"You should resist your husband's attacks."

Mandy, trembling, weary, bowed her head. "I have no strength."

"But you can show spirit."

She did not answer.

"You've got to rule men with your will."

No answer. The idea was foreign. Jack made a final effort.

"I shall kiss you."

Mandy did value her virtue, if not her legs. Her eyes flashed resistance as Jack approached, smothering a grin, trying to look mean.

"Stay back," she screamed. Jack was elated. He stepped closer; a ferocious slap stung his cheek. Carefully he backed her round till she was by a light chair. He put out his arm. Mandy met him with the chair. Apparently undaunted, Jack grasped her waist. Then he heard the response which he had been seeking. Mandy's tongue was loosened.

"You coward." Her voice was unexpectedly violent. "You blasted,

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snivelling sneak, taking advantage of a woman." Her fury was genuine. Epithets came forth in abundance. Jack actually seemed a bit cowed. At this moment he heard the hoofbeats and shouts of an approaching posse.

"Don't ever stop," he called to her. "Let your husband have lots of it."

He vanished. Mandy ran after him to the door, saw only her husband and his fellows. The former, dismounting, ran up to her. His embrace was spurned. Mandy's new-born fury grew.

"You men!" she snorted and hurried to his horse, mounting awkwardly but quickly. Clyde stared.

"Get up behind, you pig."

Hesitation. "Quick!"

The husband obeyed. But before he was safely seated Mandy dug her heels into the horse and rode off toward Hayville.

"You do need a whipping," Clyde muttered, "but I guess you won't ever get it—not from me." He clutched the saddle frantically.

Mandy, exhausted, relieved, took new breath, uttered a glorious yell, and galloped home.



Query of a Young Man

By SAMUEL C. WITHERS, JR.

*I know a place where things move constantly—
Where women dance and wait for men.
Where double time sax solos make the blood throb to keep pace.
Where niggers' shaking hips reflect the rhythm of the tom-tom.
And sturdy men and weaklings mix to revel in debauchery.*

*I know a place not far away where beauty is—
The beauty of the broken blue.
The beauty of the tall pines, luring me with nodding heads.
The beauty of the locusts' nightly song.
A sad, reproachful collie for a beautiful companion.*

*Can I have these, both, O Lord,
Or is this earth so coldly practical
That I must choose?*

The Liberator

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

DON'T come to me with your grousing," said the weighman. "Listen, Gramer," said Jed. He usually called him "Mister Gramer." But now he was mad. "Maybe I'm wrong about this one load. But you know damn well that this mine isn't being run the way it ought to be. Are you so scared for your job that you're afraid to give us fellows a square deal in the weighing? Our not getting paid for all the coal we cut is just one more thing that makes us slaves. Get it, you? Slaves! We're all—"

"What the hell is this!" roared a powerful, angry voice. Jed Polcvitz jerked his head. The Superintendent had come from somewhere. Jed knew that his job was close to being lost at that moment, for the Superintendent was steaming and heaving and glaring at him. Jed, fists at his side, stood solidly, watching his boss rub his chin.

"We don't play with men like you," the Superintendent said finally, breathing out through his nose slowly and heavily. "Get back to your coal! And remember to keep your mug shut if you like your job."

That's the way that Jed became a marked man. Another slip like that and he'd be ousted from the wretched barrack in which he was raising a family. Where? To another mining settlement that lay under the same pall of smoking slag heaps? No work there: no miners wanted anywhere. And cutting coal was his trade.

"Better keep your job," they told him. "You need all the money you can get, remember that your wife's sick."

It wasn't just his family that made Jed sit and think sometimes. There was Henry down the street who had gotten exactly four cents cash last payday after the company had deducted debts and countless extras from his salary. That wasn't unusual; Jed had often been in debt to the company right after a payday. But Henry needed money, because his father was dying.

"Bo," asked Jed, whittling a stick on his doorstep one summer evening, "you've heard of these unions?"

The young fellow squinted at Jed.

"I ain't no radical," he said.

"I just asked if you'd heard of them," persisted Jed.

"Well, over t'Pleasantville they have one in the mines. My brother

knows a fellow could tell y'all about unions, if y'happened t'want t'know," answered Bo. "But don't get me or my brother in trouble. We like our jobs."

"Mm hm," was Jed's comment. "What's this union fellow like?"

"You better go see him. Don't ask me," replied Bo.

"Where does he live?" asked Jed, brushing away some wood chips and standing up.

"We'll have to go down and see my brother about it."

Jed strode ahead along the miserable row of miners' shacks, built as temporary barracks for men during boom days, now crowded by entire families. Bo's brother, who was married and had a sort of house, had painted his fence white, which helped the looks of things tremendously.

"Hello Will, I want to talk to you," said Jed. Will was pitching horseshoes with an old man, out in the yard.

"Here goes a ringer, Jed," answered Will. He swung his arm; the horseshoe shot at the peg and clinked as it dug solidly into the clay.

"Let's step inside, Will," said Jed.

"Hello, Bo. Take my place," said Will, picking up the horseshoes for him. "All right, Jed."

They stepped up on the porch, Will pushed open the shabby door, they entered, and the door shut after them.

"What's the score?" asked Bo indifferently.

"Dunno," said the old man. "We was just throwin' 'em."

* * *

The fat foreman was busy handing mine lamps and batteries over the counter. Despite the sullen Monday-morning mood of the miners, he sang cheerfully off key, spitting into the corner with his customary regularity and heartiness.

Men filed through the battery room, got their lamps for the day's work, and tramped helmeted out into the gray light in the direction of the shaft. The cage rattled its door shut on bunch after bunch of workers, ringing its bell loudly as it dropped them down into the earth to the vein of coal.

"I said hullo, Jed!" yelled a short, powerfully built fellow, slapping Jed on the shoulder as he stepped off the cage. "Where were you yesterday?"

Jed Polcvitz looked at him startled, then reflectively. "Wait till we get on the job, Benzo. I've got something to tell you." They scrambled onto a moving car filled with men. As they reached the dump Jed glanced at the

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weighman Gramer, who was eating a sandwich with his usual belligerence. The car turned off at an angle toward the outer finger-passages, where a hundred men worked daily, blasting, cutting, loading, and removing the underpinning to let the slate roof squeeze down the floor after them as they worked slowly back in the direction of the mine entrance.

"Old Henry is pretty bad off," Benzo was saying. "His lungs is about gone, they say."

"They're always saying that. He'll last a while longer."

"His boy can't get a job anywhere. The nearest mine is Pleasantville, and that's eight, maybe ten miles, and—"

"I know," said Jed. "I walked over there yesterday. Here's our place. Get off."

They ambled up their track and set down their lunchboxes. Jed examined his pick.

"What's up, Jed?" Benzo, half bent over his tools, looked back at the silent man curiously. The latter dropped his pick, stepped up to Benzo, and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Benzy, you've got plenty of fight. Will you stick by me . . . if we have to do a little fighting?"

"Fight? What for?"

"We've got a right to live in better houses and see that our kids grow up to be something besides skin and bones, and get paid for all the work we do—and we're going to have to fight the company to get it."

"What can we do? Sock the boss and see where you are."

"Look here, Benzo! This is—"

"Who's that?" Benzo, alert, had turned. In their tunnel was a head lamp, bobbing toward them rapidly. Jed realized that he had been talking too loudly.

"How are things?" asked the newcomer: it was Will. "They won't let me have a car yet. How do they expect a man to make a living if they limit the work he may do? Four cars a day I could load. I get two. And they gyp you in the weighing."

"Join the huddle," grinned Benzo. Benzo was one of the football stars of the town, which played the game any time there was no work, any time of the year.

"What did the union fellow say yesterday?" Will asked. He was chewing on the stem of his empty pipe.

"Well," explained Jed, "we've got to have a meeting. Get everybody

with us. Then we wait until the company has a big rush order. And then we have a strike."

"Strike?" Benzo rubbed his cheek and looked away.

"Yes, strike," resumed Jed, with a sudden bitterness. "Make those mine owners, who pay us forty cents a ton so they can sell for seven dollars, make them get down on their knees in the coal dust where we are. They're not just free men—they think the earth is theirs, and that they can make us slaves in it!"

"Yes," said Will gently. "We must do something." He knew that Jed's wife—a few years ago the prettiest girl in town—was dying as slowly and surely as many others. He knew what was making Jed grim of late, driving him on with almost fanatical energy. The man was a contrast to the twenty-eight-year-old Jed of a few years ago, of quiet, philosophical humor. When Jed whittled sticks nowadays, he did it because of nervous energy.

Benzo spun around and grabbed Jed Polcvitz by the hand. "I'm with you, fellow," he said.

"Good! Now let's let some more in on this. Spread it that there'll be a meeting at the dance hall tonight."

"Tomorrow night, how about," suggested Benzo. "We've got to have time to get a plan ready."

"I've got a plan," snapped Jed. "Here come the cars up the alley, Will. Let's get to work. Hand me those powder caps, Benzo." The rest of the day Jed said nothing about the strike.

That night a shoulder-to-shoulder crowd of men in work clothes talked excitedly and acclaimed Jed's quickly-explained plan. An unusual thing was happening: the miners suddenly discovered a feeling of unity which the mining town, like so many others, had previously lacked altogether.

There was a new atmosphere in the mine next day. The foremen felt it. Gramer, the weighman, found to his surprise that the cars were suddenly more and more empty and that they came slower and slower. The Superintendent went around at lunch. Men looked at him with a curious attitude.

"Listen!" he bellowed from group to group. "You know as well as I that the company just got a rush order from Eastland Steel. If we fill this, it means we get their business all the time. It means that you men get all the cars you want—more money in your pockets. What the devil's wrong?"

"Lots," said Jed, stepping forward. "Hold him, Benzo." The Superintendent stuck out his jaw, showed his teeth, and frothed a bit, but he was

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pinned firmly from behind. They were binding him when: "Watch Gramer!" Benzo yelled. Jed whirled, wrenched the club from his hands, and bore the weighman heavily to the floor.

In the corridors there was an uproar. Revolver shots sounded; masses of men were running for their lives, ducking the dangerous overhead trolley wires as they stampeded into the main corridor at the dump, where they crowded, panting and murmuring angrily. The elevators to the surface were jammed, stuck. Up the tunnel were striding two foremen with drawn guns.

"We knocked out the other two. How'd we know these guys would have guns?" A huge man with heavy eyebrows stared at Jed in inquiry. Jed looked past him.

"Back, you!" shouted one of the two advancing foremen. "Are you all right, Jim?" He meant the Superintendent. There was only a loud murmur of voices.

"Hold 'em," said the second foreman. "I'm going to phone the office about this." He ran back along the main corridor. The one man, with wavering pistol, faced a sea of lights whose murmur rose and fell in swells of indignation.

"All lights out!" yelled a miner. The tunnel suddenly darkened.

"Not a move out of you!" warned the foreman hoarsely. "Somebody's going to get a lot of lead in him!"

Benzo followed Jed as he pushed through the crowd.

"What's your scheme?"

"We're going to slip behind these cars into this right branch tunnel, and unbrick the old air shaft that connects with the main alley. Come on!"

It was a matter of a few moments.

"Right into this brick with the pick, Benzy. Good. That's enough to crawl through."

"Lord! This is half caved in."

"Never mind. Come on." A dozen men followed over debris.

"Old Fuzzy-wuzzy ought to've given up phoning by this time. We cut his wires," explained Jed, with a half-smile. "He'll have gone back to parley with the other gun-toter. Now when we break into the main tunnel, we'll just rush them from behind, that's all. Maybe somebody's going to get shot . . ." Jed's voice broke to a whisper. "Well, we know what we're doing it for . . ." He snapped off his light.

The brick wall smashed out. Fourteen men loped quietly along down

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the low tunnel like strange, fierce apes. The light of the two lamps that suddenly turned on them showed grim jaws and faces. Silence, petrification, fell on the crowd. Shots echoed in the black corridors; the crowd rushed forward; the foremen's lights went out. Darkness doubled the confusion.

A strange dullness filled the tunnel as lights came on. Will was elbowing his way through the mob to where a group was huddled around a man lying on the mine floor, his head resting on one of the car tracks. Two battered foremen were being held by dazed men. The man was Jed.

"They've come to terms," announced Will, kneeling down to look at Jed, whose face was masklike, his right side blood-soaked.

"Who? What terms?" miners were asking.

"The terms you wrote out, Jed. I've just phoned the operators, who've been having a meeting. They were beginning to be afraid of this."

"And you told them . . ."

"That we'd stay down here long enough to lose them the big contract, unless they agreed to let us have our union, a cooperative, eighty-five cents a ton, a . . . Jed, you're pretty bad off. Get the doctor, somebody."

"Bad off! I'm done for. Go up and make them sign that, Will." Will looked at Jed, then at Benzo, whose sweaty face was anxious.

"You're all right," he said. "Now think what we'll have: decent wages, a good store, new houses maybe, and . . . everything will be fine, Jed . . . everything's going to be all right . . ."

Below Avignon

By GEORGE B. BOOKMAN

AT ANY time of the day, the Gare de Lyons always seems to be full of people rushing off from Paris to distant parts of France. On this particular morning in early June the platform was crowded with travelers trying to pass the time until the starting whistle. French people have always impressed me as a race that hates to catch trains at the last minute. You always see them arriving well in advance of train time. They waste no politeness in claiming the best possible seat and then set, very carefully, about the business of installing themselves for the trip. For the duration of the train ride each French voyager creates for himself, in his corner of the compartment, a comfortable, middle-class home in miniature. That bit of wooden bench takes on the character of its occupant for a few hours. The individuality of American train-travelers seems blotted out by the plush stuffiness of the railroad cars. Frenchmen, on the contrary, create a bit of their own personality when they take a seat for a train ride, and the character of the compartment is altogether subordinated.

I had arrived early to watch the spectacle and had chosen an empty compartment. Before we started a young man came in and sat down on the bench opposite me. He was wearing the English national costume, brown coat and well-worn grey flannel trousers, so I asked him a question in English. We chatted on the way down from Paris. He was bilingual, a Frenchman who had always lived with English people in Geneva, doing secretarial work for the League of Nations. The country we were passing through became greener, more agricultural. For a time we followed a lazy, shady canal and passed snug-looking barges. The landscape was the sort of thing that Corot would have painted very beautifully—many shades of green, trees that looked all leaf, patches of cool water. Our talk palled a bit so the internationalist busied himself with "Foreign Affairs" and I leafed through some poetry of Victor Hugo.

I was headed for Avignon. It seemed a good way to start a summer trip which, I hoped, would eventually take me along the Riviera and then through Italy. I knew, rather vaguely, that the Popes had once lived in Avignon. I thought of it as a barren sort of place, probably dominated completely by the papal palace. But I had little curiosity about Avignon, be-

cause all my hoping, planning and dreaming for this vacation junket had been centered on Italy.

Five hundred years ago Avignon was entirely dominated in fact and in spirit by the palace of the Popes, who had taken flight from hostile Rome and built themselves a stronghold on the banks of the Rhone. Today Avignon is still very Catholic, still clerical, but the empty papal palace does not set the tone of the town. Today Avignon is the seat of an army corps and the spirit of the town is typified better by the hundreds of soldiers, both black and white, who overrun the streets, the cinema theatres, and the sidewalk cafés. The word "Pope" no longer sums up the spirit of the place, even though the sand-colored mass of the palace still stands out against the sun and a battlemented wall still circles the town.

My first Sunday morning in the South of France I climbed the Dome Rock on which the Pope built his fortress and looked at the valley beyond. With the passing of centuries, the Rhone has cut a broad, silvery path through the heart of the wine-country of Provence. Just over the edge of the cliff I could see the fawn-colored roofs of Avignon, clustered close together inside the turreted walls, and far below, the ruins of the old Pont d'Avignon, on which these happy people are said to have danced together, jutted out into the swift-flowing waters. On the opposite bank of the river remains of a castle and a fortified tower built to command the bridge, reminded me of the feudal history of the town. But I turned my back on the river and looked at those tiled roofs and Avignon became once more a centre of the wine industry, a pillar of middle-class, home-loving France, and a soldier's town.

* * *

I never did find out what Whitmonday means to the Catholics. To me it meant seeing the Pont du Gard, Nimes, Arles, Tarascon and a bullfight. It meant laughing and drinking wine and singing in the sun with the people of Provence, holidaying under Mediterranean skies.

In the case of most of the cities I visited I had some slight shred of knowledge on which to pin all my later impressions. The beauty of the women of Arles was the hook on which I expected to hang my memories and experiences in that town. But when I finally trundled down the shady main street in a crowded bus on Whitmonday, I saw that the reputation of the ladies of Arles was chiefly legendary. I went to a bullfight instead.

Arles has a romantic old pile of a church, Romanesque door, sun-dappled courtyard and all; it has the broken remains of an antique theatre.

BELOW AVIGNON

But what I shall always remember about Arles is its bullring. The legions of Caesar brought to Arles the strength to erect an enormous amphitheatre, towering three arches high, steeply banked by stone seats. Today just enough of it has crumbled down to make it a medium between the glory of Rome and the bourgeois enthusiasm of southern France. The arena, in its French decadence, softens the Roman qualities in these Frenchmen; and with the grandeur of its proportions it ennobles their Gallicism. These people are the better for their arena: *Panem et circenses*.

Together with a thousand or so French families I pushed my way into the enclosure and climbed the great stone steps to one of the upper rows. It was my first bullfight and I sat on the very edge of the stone bench. Several enthusiasts near me were examining "form sheets," picking the bulls and the toreadors who looked promising. A large section of the stand was occupied by a brass band, evidently home-grown, that coughed and wheezed with just enough cadence and tempo to produce something sounding vaguely like the Toreador song from "Carmen." Entire families had turned out in troop formation to watch the bullfights. Those who had come bareheaded shaded themselves from the sun with sheets of newspaper. Women waved handkerchiefs, children climbed over each other, men laughed and slapped their knees. Some sang, others sat staring in tense anticipation at the ring.

Far below, at the bottom of the stone wall formed by the tiers of stone galleries, a dirt enclosure had been carefully raked and swept for the fights. At the far end, opposite the spot where I was sitting, a heavy wooden gate swung open and the band of Spanish toreadors and matadors marched proudly into the dirt ring. They waved their tri-cornered hats and bowed low to acknowledge the applause of the crowd. They were dressed in the bright silk costume that I had always associated with Spanish bullfighters. With supreme self-confidence they took up their posts around the ring and waited for the bull.

At a given signal from a toreador gates on the side of the ring just below me were opened and a heavy bull rushed out into the ring. It was a fine specimen, with long, dangerous-looking horns. For a minute the bull seemed bewildered but then it caught sight of one of the toreadors, lowered its head, pawed the ground and charged. The man slipped behind one of the wooden screens that are placed at convenient intervals around the wall of the ring, and the bull crashed ponderously into the wall. Most of the men in the audience rose to their feet and yelled for action. The six toreadors cautiously approached the bull on foot, holding darts poised to throw. The

animal was at bay and knew it. It breathed heavily through its nostrils and snorted at the attackers. When the toreadors were about five feet away the bull charged; they sidestepped and as it lumbered by they threw their darts and stuck them in its flank. The bull then tried to shake the darts from its back; it jumped in the air, landing heavily on all fours, it lowered its head and bucked, sunfished, and kicked. But the darts stuck. Then the matador chosen to deliver the final stab, climbed over the low wooden wall and approached the bull. Hidden behind his scarlet cape was a thin steel sword. The matador bowed to the ladies in the stands, motioned to his assistants to retire and then set about the business of killing the bull. For a moment or two he waltzed around the animal, angering it by flourishing the crimson cape under its nose. The bull tried to catch the matador in its horns, but the matador always stepped agilely aside. The men in the crowd were on their feet again, watching for the blood to flow. The bull came to rest, pondering the next move and trying to catch its breath. The matador stood just in front of the animal's head, bared the steel blade, rose up on his toes, and then with lightning speed plunged the sword deep into the bull's shoulder. For ten seconds the bull swayed and then pitched heavily to earth. A pool of thick blood formed where its head touched the ground.

The crowd shouted hoarse approval of the matador, men threw their hats into the ring, the band struck up "Toreador." The heavy gates at the far end of the ring opened, two stout truck horses came out, a harness was hitched to the dead bull and its body was dragged in triumph three times around the ring, to the accompaniment of martial music and lusty cheering.



BOOKS

SOLSTICE AND OTHER POEMS, by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Reviewed by JAMES HOOVER

Jeffers's latest book will add nothing to his reputation, being very uneven in quality. The author is at his worst in the title poem, a pointless, bombastic fable in which puppet-like beings perform a variety of violent deeds. Most of the shorter pieces, excepting *The Cruel Falcon* and two sonnets, are casual, uninspired, and overloaded with thought.

At the Birth of an Age, a poetic drama filling over half the volume, is much more significant. Its curious theme involves Gudrun, wife of Attila the Hun, and her three brothers—another example of the author's detachment from contemporary life. Most of this is tense, human drama, but it peters out in a series of obscure rantings by ghosts and gods. The last twenty pages might well have been omitted.

The volume, beautifully printed by the Grabhorn Press and published by Random House, cannot be strongly recommended either as an introduction to Jeffers or to those who know him already. The latter will find most of it sadly repetitious. Jeffers, though a prolific poet, has only a limited range of subject-matter. It is probable that he has said nothing that was not better said in his first successful collection, *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems*, which in this reviewer's opinion ranks with *Leaves of Grass* at the top of American poetry. Jeffers's powers have not diminished since then, but they have stagnated, and after ten years it is high time to change the record.

LIFE WITH FATHER, by CLARENCE DAY
Reviewed by WILLIAM H. BOND

The most engaging characters met in the course of one's reading usually have the disadvantage of being fictional. Modern biographical portraiture is generally clear enough, but it is all too often cold and analytical and detached in treatment. It is seldom indeed that such a warm and human book as Clarence Day's *Life With Father* makes its appearance on the non-fiction shelf.

The elder Mr. Day certainly had a very definite character. He was warm-hearted and generous, but in return for this generosity he expected people to do things his way or not at all. He either approved, or he disapproved; there was for him no middle ground of tolerance. Above all, he was wholly and completely absorbed in the business of living—living his

way, to be sure. And when the course of human events was such that it interfered with life as he desired to live it, why, then the course of events must be changed. He felt the established order, as he knew it, to be buckling and slipping, and he went forth to bolster it up. It was in moments like these that his mental and physical activity rose to those glowing heights recorded by his admiring and (at the time) somewhat awed son.

There is, for example, the memorable time when Mr. Day returned from the city to his summer home to discover that a minor revolt among certain of the village functionaries had deprived him of the ice he needed to chill his Rhine wine. This was an insignificant household mishap, but it was sufficient to arouse its victim to instant action. We read of his descent upon the hapless village; of his inspired tirade on the inefficiency of rural tradesmen; of his sweeping success, resulting in a vast surplus of ice; and of his intense satisfaction at the close of the successful campaign.

"Father's soul was at peace . . . 'Clarence,' he said, 'King Solomon had the right idea about these things. "Whatsoever thy hand findest to do," said Solomon, "do thy damnedest."'"

That might well have been the motto of the lovable tyrant so sympathetically depicted by his eldest son and namesake. The elder Mr. Day was a man whom it would have been good to know personally, and whom it is good to know at second-hand through the medium of *Life With Father*.

HONEY IN THE HORN, by H. L. DAVIS

Reviewed by JOHN A. LESTER, JR.

Honey in the Horn, H. L. Davis' Harper Prize novel, finds its setting in Oregon in 1906-'08, a period of American history notable for its aimless individualism. While the characters and place-names are fictitious, the descriptions cover Oregon life truly and adequately. That the author has spared us from his original plan of portraying every occupation and character-type in that epoch is very comforting.

The characters of his book are men who have just discovered the opportunities and the fruitfulness of a new land. Overcome with the beauties of the country, they migrate back and forth over its mountains and plains, able to thrive at any task, yet willing to stick to none. Every man in Oregon is his own master and is bent on proving it. Clay Calvert, the central figure, is one of these pioneers. "He was the dip-nosed youth of about sixteen who had gone with the sheep to the mountains." Like the others, he "had a knob-jointed godforsakenness of expression about him, and a mean-spoken sassiness that kept people from being pleasant to him even when they wanted

BOOKS

to." Clay's adventures lead us into every phase of early Oregon life, through each experience of its impressive beauty. Mr. Davis has a remarkable knowledge of the occupations, amusements, and environments of his characters, as well as a pleasing way of presenting them.

But *Honey in the Horn* leaves the reader with the impression that there is not quite enough plot to hold together the lengthy details of background. Descriptions of every sort of life—from hop-picking to horse-trading—move on with monotonous completeness. To be sure, the characters are described in a humorous local dialect, and each man has his own eccentricity. But the novelty soon wears off, leaving nothing worthy of our attention besides a thin and over-strained plot. It is a credit to Mr. Davis's knowledge of pioneer life and pioneer lingo that the book is made readable at all. His work is interesting as a descriptive picture, but does not contain the plot and development necessary in a novel.

THE FURYS, by JAMES HANLEY

Reviewed by J. R. DIEHL

More than once this novel made me quite forget my immediate surroundings and lose myself in the lives of the Furys. Any book which has the power to cause such self-forgetfulness in the reader surely ranks among the best. This story is marked by strong realism and a large measure of excitement.

The Furys are a proletarian family living in an industrial port in England. Mrs. Fury is a monumental character. From her husband, three sons and a daughter, Mrs. Fury chooses her youngest son, Peter, as the apple of her eye. In him she centres all her love and hope. For years she stints herself and even drives her other children away from her in order to educate Peter for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

After seven long years in a priests' college, the poor boy fails. He never wanted to be a priest. And besides, he has a weakness for the opposite sex. To young readers especially, Peter will be very interesting. He is an ungrateful wretch who utterly destroys his mother's happiness.

There are scenes of intense emotionalism in *The Furys*, such as the riot scenes during the general strike. There are also scenes of violent rage and voluptuous passion. Yet occasionally there is a scene full of quietness, that proves Mr. Hanley's ability to write about the joyful moments in life as well as the turbulent ones.

Nobody who fears relentless reality should read *The Furys*. The reader cannot help feeling depressed by many passages. One might even accuse Mr. Hanley of being just a little too pessimistic.

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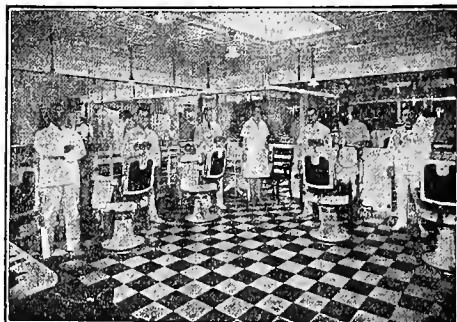
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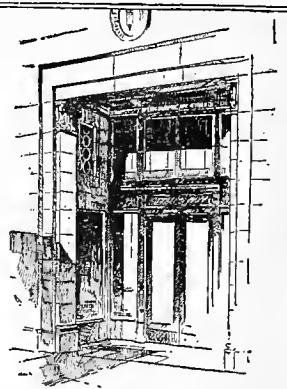
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—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
in *A Child's Garden of Verse*.

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Economics: What's It All About?

By JAMES D. HOOVER

MY FORMER roommate, who wants to be a doctor, refused to fall in with the rest and sign up for Ec. 1, endorsing his father's view that there weren't any economic problems that couldn't be solved by just plain common sense.

Later I began to realize the inadequacy of his statement. Consider what the economic structure of the United States has become—look at it, like the technocrats, as a single organism, machine, or factory. As such it would be the most complicated thing going in the variety of its millions of parts and the complexity of the interrelations among them.

Something goes wrong with this machine; it sputters. A number of things happen, affecting a number of other things. How far will common sense go in fixing it?

I can't imagine any medical student telling a patient suffering from hardening of the arteries or cancer to stop worrying and use his common sense. On the contrary: a simple pain, he admonishes, may be a warning of almost anything. Yet even more complex are the ills that befall our economic body: more manifold in both cause and effect.

There's another difference. The medical world is run entirely by highly-trained specialists. In time of sickness the doctor is absolute dictator of what is to be done. But in the political field we have few fascists. We believe the people should have all the say in deciding anything affecting their economic welfare.

But what do the people know about economics? Plainly the average voter is no highly trained specialist, yet this is a field in which specialists are needed even more than in medicine. Argument No. 1 of the fascists is undeniably true: people do not know what is good for them. In time of economic sickness they are at the greatest loss to know what to do.

Everyone knows already that the voter doesn't decide according to reason. He is no scholar of economic affairs. Even freed of prejudices he wouldn't be able to decide the best economic policy on the basis of his knowledge.

What the honest voter usually does is to decide on other than economic grounds. Moral questions are easy to settle. Even political and social reforms can be pretty well understood. For instance: a proposal to regulate child

ECONOMICS: WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

labor is not hard to evaluate. This type of proposal may actually originate among the masses of voters. But people are no longer even qualified to pass on economic bills, let alone propose them. They don't spontaneously decide that recovery can be promoted by raising the price level rather than lowering it.

So the 1936 voter, unable to answer the question, "Has recovery come because or in spite of New Deal economic policies?" will turn instead to: "Has the government a moral right to interfere in private business?" or "Is it decent to change the Constitution?" Here are things one can have a sure opinion on and issues one can warm up to. But the important things, the economic questions, elude a flip decision. The voter, sensing a need for some changes, has no way of telling the genuine improvements from the mass of Utopian hokum offered him.

Admitted, that people do not know what's good for them. Another question is, can they learn? Almost everyone (except fascists) is agreed that the best thing in the world for the country would be universal education in economics. If the voter is to do his job as doctor to the economic structure, it is absolutely essential for him to have special training supplementing his "common sense."

As a prospective voter I soberly enrolled in Ec. 1. What a shock was in store for me! As the course went on I and my classmates became more and more confused. I have forgotten now most of what was taught in that course. The one thing I remember most clearly is that, while members of the class picked out various points in an argument and defended them hotly, the professor on the platform smiled and smiled and refused to commit himself. That struck me as typical of economics.

In almost any other field one can learn something by studying, but in economics one can grind fearfully and still get nowhere. Ec. 1 and Soc. 1a are the most reviled courses in College (as are their equivalents in every other college). Not because the students are not interested—that honor must be reserved for "Bug 1". Most of those enrolled are curious, but the platitudes that are dished out to them do nothing to satisfy their curiosity.

We studied Economic Principles and Problems. The principles consisted of the most obvious truisms developed to the point of confusion. On the basis of economic principles there is no way of weighing the importance of the various factors in an actual economic situation. At the close of a chapter in the text all that can be written is, conclusions: none. So much for economic principles.

Then we were introduced to some of the leading economic problems. My usual reaction was: "Well, I never knew that before, but if that's true, then what the author says must be right." Telling beginners the answer to economic problems without their knowing the technical matters involved is much like telling them the answers to algebraic equations without letting them know what the equations were, but only the general principles of adding, multiplying, etc. Courses in economic problems should be limited to grad students. Only they have the knowledge of the structure and behavior of economic society that will enable them to know why there really are problems and what can be appropriately done about them. These advanced courses in money and banking, corp. finance, transportation, and so on, that describe definite things are valuable: I do not criticize them.

But the average voter can never take all these advanced courses and wouldn't want to if he could. He can take the equivalent of Ec. 1, but how much will he get out of that?

Democracy is in a predicament. The voter in the first place is unequipped to decide economic questions. In the second place he couldn't equip himself if he wanted to, so confused is the "science" of economics.

There are no pat conclusions that can be drawn up for an article on this subject.

Prophecy

By CARL WILBUR

IT IS seldom that a man in my walk of life is confronted with the expression of thoughts on the Nature of Man. A life spent in the kitchens of men, the creeping warp on the mind as, day after day, the same gleaming stacks of utensils are prepared for the food of the many I serve, this is not the background of one who is sought out by others whose reflection on *their* routine existence goads them to confidence. Long ago when I decided that contentment with my menial lot was as sweet as the view of the full moon through the leafless autumnal air, I realized that I should thenceforth keep such a discovery to myself. The philosophers, I thought to myself, might use me as an example of an attitude of mind, but a disparity in knowledge would always keep us from meeting on common ground. And time proved my theory. It was only when the opportunity came of sharing this Nature in speech that I was forced to recall, momentarily, the experience at its origin.

A new hand, a lad, had been put on the force. It was he who, with the grace of youth, took up the work I had finished and, stepping from the faded light of my recess, waited at the meal of the masters. And it happened that while I was going about my duties I placed something closer to his reach. That was all. In the haste of our work the incident would have been readily forgotten had he not taken cognizance of my action, had I not looked at his face.

When he came to me, anxious yet formal in his youth, I recognized the expression.

I have heard many a boy out—they talk copiously of hopes, discoveries and disappointments, with pleas and a complete gaining of one's sympathy, with painful disregard for the import of these thoughts taken from man's eternity. When this one undertook prophecy I started at his theme and wondered at the motivation of it. When I found that he was acquainted with Lucretius and wanted to add a fifth chapter to Walter Pater's *Gaston de Latour* in the light of his generation, I felt that the reader must have it.

I claim only the preceding introduction to his story. Let him begin: "I loved a girl. We were young—*younger than the youth I am now*—

but we loved with an understanding worthy of any pair in the history of that emotion. We were children of neighboring families—families of wealth and of ennobling tradition. We shared our books, our efforts, our time. We walked and studied by day, in the delicate warmth of the Spring's day and the piercing bleakness of the Winter's day; we walked and sang by night, in the tenderness of the Summer's night, in the beautiful tightness of the Fall's. And fate took her away—to the other end of the land.

“But we had watched our garden don Nature's garment; had poked at the flower and seed before we heard of atoms and cells. We saved the cicada's coat and watched the rhythm of blooming. We saw the *order* in all of Nature.”

He drew a book from his pocket and read, “‘her eyes suggest the apricot, her eyebrows the crescent moon, the light of her eyes the silent waters of an autumn lake, her teeth are like the seeds of the pomegranate, her waist like the weeping willows and her fingers like the spring bamboo-shoots.’”

“Driven by loneliness at her departure I entered the world; religion and introspection greeted me and introduced me to fear and rationalization. I learned what it meant to *experience* acts and *live*. And I found it distasteful. It was not the disillusion of a sheltered life but the recognition that a better life was attainable.

“So I come to my prophecy.

“My generation will find that the study of Nature is the highest good. Precisely what do I mean? you ask.

“With my first *experience* of life I found that man has a basis for his acts. Express that anyway you will. Religion has offered a basis, a measuring rod which the philosophers do not accept. The latter, in turn, offer bases divergent and confusing. Yet man seeks an ultimate court of appeal to say that this act is right and that wrong.

“How does the basis of Nature promote the highest good? It offers first a tangible basis in the form of the Universe. The fear of the unseen is gone. The scientific investigations which I have seen in my short time are the beginning of the end of knowing all that is to be known about the Universe. The doubt, the perplexity vanishes.

“Man is ready for the contemplation of Nature. Its economy, its order, its health, serenity, utility and purposefulness, *all* will teach man, its highest creation.

“Ready then? yes, and ready now. Man doesn't probe the grain of his altar to find the reason for his prayer. If Nature forever withholds its inmost

SONNET

heart-throb it will be just as well. We can but hint at, not speak the Truth.

“And will man take his cue? What is his cue? You and I do not have to speak of that. We saw it in our faces in the kitchen.”



Sonnet

By WILLIAM H. MYER

*When Achilles struck on the harp, he sang a song
Of love that was free. The birds, and trees, and sky,
The dark and surf-beaten rocks, the lonely cry
Of a hawk on the wing were not in his song.
The greenness of valley, the greyness of hill, strong
In the light and blue of the sky, the waters that lie
Still at noon, and are stirred by the wind and sigh
At night with heart-rending murmurs—make not the song.
The tale he told was of love, of love that was free
And high, of the turbulent paths of the soul, the rite
Of secret prayer, of exorbitant joy in life,
Of decadence and despair, of Death—how three
Went out at morning, and two came back at night,
Of a day's madness cut short by the turn of a knife.*

A Staff to Lean On

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

THEY rest forever together, all of them, in the cities and villages along the summer river, in hot damp beds in narrow houses on the streets next to the river. Grandfather Lecluse in St. Louis in 1793, trader in furs, with summer off for resting in St. Louis drinking and gambling. The hairiest man of his day, they said. A great black beard flopping wearily on his chest. Hair sticking out of his ears and his nose, hair curling down his arms and hands, eyebrows meeting in a line and drooping down his nose. The whole running and dripping with sweat and crawling with the things that crawl. When he was drunk there was his huge laugh, and when it was heard there was general understanding on Front Street, and also on the street next to Front Street. Then when fall came the great hairy man cast the liquor and his women from him together and went striding into the forest to look after his traps and to prepare for another summer like the one that had just been finished.

Down in Cape Girardeau there was Aunt Sally Moore, who had kept an inn in days gone by for the men who plied the boats up and down the river. She was known to all of them, and they stopped off with Sally when they touched at the Cape. Now she shivered with the cold, winter or hottest summer, and on occasional Tuesdays or Fridays was carried screaming in hysterical convulsions to her room and wrapped in thick warm quilts until her spell should pass.

Farther still in rotting Cairo, populated with rats and sleeping negroes, Cairo waiting and watching the seeping behind the levee, there was Johnnie Barban paralyzed with drink, sleeping and waking and talking well when his tongue would move, and drinking trying to outlive one or two of those around him.

And in Memphis a hundred darkeys sitting in doorways waiting, or sprawling lazily waiting, a hundred in a row. And in the middle of the row a white man sprawling like the blacks, talking to the negro by him occasionally. When the white man opened his mouth to speak his teeth were large and white, and shone cleanly, but there was something about his eyes, a yellowness about his eyes that faded and came back more strongly, and there was the way he slouched his body, and anyone who stopped to look knew about him, and about what he was.

A STAFF TO LEAN ON

In Vicksburg there was a great rolling bulging negress, long since passed a great age. She grinned toothlessly, and moved from resting place to resting place leaning on two strong women and a heavy cane. She might have been able to tell something about the man on the levee in Memphis, the man with the vague yellowness about his eyes. Or perhaps she could not have remembered after so many years. In eighty years a great many persons had formed a part of her life. An Indian here and there, black Africans from Mississippi or white bumpkins from the hills or the men black and white and yellow waiting on street corners in Vicksburg, chewing plug tobacco and spitting into the gutter or the women black and white and yellow waiting and smoking clay pipes until their teeth were black and rotten. Surely the man in Memphis remembered nothing of the old woman, but he should have remembered being a part of her, and a part of the drunken degenerate Johnnie Barban in Cairo, and a greater part of Grandpère Lecluse, and all a part of the river, and also Antoine in New Orleans.

Antoine Legrand, tasting smatterings of elegance and of starvation, with no inbetweens, sipping thick coffee from fine china, or gnawing stale bread, and wondering elegantly why it was, why it was . . .

They died, all of them died, and also the Indians and yokels from the hills who came to the river sometimes, and none of them cared more than a little, and out of them all came Monique, with a legacy of blackest hair and a clear cool skin, and eyes of liquid brown.

When she was small there had been a great illness, and she had lain on her bed in a small stifling room for week after week waiting and wondering like her father in New Orleans whom she had never seen, Antoine Legrand in New Orleans whom she had never seen, and her skin was clear and cool, like that of one of her forgotten predecessors, and her dark hair and passive eyes were like those of some rare lovely Indian left behind. Her illness healed slowly and incompletely, since there was little strength in her heritage, and while she waited she had time to think. In joy she lifted her arms to the sky, and the sky was a ceiling of cracked plaster, and in sorrow and pain she let them drop over the sides of her narrow bed, and she knew that there was a capacity for a great love in her fragile body.

Monique was well in time, or as well as she would be, and there was Gerald beside her always, Gerald peering at her loveliness, and she waited and wondered, and there were tears in the eyes that never seemed to care, and Gerald was near her. Gerald's hands were warm and electric when he touched hers, and she was cold, and Gerald was at her side, and she loved

Gerald and Gerald loved Monique and all the while she knew that this love was the great love that was to be hers, the only one, since there could be but one.

Gerald went away, and Gerald came again, and her love grew, consuming her as it went until there was little left but her great beauty. But Gerald's love waned and died, and she held on to him as long as she had strength, and her beauty came to be a sad beauty, leaving tears again in the liquid brown eyes reminiscent of Antoine Legrand sipping thick coffee from fine china, or of an Indian woman looking into the sun from a far hill. Her love went on alone, even when Gerald was gone finally, for there was a great love to be fulfilled, and dreams are easy, but there was a pain in her, inherited from ancestors weaker even than Monique. A pain preserved in a fragile heart and fed slowly by an unhappy poverty. And now her heart was shattered finally, and her frail body broke under the onrush of the great pain that had welled up during many generations.

Gerald came back when he heard that Monique was ill, but he could not conceal his boredom, and when he was gone she shrugged her shoulders and the memory of love was gone away. But though the love was gone the pain remained, and each day added a small portion, until in the end Monique learned that it helped stifle the cries somehow if she tore the palms of her hands with her nails until they were ripped open, just as when her head throbbed it helped to beat it on the pillow. But the pain was there, deep inside, and it would never come out. It was at different points, and from each it shot out, deeper and deeper within her until she was blinded rocking to and fro in breathless horror on her bed. Aunt Jane Marley nursed her, and joked with her about Gerald and the dead love, and told her that she would be well and strong in a little and then there would be others, and it was foolish to take on so over one no account man, and she had no way of knowing what had gone on generations back up and down the river bringing final agony and despair to Monique. And as Aunt Jane talked Monique became only less weary, waiting and wondering, and lifting her arms up to the sky. She never left her bed, and the pain came and went, leaving her weaker each time and she was blinded with forgetfulness and stupor and the medicines Aunt Jane put into her arm and later she forgot everything before the rushing of her pain, and still her skin was clear and cool when it was washed and her eyes were passive and brown and within she raged and burned, and there was nothing to do, nothing to do after she had forgotten, and she had forgotten.

A STAFF TO LEAN ON

We try to give them something to do with their hands, the man in the white coat said smiling, and Monique could not remember, except that there were to be seven. Seven in a row, shining and gleaming. And the man in the white coat smiling the set smile of those who smile repeatedly said yes there would be seven of course, and he had them send her what she needed, and wrote in his book that she had a beautiful talent with her hands and put the book away and forgot it, after the fashion of those who make notes in books.

There were five already, five thin lovely eggshell teacups without handles, such as would have delighted Antoine Legrand, though Grandpère Lecluse would have roared laughing. Teacups painted with Monique's brush.

Monique painted them with Chinese figures stepping daintily over painted bridges, funny high-arched Chinese bridges over toy streams, or fantasies of kings and battles, all Chinese, or parades of men dressed in robes of silk, in glaringly bright colors, or lovely women resting by the streams or languishing on couches, and the faces of the women had a curious blankness about them and the faces of the men were the faces of Gerald, and Monique had forgotten Gerald and intended to reproduce nothing, except bright colors, and that only because they gave her the materials with which to amuse herself, and yet there was Gerald, and it set Monique to wondering, and trying to grope out a bit of remembrance, but she could not, it was strange, strange, and then she no longer cared, there was her pain again, and there could be no caring, no remembering, only the piercing agony of an old pain. There were six then, and finally she set to work on the last, knowing and somehow relieved that it was the last. It was right that they should end, one does not go on forever painting teacups, there is a number after which they end, and the number was seven. So for the last she sought to grope again and made the decoration for the cup unlike the fantasies on the rest, but instead a chain of faces, and each of the faces was alike in expression, though the hair on each, or the noses or the ears or something varied. The expression was alike, and it was the expression of Gerald when he went away, and Monique could not bring herself to remember, though there were times when she felt as though she was about to remember, and then suddenly it would no longer be important and all the progress toward the final remembrance would be swept away, and Monique knew that it would always be just that, and she could not seem to care.

When they were done at last, all seven of them, shining and sparkling with their rich color, Monique set them on a shelf, as she had been requested

to, and one or two of those who cared for her admired their delicacy and told the man in the white coat that they were something that should be seen, and he wondered why, but came to see, forgetting his earlier note, as all of his earlier notes, and he came and saw, and said Monique, why seven? They're lovely, but why seven? Seven is all, sir, she said, when a thing is done it is done sir, and seven is all. They're lovely, he said again, will you make more? No, she said, I cannot make more, they are finished, and she took her finger and upset them one by one, and watched them crash onto the floor. Monique, he cried, what a foolish thing, they're all broken, all your lovely teacups gone, why? I have been reading Thomas à Kempis, she said, you know, the *Imitation of Life*. Yes, he said, the *Imitation of Christ*. As I was saying, she said firmly, I was reading the *Imitation of Life* and I thought it was not very interesting. I put it down at the second page, I put it down. Yes, he said. Then suddenly she fell to her knees laughing and began to pick up the pieces and drop them again, laughing and laughing, and she laughed more and more, making more noise, and they led her away and put her in a place where she would not disturb the patients, and she laughed again, louder and longer, and it seemed as though she would not stop laughing.

Two Thousand Dollars

By JOSEPH R. CARSON

OFFICER NUMBER 97360, known to his associates at the station-house as Jim Kennedy, pulled his collar closer to his neck and leaned forward into the driving rain. He was thoroughly miserable. His feet hurt. They always hurt nowadays, pounding the pavements night after night. It was a wretched night to be outside anyway. Why couldn't he have a home and family, be sitting before his fireplace now with a paper and smokes? His thoughts drifted to Margie O'Neill, his fiancee, and the day when they would marry and get away from this stinking city. Two thousand dollars would buy that chicken farm over in Jersey. Then chuck this job and settle down to married life in the country. But two thousand iron men. It would take years to save that much on a patrolman's salary.

Jim Kennedy, the man, became Officer Kennedy again as he snapped out of it and headed for the next corner to call in his report to the station-house. A figure approaching from the opposite end of the block stopped and fished in his pockets. His cupped hands held a match to a drooping cigarette. The flickering glow showed a lean Irish face, lips clamped tight on the cigarette, a light felt hat braving the rain. Jim started. He'd recognize that face in the darkest alley in the precinct. As he stepped forward the light felt hat turned suddenly then tilted forward leaving visible only the glow of the cigarette as the match was discarded. Nervous feet shuffled rapidly forward.

When Jim spoke his voice was strained and forced. "Don! You fool!"

"Jim? Is that you? I was trying to get up to New York."

"You've got a car, haven't you?"

"Yeah. Around the corner, but . . ." Seconds passed in the darkness. A ridge appeared along the line of the cop's jaw and his eyes darted back and forth in quickly nervous agitation. After an age, he spoke in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "Get goin', Don."

Jim remained where he was. Once he made as if to start after him but the corner soon hid the slim figure from view. It hadn't been Don's fault, he thought. He just had a typical Irish need for good clothes and a car. And then those rats, the Forsetti bunch, would have been a bad influence on any young kid. As he finally turned and headed for the call-box his feet dragged, scarcely lower than his heart. He reached the call-box and rang up.

"Number 97360. Hello Sarg. No, nothing doing. Everything quiet. No, haven't seen him." He rang off.

While crossing the street his eye fell on a placard revealed by the steaming glow of a street-light. It was of a familiar type but Kennedy glanced at it curiously. He'd read it a dozen times before; knew every word of it. The usual stuff—Wanted by Police, Reward \$2,000 Dead or Alive. There followed a picture of a smooth Irish face, remarkably similar to that of Kennedy himself. The similarity was explained in the ensuing description—Donald C. Kennedy, age 22, height 5 feet 11 inches, and so on.

Jim Kennedy pulled his collar closer to his neck and leaned forward into the driving rain.



Haverfordian Review

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

"Bother"
"Piffle"
"Shucks"
And, "Damn"
Are rare in the "Haverfordian":
When in despair the heroes plod,
They ever mumble, to a man,
"My God!"

Campus Trees

By ROBERT C. ALEXANDER

A STRANGER standing at the entrance to Haverford College on Lancaster Pike invariably remarks, "What a beautiful campus!" As he looks past Merion Field, the skating pond, and up the slope to Roberts Hall and Barclay, he is genuinely impressed by the scene. The trees, half-concealing, half-revealing the campus buildings, seem to form an integral part of the picture. But no individual tree distinguishes itself from the others. The stranger is unaware that many of Haverford's trees are distinctive individuals commemorating important incidents both on and off the campus. Some have historical interest, others have a sentimental interest.

The first tree we examine is the class tree. Each year a tree is planted with solemn ceremony by the members of the graduating class who devoutly hope that the tree may survive the ordeal and become their personal representative on the campus in the future. If all goes well, the tree will grow and become the pride of the particular class that planted it. Perhaps it will be many years before these graduates return to the campus but when they do, they will see their class tree growing where they planted it, reminding them of four years of life at the college. The class of '36 was unfortunate enough to choose a Siberian elm for a class tree. Although the hardiest of the elms, it is subject to elm blight and therefore its continued existence is relatively insecure.

If we go past the library, we see a large Osage Orange prostrate on the ground just outside of the sunken garden. It was planted there in 1833 by William Carvill, the landscape gardener who planned the college campus over a hundred years ago. This Osage Orange really commemorates the founding of Haverford College. Recently it has become a playground for children who like to play tag among its branches.

Southeast of the circle in front of Founders Hall we come upon a large American elm. In order to discover the significance of this stately tree we have to go back to the years when William Penn was organizing his new province called Pennsylvania, which Charles II had given to him. When Penn arrived with his band of immigrants on the *Welcome* in 1682, one of his most important acts on this first visit to the new world was to make peace with the Indians and secure land from them for his little band of set-

ters. He wanted his new province to thrive without the probability of the Indians massacring all of his colony. So he approached the Indians with an attitude of friendliness which was almost an innovation in the English colonies. Penn disapproved of the old proverb that the only good Indian is a dead Indian and agreed to meet his future friends, the chiefs of the Delaware or Lenape Indians at Shackamaxon, meaning "the place of the eels" (now Kensington) on June 23, 1683. This spot had been used as a meeting place by the Indians even before the arrival of the white men. A large elm grew at Shackamaxon and beneath its branches Penn made the treaty with the Indians which endeared him to them and made him their lifelong friend. Joshua Baily secured a cutting from this tree, since that time called the Penn Treaty Elm, and presented it to the college where it was planted and has attained a considerable size. When it had grown sufficiently, cuttings were taken from it and seven of them, trees now, are growing on the slope beyond Barclay. A storm uprooted and destroyed the elm at Shackamaxon but our tree, a part of that tree, is still alive forming a living link between our college and William Penn, the founder of our state, who found out that the Indians were not really as bad as they were painted.

At the entrance to the Nature Walk there is a small Franklinia tree. Franklinia was discovered growing in groves along the banks of the Altamaha River in the vicinity of Fort Barrington, Georgia. Unlike most trees, Franklinia has large, beautiful flowers in the fall. Beyond noting that it was a new variety, no particular attention was given it at that time. Again, in 1790, William Bartram found Franklinia growing along the banks of the Altamaha and he collected specimens and sent them to his brother, John Bartram, who had a nursery in Germantown. From there they were introduced into cultivation in many parts of the United States and even in Europe. But since the time when William Bartram discovered them no explorer or naturalist has ever been able to find Franklinia trees growing wild, although many have gone in search of them. The only specimens we have are lineal descendants grown from cuttings of the Bartram tree in Philadelphia.

Unable to offer a satisfactory solution to the apparent disappearance of the wild Franklinia, we leave this small tree and turn toward the west. Soon we find ourselves approaching the northwestern corner of Walton Field. Near the corner of the field two parallel rows of pine trees afford us protection from the cool breezes. This group of pines is the Sykes Memorial. Not many years ago Bill Sykes was an undergraduate at Haverford. He liked sports and was particularly proficient in track. If you were to look at the

CAMPUS TREES

list of records established on the Haverford track, you would see Bill Sykes' name beside the 220-yard low hurdles. He made this record in the Middle Atlantic States Championship meet held at Haverford in 1929 running the distance in 24 4-5 seconds. He was interested in other sports and activities besides track and those who knew him at college still have a very warm place in their heart for him. After graduation, he and Jack Hartman, another Haverford man, set out on an automobile trip through New England and Canada and about a month later they reached Ottawa. They knew of a lake in that city and they went swimming in its comparatively warm waters. There Bill Sykes was drowned. His family established a fund to erect a memorial to him on the campus. His friends remembered how he used to complain of the cold wind blowing across the campus from the west while he was working on the track and how he had desired some sort of shelter at the beginning of the straightaway. So two rows of pine trees were planted on the west side of the track and this group was named the William Henry Sykes Memorial.

BOOKS

THE ASIATICS, by FREDERIC PROKOSCH, Haverford, '25

Reviewed by JOHN A. LESTER, JR.

A book which has its chief interest in travel rarely achieves success as a novel. Yet *The Asiatics*, a book of wanderings through Asia, is interesting and extremely readable. Mr. Prokosch possesses a deeply poetic ability to describe the spirit of that "final tragic land." Brilliant and restless in its movement, quiet and meditative in its style, *The Asiatics* is a beautiful picture of the Asian way of life.

Events mean little in a novel of this nature. The story is of a young American wandering through the Eastern World because of some inner urge to see it and feel it. His travels take him from Syria to China, he is imprisoned by Turks, escapes and wanders southward, becomes assistant to a lonely doctor in a dismal jungle.

Incidents in the novel form no continuous plot; they are used to display the various aspects of the Asiatic mind. Asia is a land of unhappiness. Centuries of eternal time have shown the vanity of human wishes. Disillusionment has grown on the people. The unchanging eternity in the universe has beaten them into listlessness. "Everything exists forever everywhere," and there is nothing new under the sun. The Asiatic is afraid of death and yet beyond fear. "The true Asiatic is never happy. Because he desires nothing that he can see or touch. He looks forward to nothing in this life, . . . He has given up hope in life." The sad continent seems to exist as a great, misty sphere, unaltered by time and space. Futile wisdom begins to decay, "For Asia, . . . is the final tragic land."

The impressionistic manner which Mr. Prokosch uses has one ill effect. It tends to treat the personality of the traveler who tells the story as a group of whims and desires. One feels that this observer is nothing more than the sum of his "fatiguing little conversations" and his "loathsome excitements about this and that." His personality thus seems a hollow thing; it leaves an annoying cavity in the reality of the book. It might be said, too, that the novel depends too much on coincidence in its action. But these characteristics of the work are unimportant. The author's superb ability to sense the spirit of Asia and its people, to express emotions suddenly and clearly, makes *The Asiatics* an excellent novel.

BOOKS

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE, by SINCLAIR LEWIS

Reviewed by HUBERT R. TAYLOR

By presuming on current history and anticipating what might happen in America a year hence, Sinclair Lewis attempts to vindicate the democratic principles of tolerance, civil rights and opportunity for the development of the individual as opposed to fascism and communism. Admitting the present sordidness of the republic and the impossibility of a perfect state of society, he turns to Jeffersonian doctrines to bolster up the common man against his exploiters.

The reader is introduced to Doremus Jessup, small-town, Yankee journalist, who modestly reveres his political and social heritage however unpretentious it may be. From his peaceful, comparatively secure environment, he suddenly becomes a citizen of an America that goes fascist in 1936. For the remainder of the story one is interested in Jessup's reactions, and his analyses of a standardized, security-craving America and their especial bearing on his preconceived ideas of society and authority. Mr. Lewis follows his favorite theme—the rebellion of an individual against society—in portraying Jessup's refusal to bow to a tyrannical regime which, directed by Business, has mobilized the depression-weary millions as the League of Forgotten Men to do their bidding and turned them loose upon the country to enjoy the delusion of having come into their own. The hero tries to be indifferent to the new order, is then recalcitrant, and finally counter-revolutionary. In the last analysis, what Jessup really works for is tolerance. He had always scorned reformers; but while beset with difficulty, he wavers and denounces people like himself for having let the wrong people control the government without a strong protest. There had to be, he reasoned, reformers to rouse comfortable, well-to-do persons to action for the adjustment of a wrong. No, it wasn't the fault of Business or the demagogues. He dismisses communism as being equally arbitrary and ruthless. Though his faith in the lower classes is shaken, he suspects that what America needs is an impelling, creative urge to guide all toward a mutually advantageous goal.

The author has succeeded admirably in creating by means of individual portraits a composite of life in the new America submerged in an atmosphere of insecurity and brutality. But he is overbearing in his insistence on the irony of the mob's actions and does not allow for the dispassionate and intelligent abilities of the directors of the regime. Although the reader is left to speculate on just what form of authority is reasonable (due to generali-

zations which are inevitably qualified), he is brought to appreciate the social and political implications of present-day trends.

BLOOD RELATIONS, by PHILIP GIBBS

Reviewed by J. R. DIEHL

The story of *Blood Relations* brings in much that to a post-war generation is exceedingly interesting. The romantic love story of Paul von Arnsberg and Audrey Middleton by itself is insignificant. Nor is the description of the mere physical horrors and sufferings of war the most significant part of this novel. What is really important in this book is a faithful description of the spiritual changes which during the World War and since have taken place in individuals and in nations.

Broadly speaking, the writer shows the self-confident nationalism which obtained in Europe at the beginning of the World War, the process of disillusionment and loss of faith during the War, the breakdown of morality and the increase in cynicism after the War, and finally the regrowth of nationalism.

Furthermore, the writer brings out with remarkable clearness the differences between sets of national characteristics. He points out, for example, that the English have no reverence for authority, that they hold almost nothing sacred from their sense of wit and yet keep up their stiff personal reserve. Likewise, he shows that the Germans obey authority blindly, that in general they take life as a very serious matter and still have a frailty for sentimentalism.

By means of the characters of Paul and Audrey, Sir Philip Gibbs makes a study of conflicting loyalties. Paul tries his best to be a good German officer but at the same time he finds he cannot possibly make himself hate the English. Had he not an English governess when he was a little child? Is he not blest with a lovely English wife, who is the mother of his son? In similar fashion, Audrey divides her sympathies between her own people and her husband's people.

Sir Philip's style is not always above censure. He uses repetition in an extremely annoying way, especially in the first few chapters of the book. Either he expects the reader to be amused by the humorous repetition of phrases or explanations, or he thinks the reader has an inferior mind which requires constant repetition of ideas. Besides, he has most of his characters speak of things to come with a prophetic accuracy that is almost ridiculous. Finally, Sir Philip fails to conceal his personal love for England. But in a

DRAMA

way that failure is hardly a fault because it inspires more than a few beautiful descriptive passages.



DRAMA

PORGY AND BESS

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN; Libretto by DUBOSE HEYWARD

Reviewed by GEORGE B. BOOKMAN

To people who delve into such matters it is a problem whether or not this grand, burgeoning country of ours is ripe for a native opera. Attempts to produce something as typically American as Wagner is typically German have been made in the past. They have not been brilliantly successful.

George Gershwin, presenting what he terms "an American folk opera," makes a legitimate attempt to create a truly native opera. The picture of negro life in Charleston, S. C., that he attempts to give in song and music had already been done as a novel and later as a play by Dubose Heyward. Gershwin singled out this theme as a properly native and indigenous topic for an opera and he worked with Heyward to mould his story of Catfish Row into something worthy of the title, *opera*. A touch of Hollywood, in fact a burst of Hollywood, was imported with Rouben Mamoulian who is responsible for the direction of the piece. Aside from Gershwin, Mamoulian turns out to be the finest artist of the group. He has used his all-negro cast, his simple but authentic sets and the characteristic attitudes and motions of the colored race to build an atmosphere of poetic realism that almost rivals in depth of feeling some of the songs by Gershwin.

The music deserves comment. It is jazz in full dress. Jazz with a white tie and a top hat, all set for the opera. But it isn't removed from the character of the people who sing it. In spite of the fact that it falls readily into accepted operatic form, Gershwin's music expresses vividly the tempo of the colored population of Catfish Row.

The mystical religious faith of the race is strikingly embodied in "Leavin' Fo' De Promis' Lan'"; their whole-souled love of jazz rhythm is brought out in "A Woman is a Sometime Thing" and the dances executed with such verve by Sportin' Life, the dope peddler.

Many of the most familiar phases of American life are not yet ripe for

translation into so heavy a medium as opera. But negro life, one of the oldest types of civilization in this young country, has reached maturity. Gershwin has caught its spirit and made a vigorous and successful attempt to mold it into material worthy of operatic form.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, *Dramatized from Jane Austen's Novel by HELEN JEROME*

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* has waited a long time for the dramatist capable of transforming the wise and witty novel into a lively comedy. Such a service Miss Jerome has performed; she has written a sentimental comedy that is all an admirer of the original could desire.

Miss Jerome has followed the novelist loyally in the reproduction of late eighteenth century manners and sentiments, portrayed by Miss Austen in the spirit of kindly criticism. On stage, as in the novel, the Bennets of Longbourne represent the upper level of provincial society. Pompous formality rules their social intercourse; subtle malice rather than generous affection is always piercing the polite surface polish. Young gentlemen must be wary of maidens whose family trees include a creature so gross as a merchant or lawyer. Young ladies are out to catch husbands of social and financial worth. Mothers think only of arranging marriage for their daughters. On the surface at least this is all quite foreign to us and gives us many a chuckle. A more emotional, though slighter, pleasure comes when we contemplate the sentimental maiden to whom disappointed love brings dangerous illness.

On the mechanical side of adaptation Miss Jerome has taken obvious liberties, and her changes are wise and few. Retaining the essentials of plot, she has transferred a few of the scenes, eliminated non-dramatic elements, and quietly omitted two Bennet children who would be very much in the way on the present occasion.

To make Miss Jerome's dramatization even more satisfying, three well-chosen actresses interpret the leading roles. Lucile Watson is all flutters and misdirected energy as the mother who is exactly what a mother never should be. Helen Chandler is believably pale and angelic as the languishing Jane, and Adrienne Allen's shrewd but affectionate Elizabeth is full of spirit and charm. These three and their companions, in spite of a tendency toward caricature, are all fully recognizable as Miss Austen's creations and contribute a great deal toward making her novel delightful in terms of the theatre.

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Ryecroft: Bibliophile *William H. Bond*

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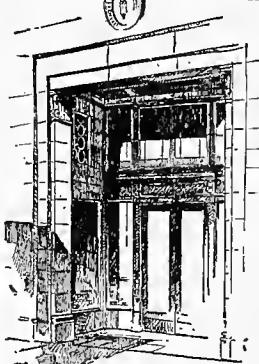
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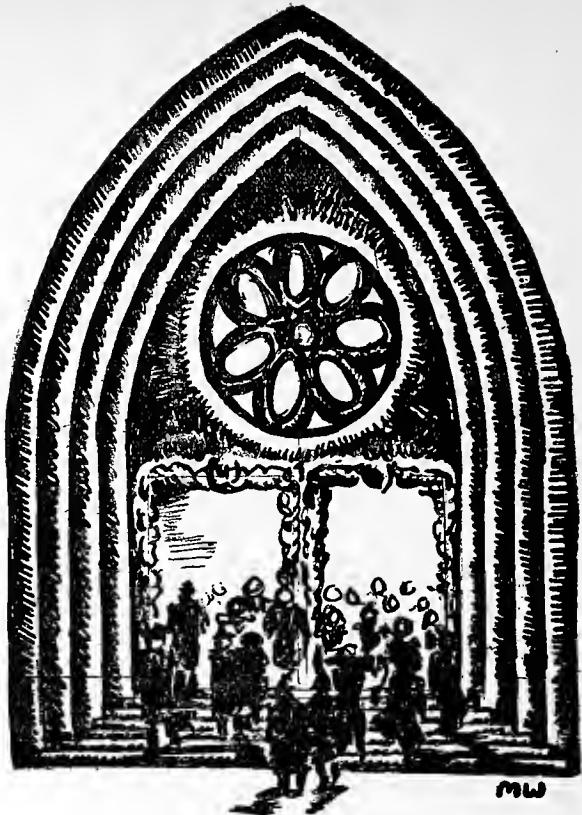
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Christmas Day In The Morning

By W. S. KINNEY, JR.



OUTSIDE there was the dull yellowness of street lamps shining through the large snowflakes falling in irregular confusion from the crisp black vault of the sky. The sidewalk was already covered with an inch-thick coating of white, and the lone passerby trod gingerly, apparently fearful of breaking its fragile beauty, seeming to feel as though he were trampling upon rare and lovely old china. Suddenly, from the inside came the echoing of many voices, faint and yet exciting, like the moaning wail of a far away train whistle in the late spring night.

*Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
While in thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars roll by.*

And then, while the "Amen" was yet echoing in the still air, the doors of the church were flung open and the warmth and cheer of the midnight

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service sprang forth and the happy babble of many voices which somehow made of the despoiling of the snow-blanket a joyous ceremony. Pushing slowly through the mélange of human sound and the dull churning of automobile starters, Danny overheard random phrases, trite and essentially meaningless, yet, on Christmas day in the early morning, nonetheless appropriate and sensible and fine—"glorious service" "oh, how are you, Mrs. Shelton?" "inspiring" "beautiful anthem" "is Mr. Ryder here tonight?" "never saw such a crowd in my life" "a beautiful Christmas, an *utterly beautiful Christmas!*"

Danny hugged Grace's arm more tightly. "That does it," he said. "That's it exactly."

"Does what?" said Grace, looking up at him in the way that she alone could. Her eyes were sparkling in the cold.

"A beautiful Christmas, an *utterly beautiful Christmas*," said Danny.

"Yes," said Grace. "Everything's lovely right now."

Before they left the city, they stopped at an all-night hamburg stand and ate and drank their steaming hot coffee while they watched the steady fall of the snow through the large plate-glass front. Then, as the street lights faded behind them and the whiteness stretched wide on all sides, broken only occasionally by dark blotches of houses, they turned on the radio in the car and sang together the choruses of jazz recordings.

Danny broke off in the middle of one of the songs. "I've got a hunch that sometime I'm going to ask you to marry me," he said.

Grace laughed. "And I might be caught in a daze and say yes."

"No fooling though," said Danny, "if neither of us changes in the next few years we ought to hit it off pretty well together. I mean, we like the same things, we're about equal in intelligence, and we have a swell time together."

Again Grace laughed. "You're absolutely right, darling," she said. "But, after all, a lot might happen between now and then. Let's for the present just live in the here and now and have our grand times together. It's awfully silly to start getting the idea of marriage at our age and you know it."

"Yes," said Danny. "Midnight services and hamburgs and love songs just get me sentimental, I guess. My gosh, look ahead there! A guy walking at this time of night and in this cold!"

"Let's pick him up," said Grace.

"Sure. Not even a thug could do anything on Christmas day."

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Danny brought the car to a cautious stop beside the walker and Grace opened the rear door. "Want a lift?" she said. Danny shut off the radio.

The man hurriedly climbed into the car and sank with a sigh into the rear seat. In the dim light of the dash Grace had noted young, strong features, but the voice was wasted and hoarse. "Thank you very much," he said. "This is really kind of you."

"What's the idea of walking at this time of night?" asked Danny.

The man's laugh was sharp and mirthless. "I've got to keep from freezing," he said.

Instant pity was in Grace's tone. "Oh, that's terrible," she said. "You're apt to get pneumonia, you know. You have no money, no place to sleep?"

"No," said the stranger. "I've had hard luck."

"But where are you going to spend Christmas?" asked Danny.

"I was trying to get to Cleveland. I have a father there—he's seventy-five and poor but has a home at least. He'll take me in. I was afraid I was going to have to about give up when you stopped."

"Gee, that's really tough," said Danny. "Look, I don't mean to be insulting, but you're no bum are you?"

"Not until a couple of days ago."

The lights of a gas station lunchroom loomed up ahead of the car. "Hungry?" asked Danny.

"No, thank you," said the man.

"I am," said Grace.

"So am I." Danny stopped the car. "Come on in and get something anyway—it won't hurt you at all."

"I—" The stranger's voice shook in his apology.

"Come on! Even if it weren't Christmas day—"

"Thank you," said the traveller.

The waiter showed no curiosity as they sat down at one of the three red and white linoleum topped tables and his reply to Danny's gusty "Merry Christmas!" was flat and automatic. "What'll it be?" he said.

"Give this man as much of a dinner as you can get together," said Danny. "And a cup of coffee and a hamburg for us. Right, Grace?"

"Right."

"Right," said the waiter.

In the light, Grace, sitting opposite the two men, could see the reluctance in the stranger's face and a sharp stab of fear for the future came to her.

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The man was obviously of character, obviously thrown out on the road through no lack of desire to work. His face had been made red by exposure, giving a look of false health to a body made weak by insufficient nourishment. His clothes managed to retain a vestige of neatness in spite of long wear, and his coat was thin and frayed.

"I certainly do appreciate this kindness," he said. "I hope I'm not keeping you two from a good time."

"Don't you worry about us," smiled Grace. "We're just a couple of spoiled brats anyway and don't do enough of anything to deserve to live."

"We have been to church though," said Danny. "That's at least virtuous."

"Midnight service," said the man, almost to himself. "I used to go to those myself."

And now the waiter had returned with the food. The traveller ate with some semblance of decency but he could not conceal his ravenous appetite. After Danny had paid the bill they went out into the snow again and Grace caught the heavy flakes in her mouth, her teeth clicking with strange sound in the early morning crispness. "You know," she said to the stranger, "I never realized how happy a bit of Danny's kindness could make me."

"And I don't expect you'll ever realize just how much I appreciate it."

"Look," said Danny. "Please don't say that. We've got to turn off the road at a town a couple of miles up here and whether you like it or not I'm going to put you up at the hotel there."

"I simply can't thank you any more," said the stranger.

The street was deserted when they stopped in front of the hotel. The man's last words to them were: "All I can say is that I'll never forget you two."

They watched him enter the hotel before they left, a stoop-shouldered figure, pathetic and alone as he shuffled through the snow on the sidewalk. For a long time as they drove toward their homes they said nothing. Then Grace began to whistle, *I'm on a Seesaw*. Before she had finished the first chorus, Danny said, "Please, Grace."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Grace. "It was just automatic."

Again for a few minutes as they sped through the snow there was silence. Suddenly Grace leaned over and kissed Danny upon the cheek and then rested her head upon his shoulder.

"You darling," was all she said.

On College Life

By JAMES D. HOOVER

I

*The Rhinies laugh at "drink her down,"
Cheer the struggles of our teams,
Attend bull sessions late at night,
Find college a novel interlude.
But see with the sadly smiling eyes
Of the faculty the worn routine
Of novelties forever old,
The classes changing and still the same.*

*Vacations, quizzes, victories and defeats,
Morning collections, meetings, evening lectures
Go on unvaryingly from year to year,
And the same teachers teach at the same hours.
Now and then one drops out. Classes go on
Unchanged, and students come and leave forever.*

II

*Youth never wanted power or wisdom.
It asks for one direct embrace
Breast to breast with life before
The doors of marriage and work slam shut.
Confined in classrooms over books
Youth still is aching to go free.
In a vacuum we wander here,
Say pointless things, play bridge, and sleep.*

*Here there is neither love nor any struggle;
Nature and human nature are tamed and dull.
Forgive us then if at the travel lecture
Through the window of the colored South Sea slide
Eagerly fleeing this void, we move for a while
Among the ways of men and the wild green earth.*

Petit-Pêche

By JOHN A. LESTER, JR.

IN a northern fishing village the days are lazy, inactive days. There is little to be done besides stacking salt hay and preparing for the fall trip to the Banks. What few jobs there are about the village are made the center of much discussion and interest.

It was on one of these idle days that a group of Wedgeport fishermen had gathered to watch the laying of a drain pipe at Zach Couteau's. Drains were a new thing in Wedgeport. Of course, the priest had one at his house, but still you didn't often get a chance to see one being laid. A ditch had been dug from the kitchen out to the gutter, and now the last sections of pipe were being put in place. The workman was hurrying to get it finished before lunch time. Neatly and quickly he laid the sections and joined them together. And now it was completed. With a confident wave of his hand, the man motioned them to turn on the water.

“All right, let her come!”

But something was wrong. The water failed to run out at the end of the drain pipe. As the ditch slowly filled with water it was discovered that all the sections had been laid backwards and leaked at every joint. Sadly John Pothier, the layer of the drain, surveyed his workmanship. The fishermen were laughing. Their voices came only distantly to John's ears. He had failed again.

What was it that made him so utterly incapable of doing anything right? Certainly there was something in his nature that made his best laid plans end in tragedy. In his days as a lobster fisherman he had been known to lay a whole chain of traps and then let the rope end slip through his hands and sink into the sea. And there was the occasion when he plowed a garden for Zach, turning in a final bill of two dollars for the ox's labor and fifty cents for his own. Something went wrong with everything he did.

For his persistent failures, John had come to be known as “Petit-Pêche.” It was a name men gave to the low man on the fishing trips to the Grand Banks, a sort of good-humored reproach. It had been given to John for so long that he was seldom known by any other name.

While the drain was being relaid that afternoon, the village was aroused from its inactivity by the appearance of a fishing sloop coming up the harbor

channel. A little boy had sighted it when it first entered the bay, and now people were hurrying down to the dock from every direction. It was the first fishing vessel they had seen that year. Most of the trips didn't start until early September. "Petit-Pêche" was there when the sloop landed, and apparently had forgotten the disappointments of the morning. He greeted the captain and asked how the weather was outside the islands. But no one paid any attention.

The vessel had come from further up the coast, and was off for the Banks for the early run. A few days before they had landed at Lunenburg, and two seamen had deserted there. They had probably fled toward Cape Island, but no one knew, and they had not been heard of anywhere along the coast. It meant that a new man would have to be taken on somewhere before they struck out to sea. Captain Bourgue had hardly finished speaking when "Petit-Pêche" stepped up.

"I know just the man for ye. Able-bodied, strong and nothing to keep him at home." Bourgue was interested.

"Has he ever been on shipboard?"

"Five seasons, and always a high fisherman."

"Good. Where can I find him?"

"Right here. I'm him."

Captain Bourgue turned away and refused to listen. But "Petit-Pêche" continued to plead until he had to be heard. After all, he had done a good bit of fishing around the Tusket Islands, and could handle a trawl. He was handy with a compass and knew ships fairly well. There was no one who would deny that he was the man Captain Bourgue needed. And when the little sloop moved slowly out of the bay the next morning, "Petit-Pêche" was on board, eager to reach the fishing grounds and ready to start a new life. He proved to be all that Bourgue could have hoped for. John had heard many reports of the way the fish were running that year, and he could speak with authority when talking over the prospects. He soon saw that they were headed in the wrong direction. On the course they were following they would miss the only cod that run in early September. Grand Miquelon was no place to be fishing at that time of year. "Petit-Pêche" determined to do something about it. He put the matter up to Captain Bourgue.

"They say we're bound for Grand Miquelon."

"We are."

"Think the fish will be good there?"

"I know they will."

PETIT-PECHE

"Well, where did Captain Fred LeBlanc go last spring? To Virgin Rock. And where did Anselm Boudreau go? To Virgin Rock. Both fine catches. And what did Captain Muse bring in? Nothing, and he brought it from Grand Miquelon."

"Those were July catches, Pothier."

"But July cod run in September, too, in a warm summer like this. Captain, they tell me there's fish over the Rock, an' I believe it."

The captain soon discovered that "Petit-Pêche" knew what he was talking about. He found that Grand Miquelon was a little too far north for the late summer season. The course was changed southward.

Sure enough, the cod around the Rock were running strong. The trawls were set twice a day, and full both times. The little dories returned at night with heavy loads of silver fish. "Petit-Pêche," with the rest of the fishermen, worked hard and willingly. They had never seen better luck. John could not help thinking how he had changed. At last he had had success. His name of "Petit-Pêche" had become meaningless, and once more he was John Pothier.

As the days passed, the sloop became more heavily laden. Finally it could hold no more, and the sails were set for Gloucester. Favored by the finest of weather, the happy crew was eager to display their record catch.

It was a foggy morning when they reached Gloucester harbor, and the tide was far too low to permit a safe landing. The air was filled with the din of horns and the boom of the little cannons the fishing vessels use for fog warnings. It would be impossible to get up the channel that morning. To the crew of Bourgue's sloop it was a bit of bad luck, and they would simply have to wait till the fog lifted. To John Pothier it was unbearable, and something would have to be done to get the fish ashore in time to display them that afternoon. He was too proud of the catch to wait another day for it to be unloaded. He went ashore in his dory and got a large longboat to come out for the fish. The rest of the crew joined in transferring the load, and the job was soon done. As the longboat moved away from the sloop, John was sitting proudly at the stern. Between his feet were the powder keg and the little cannon which he fired at intervals to tell of their approach.

The arrival of the punt was so well announced by the cannon-shots that the wharves were soon covered with Gloucester fishermen, straining their eyes to see through the mist. Gradually they could distinguish the shape of the slowly moving craft and its precious burden, the early season's record catch. John looked back at them from his seat up in the stern. His

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pipe was clenched firmly between his teeth, and he was grinning widely. He saw the faces waiting to greet him. In the supreme moment of his life, he stood up and shouted across the water, "The record catch of Gloucester!"

But "Petit-Pêche" had made a mistake. As he opened his mouth for those words of triumph, the glowing pipe fell from his lips into the powder keg. The men on the wharf heard a resounding noise of thunder, and, for a moment, they saw nothing in the mist. When the scene cleared, they saw a glittering mass of silver fish settling slowly into the sea, and the struggling figures of men in the water.



Let Freshmen Speak

By C. E. FRANK

DR. JOHNSON once said: "Why, Sir, much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young enough." Neatly, he didn't commit himself to anything very definite. Paraphrasing, but committing myself to as little, I should like to say: "Much may be learned of a Freshman if he be asked *soon* enough." Many things around the campus are worthy of examination and comment, but seldom get either. They strike the Freshman as new and strange, but by the time he dares to voice his opinions publicly, either by spoken or written word, the newness and strangeness is gone, and like the upperclassmen, he takes Haverford and all her customs for granted. Just how quickly the change is brought about no one knows, but it certainly is complete before the end of Freshman year.

I had no idea of compiling an anthology of Early-Freshman opinions of Haverford traditions, but a recent set of papers turned out to be such an anthology, and I thought excerpts from it might be of general interest. I should mention the fact that these papers were done under pressure of time: the topic was announced at the beginning of the hour and the finished papers were turned in at the close of it. Hence there were hasty generalizations and faulty writing; I have altered nothing.

To one class I assigned the topic: "Dining-Room Manners." The college dining room is mentioned in the *News* occasionally, but normally only when the food is criticized. I don't remember any determined effort to make any change, either for better or for worse, in the manners. Listen to the Freshmen:

The first day at college, I noticed the nice manners the Freshmen had, except those that were born that way. Now, these same Freshmen who had those nice table manners have become devouring cannibals; they act like young octopuses, tentacles flying fast and furious to all parts of the table at the same time, it seems, amassing bread, butter, salid, milk, water or anything in the way or on the way.

This picture of healthy young octopuses (scions of the best families, come straight from the better schools) amassing "salid" etc., may seem extreme in its satire. Other papers were almost as uncompromising in their comparisons.

To be sure, coffee and tea are not drunk with the spoons left in the cup, but they might

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as well be. No such haste in eating is evident even in a roadside hamburger stand. Truck drivers eat slowly; workmen eat slowly; clerks eat slowly; they talk while eating. Haverford students do not. It may be that they cannot waste time which might be spent in study by dallying with the social amenities, but it is hard to believe.

Another paper gave a noisy description of the singing of "Waukie Wau" and summed up:

It may seem to some barbarous and uncivilized, but it is merely an old college custom and a part of the hectic sessions in the dining hall which for want of a better name are called meals.

And still another paper in the same strain crystallized the whole idea in its title:

FROM MAN TO BEAST AT ONE SITTING

Not all the papers were unfavorable in their comments. There is always some brave soul eager to shout: "All is not yet lost, mates!"

A proof of the statement that Haverford men have manners when they care to use them is that when ladies come into our dining room the table which she honors with her presence, exhibits the best of manners. Food is consumed more gracefully and everyone is willing to make interesting conversation.

The next one presents such incongruous statements that it is hard to take it seriously:

With the exception of hurling a pat of butter the length of the table, so that it spreads itself generously over the butter plate and the unfortunate who shouted "butter please," the student conducts himself as if it were the portrait of Emily Post and not Isaac Sharpless, which beamed down upon him from the end of the room.

In other words, if Emily were to close her eyes every time butter was thrown she might look as carefully as she liked the rest of the time and not get material enough for even a foot-note. I don't know which is more fantastic: the notion that Emily might replace President Sharpless over the fireplaces or that she would be eternally pleased there if she should.

Let me close this anthology with a proposed method of reform. With his tongue (and perhaps half an Idaho potato) in his cheek, one Freshman wrote:

Waukie Wau and the throwing of food should be forbidden under penalty of expulsion, and every night the student body should be required to sing "Upon the College Campus" and perhaps a hymn or two. Then to finish up the meal, everyone might join in prayer.

Allegro Con Anima

By PETER K. PAGE

IN THE chronicle of the ages, each decade has fostered the amazing progeny of its preceding decade by goading them on to realize their various but simple heritage in a multitude of complex forms and images, using no parental hand to guide their course in these activities. And so upon our shoulders now rests the burden of impressionism and sensationalism in every phase of art and science, which the decades with knowing wink and smile have piled there. In music we are just beginning to thumb back through the pages of this chronicle, to find the father of these startling children. And at the same time we are searching for someone to whom we can turn, someone who can refresh us through happiness, through simplicity, and through genuine humor, after our debauch of sophistication and sensationalism which suffuse our culture. We are greatly rewarded in finding these two objects of our search in one man: Franz Josef Haydn, pre-eminently alias "Papa Haydn," not only because he is father to modern music but also a sort of consoling and refreshing parent in our exaggerated moods.

After John Sebastian Bach, there was and has been no composer who could write polyphonic music which all in all could compare with his works. There have been many who have mastered the technique; but few have deemed their efforts worth listening to. The inspiration of great music was lacking in their attempts. In others inspiration welled up quite outstripping the contrapuntal lines, and the polyphony paled in the light of intent criticism. The moment was therefore ripe for a full development of harmonic and monophonic music, and this modern music as we have known it throughout the nineteenth century came into real being. There were long years of incubation even during the time of Bach in which modern music was receiving its various definitions, such as secular, as humanistic, as dramatic. Music was no longer like an intricately woven tapestry, but a long, colorful, narrative embroidery held together by threads of melody and knots of chords. This started with the modern conception of the opera, and carried on by the harmonic innovations of Handel and his Italian contemporaries, and later by the instrumental innovations of the Mannheim school.

Here was the seed of a great future movement in music. These beginnings were like a false dawn palely illuminating the horizon of a sphere which

later brought forth Beethoven and Wagner, Moussorgsky, Brahms and Tschaikowsky. Haydn saw with clear artistic insight that a firm, a universal, and an explicit foundation would have to be laid in order for this new music to come fully into its own. There was great danger that this ideal might perish, as did so many in other spheres, unless it were incorporated in the institution of musical tradition. Therefore, he set himself the task of creating forms into which the music could be poured, and of developing harmony and its possible progressions so that the music could attain a greater field of expression.

When Rimsky-Korsakov was still a young man, he felt that his genius was running dry. All his fertile themes and ideas for orchestration seemed to reach a dead end or become ineffectual. Against the protestations of his friends, he buried himself in an exhaustive study of the classics, to learn the forms and patterns for big, coherent works. If he hadn't, he would have been as strengthless as a lyric poet trying to write an epic by stringing together a series of songs. Haydn it was whom Rimsky studied; the man who had created the forms and had been father to this later musical tradition. It was only through the careful work of Haydn that Beethoven could immediately take these explicit and big forms and achieve the height and extent which he did. The precision and clarity with which Haydn set forth the symphony, the sonata, and the string-quartet gave the later composers something broad and more embracing in form with which to work definitely and with ease.

As a father, Haydn would be much wiser than the proverbial wise father, by *not* recognizing some of his own children, just as Spenser would be pleased to be ignorant of what some poets have done to his stanza and his imagery. That much violence has been done to Haydn's original conceptions is only too readily seen by remarking the willingness with which we turn from some of the contemporaries to him. As a man, Haydn led one of the most happy and fortunate lives to be found in musical history. He came of extremely simple, peasant stock. But this gave him a strength, a sincerity, and a oneness which made his life a coherent and a happy one. Except for several months of adversity, he was always fortunate in having a regularity of opportunities which smoothed the path of such obstacles as poverty and worry. He had no teachers who really contributed anything worthwhile to his education. He was distinctly a self-made man. At the age of thirty he became the Kapellmeister to a rich and powerful Hungarian nobleman, the Prince Nicholas of Esterhazy. Prince Nicholas was nick-named "the

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Magnificent" because of his marvelous palace which rivalled Versailles. Here Haydn served for the next thirty years.

On entering the service of Prince Nicholas, Haydn decided to marry. He had his eye on the younger daughter of a wig-maker, but discovering that she was intending to take the veil, he was induced to marry the elder daughter. It is only too obvious that the family played on his good nature so that they could tie themselves to his increasing fortune. We remember a similar misfortune in Mozart's life. His life at Esterhazy was quite secluded. Though he had some contact with the outside world and with the progress of music in Vienna, he was forced to make use of his own resources in creating his music, and for this reason we find a striking and charming originality in it. This seclusion was the important factor in the creation and development of his new musical forms: the symphony and the sonata. He had to compose a great deal and to train the musicians under him, for performances for Prince Nicholas. And these works soon became widely-known, delighting the public and making Haydn famous. It soon became a necessity for a young musician's success, that he had studied with Haydn. His fame was most marked in England, which he visited twice after leaving the service of Prince Nicholas. He delighted the king and received a degree from Oxford.

Haydn was essentially a robust man. He was often more pleased with a bevy of quail, the prized object of his favorite sport, than with a newly composed symphony. His vigor and simple eagerness were the well-springs of a fund of happy and buoyant works. Then there is a grace of movement in all his works. He speaks in full possession of an idiom, though distinctly his own, which could not have sprung from any but the *savoir faire* of the eighteenth century. His music is irradiated with the same geniality and kindliness as his character; humorous not biting; adventurous; feeling deeply but not sentimental. For these we are now turning with an eagerness to Papa Haydn and his music.

Fight Team Fight

By WILLIAM H. REAVES

MY DEAR Mrs. Bascom, how are you? Isn't this too exciting for words? Seeing your son play today is just wonderful for you. I know just how you feel. My son used to play stop short on the varsity eleven you know. Oh yes, my dear look, they're kicking now. You really don't? Well, of course when James played I did have to learn just a few of the necessary details. You know, just enough to get along. Yes, he takes the ball right down there. They try to get it between those two posts. Yes, it does seem rather absurd, doesn't it? Do you know, my dear, James just isn't getting along too well here. I don't think they're very fair. They *all* seem to have it in for him. His grades are simply dreadful. Really the way that Mr. Young fails him just because he doesn't like James and—oh look. See how fast that boy is running down the field. Yes, dear they *are* trying to stop him. He's going right for those posts. Look. Someone has tripped him. Do you think he's hurt? Oh yes, my dear it's dreadful, so many boys hurt. I told James the other night I really was *rather* glad he didn't play. It is such a rough game. Oh I do hope *he* isn't hurt, my dear. I read the most amusing article in the paper the other night—what are they doing now? They're in a huddle, darling, they just stand there all together and decide what they had best do next. What is that boy doing over there? Look, right over there, just lying down. Oh look. That boy threw it. Do you think he meant to? I just can't tell, there's so much to this game. There's Mr. Thompson. He is such a nice Headmaster. He quite agrees with me about James' grades. He did say that he didn't think James a prodigy and I said I didn't either, although I do think he has a bright mind, don't you darling? Oh dear, they've gotten a touch-down. No dear, the other side. That means they get six points or something minor like that. I have never heard such screaming in my life. Really that man behind me is *too* much. They kick the ball and try to get it over those pieces of wood going from one post to the other. Downs, oh yes they do have something like that. My dear there is no use trying to understand all that, it's too complicated for words. Did you see Mrs. Talbot in that frightful dress? I just can't imagine anyone on earth appearing in public in a dress like that. It is amazing what some people will do.

That's the half. No, it really goes on just like that next half, they are all the same.

Ryecroft: Bibliophile

By WILLIAM H. BOND

AS a text for one of his wholly delightful essays, Christopher Morley has taken one of the rubrics from the Anglican prayer-book. *The first collect for the day, the second collect for peace, the third collect for the grace to live well.* With a slight alteration of the accent, he applies this phrase to book-collectors, hoping that most of his audience will fall under the last heading.

There are and there have been many who "collect for the grace to live well." Once in a long while, one such has the happy faculty of being able to transmit something of his love of books to his readers. Of these favored few was Henry Ryecroft.

To Ryecroft it was incomprehensible that men should "as lief read any book in a library copy as in one from their own shelf." He found it unthinkable that any intelligent, educated man should not possess a personal library. None knew better than he, and few expounded better than he, the pure joy of owning books, even should they be as humble as Lamb's "ragged veterans." Every book on his shelves had for him its own personality; he knew and cherished the very odors of aging paper, leather and parchment which they exhaled.

Ryecroft's early years were not pleasant ones. In the hurrying existence of the material world he had experienced his greatest rebuffs; his solaces had come from the world of literature. The books that he owned were inexpressibly dear to him, for in each lingered the essence (triple-distilled by misfortune) of what little happiness life had given to him.

The miserable hand-to-mouth existence of a London hack-writer did not allow him many luxuries. When he did permit himself to purchase a much-wanted volume, it usually had to be at the expense of a meal. In his happier days he never ceased to regard the books he had acquired during that period of his life "with that peculiar affection which results from sacrifice"—a sacrifice whose magnitude can only be understood by those who have read of his early hardships.

When more fortunate circumstances at last made it possible for him to establish himself comfortably in a country cottage, his whole life revolved about his book-room. It was beautiful to him, he said, "chiefly because it

was home." He regarded his books with a reverence practically amounting to worship. They had proved to be the only truly constant and inalienable friends he had known. The whole story of his life is contained in one sentence which he quoted from the *Imitatio*: "In omnibus requiem quaesivi et nusquam inveni nisi in angulo cum libro,"—"Everywhere have I sought for peace and nowhere found it save in a corner with a book." No doubt that phrase would have appeared on his bookplate had he been able to afford one.

Wealthy later-day collectors have been known to make what they term "association" collections, in which every book has some intimate physical connection with the life of some famous man. It was Ryecroft's thesis, although never expressed in so many words, that the library of every man should be an association collection, not in the sense that its books need be collectors' items, but that each book in it should be an old friend, each with its own particular cargo of memories.

To be valuable to him, a man's library need not consist of first editions and rare autographed copies. Any man with more money to spend than the next can acquire a collection whose actual monetary value may run to a staggering figure. Such a collector usually has a deep affection for the books he owns, but there are cases in which he may be doing it for display purposes only. But when a man in moderate or straitened circumstances scrapes and stints to buy a book, you may be sure that he is doing it for the love of literature itself.

Such a man has a true claim for the high-sounding title of bibliophile. Such a man was Henry Ryecroft, who stands out as one of the finest examples of a man who collected books *with his heart*.

It was with the idea in mind that book collecting "with the heart" should be fostered during a man's college years that the awarding of the Logan Pearsall Smith prize was inaugurated last year. Established by Mr. Christopher Morley, '10, and Mr. E. S. McCawley of the American Booksellers' Association, and named for the distinguished littérateur and Haverfordian, the prize is each year given "to that Senior who submits the best personal library collected during his undergraduate years." It is a mark to shoot for, yet even if the mark be missed there is much to be gained. As Mr. Morley said in his *Eumenides of Book Collecting*, "In such a competition, every entrant has his own reward." The rules of the contest as recently announced by Mr. McCawley are as follows:

RYECROFT: BIBLIOPHILE

THE LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH BOOK PRIZE

1. Awarded to that Senior who submits the best personal library collected during his undergraduate years.
2. The judging of the library will be held by May 1st.
3. Seniors desiring to enter the competition should submit their names on or before April 15th to the head of the Department of English (Dr. Snyder) with a list of their books arranged by subject.
4. Text books are excluded.
5. Judges will be appointed by the President of the College who will inspect the books and discuss them with their owners.
6. Competitors will submit a list of at least 25 books which are their own property.
7. The award will not be made on the basis of the number of books in the collection or of their cost or rarity but on the evidence that the collection has been made with an objective and for the use and enjoyment of the owner.
8. It is hoped that the winning books may be exhibited at some convenient place in the college.
9. The prize is to be \$50 in books of the student's own choosing and secured by him from Mr. McCawley.
10. The joint donors of the prize are Mr. Christopher Morley and Mr. E. S. McCawley.



DRAMA

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL, by T. S. ELIOT

Reviewed by J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

T. S. Eliot has often been criticized for obscurity, and in *Ash Wednesday*, and *The Waste Land*, and some of his other work there is some justification for the criticism. In *Murder in the Cathedral*, however, there is none. He has given us here, through the medium of a pageant play, a powerfully written, moving dramatization of the murder of Thomas Becket at Canterbury Cathedral, which, while it is often beautiful, often startlingly original in its verse forms, is always clear and perfectly organized toward a definite end.

The theme of the play is a curious one—the difference between genuine and intentional martyrdom. “The last temptation is the greatest treason; To do the right deed for the wrong reason”, Thomas says when haunted by the Fourth Tempter, who urges him to seek martyrdom as being of greater permanent worth than any earthly thing.

Eliot has made groups of the characters surrounding Thomas, with the result that there is but one personality in the play. There is, for example, the Chorus of the Women of Canterbury, who want to be left alone, since quarrels between king and archbishop and barons bring only suffering to them. Some of the most beautiful poetry in the play appears in the choruses, poetry dealing with despair and fear and sorrow. There are the priests, representing collectively a viewpoint, and the knights, or murderers, representing collectively another viewpoint. Lastly there are the four Tempters, representing Thomas’ struggles within himself on his return from exile. Shall he try to regain the king’s friendship, or become Chancellor again, thus giving up his points in the seven years’ dispute with the king, or shall he ally himself with the barons and fight the king, or, lastly, shall he seek martyrdom? To resist the first three temptations is easy. At best they are uncertain. But the last is a different thing altogether, something he had not expected from his Tempters, something he thought he had hidden even from himself. But the thing is there, and the dramatic conflict lies in his choice. He wins finally in his own mind: “Temptation shall not come in this kind again,” he says, and his decision is strengthened dramatically by his Christmas day sermon. Then, through his commands that the Cathedral doors be

DRAMA

unlocked and the knights admitted, and through his refusal to take any single step of the many that would save him, he permits God's will to be done, and he is murdered.

One of the unexpected things about the play is a scene directly following the murder, in which the four murderers come to the front and give their justification of the crime in reasonable modern prose. Their conclusion is that Thomas Becket was a "Suicide while of Unsound Mind. It is the only charitable verdict you can give," they say, "upon one who was, after all, a great man." The play closes with a poetic note, the chorus continuing its lamentations to the accompaniment of a *Te Deum* in the distance.

No one can deny the exquisite beauty of the poetry of the play. The peculiar rhythmic effects, the skillful use of repetition, the curious combinations of words all combine to add something to the new poetry Eliot has found for the English language. As drama, *Murder in the Cathedral* should be a memorable, magnificent thing to see.

WINTERSET, by MAXWELL ANDERSON

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Maxwell Anderson has joined the promising group of playwrights who are finding dramatic material in the wrongs and woes of our social order. But Mr. Anderson is going beyond his contemporaries; for he visions a new and living drama in which poetry shall once more be the medium of emotional expression. In *Winterset* he makes an important contribution toward the fulfillment of his ideal, employing for a modern tragedy the poetic skill developed in his historical plays.

It is of social injustice that Mr. Anderson speaks, and he speaks violently though not always distinctly and steadily. A New York court executed an innocent man for murder. Fifteen years later those involved in the case gather in a desolate tenement. These are barren, bitter people. Life to them has no meaning. Mio has come to avenge the unjust electrocution of his father. He meets Trock, the real murderer, Garth, the only witness to the crime, a witness never called, and the negligent judge, half-maddened by the consciousness of his fault. From these Mio learns of Trock's guilt. But he does not accomplish revenge. For with frail, passionate Miriamne he finds sudden love, then death. But before Trock's bullets destroy Mio,

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Miriamne has shown her lover the futility of revenge and the necessity for firm, long-suffering courage. Only in enduring strength can there be hope for the oppressed. Of these things Mr. Anderson writes with sternest pessimism. At no point does he distort his realistic piont of view; even his scenes of comic relief mockingly suggest the tragedy of frustration and injustice.

It is the passages of blank verse that make this tragedy superior to its numerous contemporaries. Much of the poetry is highly significant and its presence gives the theme a persuasiveness that the play's dramatic action fails to produce. The lines are simple, even severe, but not without beauty and imagery. If Mr. Anderson continues his efforts in his present direction, he will do much for a theatre that definitely needs poetry.

FIRST LADY, by KATHERINE DAYTON AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Reviewed by ROBERT C. ALEXANDER

First Lady is the result of the efforts of Katherine Dayton and George S. Kaufman to produce a lively, modern satire about the personalities and social conventions of Washington, D. C.

Lucy Wayne, a female politician who is the wife of the Secretary of State, tries to pilot the ship of state so that her husband will receive the presidential nomination in the forthcoming campaign and she will become first lady. Irene Hibbard, Lucy's unprincipled rival, strives to attain the same position. The struggle between Lucy and Irene for preëminence of social rank is obviously a satire on a somewhat similar situation which confronted a recent administration. Lucy, in her zeal to defeat Irene, secures the assistance of Mrs. Creevey, president of the Women's Peace, Purity and Patriotism League, a gushing personality who proceeds under full sail to make the world safe for democracy and womanhood. With the support of Mrs. Creevey, her six million cohorts, and the press, Lucy, the president-maker, makes sure of a weak opponent against her husband. She booms Supreme Court Justice Carter Hibbard, Irene's husband, against the pet senator whom Irene is grooming for the nomination. Carter Hibbard likes the unsophisticated pleasures of home life with his dear wife and enjoys immensely the comic section of the daily paper and the "Woopes Family" on the radio.

But the satire goes further than this. Many an amusing dig is made at

BOOKS

the expense of convention, entertainments, and diplomatic relations. The struggle between Lucy and Irene for social superiority is exaggerated, as is the method of nominating candidates for the presidency. Nevertheless, in indicating many of the absurdities of our public servants at Washington, the authors have written a clever and timely satire.

BOOKS

SILAS CROCKETT, by MARY ELLEN CHASE

Reviewed by J. R. DIEHL

Silas Crockett is the story of the decline in the fortunes of four generations of a Maine seafaring family. It also pictures the maritime life of the coast for the last hundred years, from the prosperous clipper ship era to these latter days of the summer resident. The overtones of the book seem to dwell upon the brief duration of happiness and the transitoriness of life.

There is hardly any variety of scene in *Silas Crockett*. But the big stately home of the Crocketts in Saturday Cove is quite enough to hold our interest. As houses often do, it had an indefinable influence over the lives of most of those who called it home.

There is, however, a diversity of memorable characters in the book, and each reader will probably find at least one character who particularly appeals to him. Among four generations of the Crockett family, with their servants and their friends, there is a wide selection of qualities from which the reader can choose: "the daring of Amos and James, the humorous wisdom of Abigail, the steadfast devotion of Solace through years of fear, the faith of Silas and Nicholas hanging to fast-dying sail with the world against the secure and patient ways of Reuben, the unshaken and glorious reality of Huldah's love for God."



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February

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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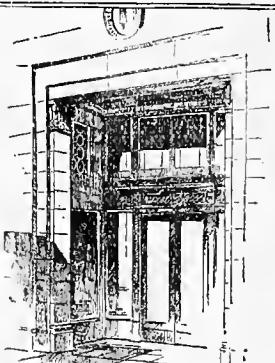
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Colored Help

By JAMES D. HOOVER

THE janitor leaned out of the window and shouted: "Hey, there, where you goin' with all that food? Didn't you get enough lunch?"

"Say, listen, bright boy, what you carting that mop in your hand for? Somebody give it to you?"

"Ah've been workin'."

"Haw, haw."

(The student squirmed in his chair, thinking: How can I concentrate on this if you don't shut up and there's a test tomorrow and I dozed in class so I have to know the book.)

"Say, down there, why don't you get movin'? Go on, you's workin'."

"Ah'll get to work as soon as you do. Looks like ah've got a long wait."

"Don't a man have to get some rest after eatin'?"

"D think you was eating half the time, the way you carry on. Haw, haw!"

"What? Say, bright boy, they works me harder than anyone on this campus."

"Go on."

(And I've got to get it done now because I have English to read and at five I have to go over to the gym and practice and after supper there's that paper to type and pretty soon midyears are coming and no let-up in sight.)

"Still, no sense workin' all the time."

"Yeh, you's right there."

"How long ago since you's been home before midnight, bright boy?"

"What you-all talkin' 'bout?"

"You heard me."

"Why, seems ah had a mighty heavy date last night."

"Yeah, that's what they told me."

"Who tol' you?"

"Never mind."

"Yes, suh, with a dark romantic lady."

"Yeah?"

COLORED HELP

(And it's freezing in here with that window open and soon he'll be bringing his vacuum cleaner in here again and better go over to the library and still I hate to be seen there so much, people will think I'm a termite.)

On the second floor of the building opposite someone was praising the Lord, hallelujah, yes, Lord.

"Bet you never can guess who's that singing."

"Sings all time, don't he? Must have an iron voice."

"Or else a glass throat like Israel."

"Like who?"

"Ain't you never heard 'bout that?"

"No. Be like old Pickett with a hole in his stomach."

"Yeah, that's my trouble."

(And what a life this is and if only I were married with lots of money and nothing to worry about for the next day and cruising to South America and on a luxury liner and with her all the time and seeing how the people live and how hospitable the Spaniards are and day-dreaming again: bad sign.)

"Say, listen, get goin'. Those sick boys don't want no cold food."

"Ain't only one sick boy this week."

"You sho have an easy time of it."

"Yeah, me and Joe Louis, we don't have to work for our money."

"Right there the similarity ends."

"Say listen, if I didn't have this food in my hand I'd come right up and knock you flat."

"Yeah? See this mop?"

"Sho nuf."

"Well, if you don't get goin' ah'll throw it right out this window."

"So long."

(And it's impossible to study here but I've got to now, now and I'm always falling behind and you'd think it was really bad, as it is I only have to read till February but like to hit those exams just a little bit better than usual and . . .)

"Goin', bright boy?"

"Ah's goin'."

"Say, listen."

"What?"

"Gonna get drunk tonight?"

"Sho, sho."

Vision

By SEYMOUR S. ROSEN

*Sounds that broke the calm of night
Woke me, and by shadowed light
I saw you perched there, whippoor-will,
And heard your soft and mournful thrill;
But then you rose into the air
And left me puzzled, standing there.
From out the dark returned that trill,
And then again the air was still.*

*On this same night I had a dream,
Wherein I saw that well-known gleam
And smile upon the face of him
Who long since died; the sight was grim,
But short-lived. With a muffled moan
I awoke;— I was alone;
And in my aching, spinning head,
I saw no more that living dead;
But from afar his laugh I heard,
Reminiscent of the bird.*

Springfield D. A. R.

By ROGER L. GREIF

AGREY-HAIRED, bent old curé was explaining the beauties of the Flemish tapestries in a Romanesque church in Auvergne. The church was typical—arched vault, grotesque carven figures upon the capitals, scowling imps on the wooden choirstall, spots of light from the afternoon sun upon the floor—just what one might expect. The American tourist was also typical—elderly, spinsterish, bespectacled, breathing the atmosphere of the Springfield chapter of the D. A. R., and obviously bored and impatient with her guide. But the curé was not at all typical, indeed he was quite unusual, for he seemed inspired, in love with the tapestries, and the pince-nez perched upon his slender nose fairly shook with enthusiasm.

“Just look at the expression on the face of the Virgin, is it not touching how she fondles the babe? And Saint Joseph, is he not a loving father? Just see the beautiful color, Madame, its richness and quietness. These are the most beautiful tapestries in the world, n'est-ce pas? I used to look at them as a boy when my father came to town to sell his cabbages. When I got tired of the noisy market I would slip into the quiet of the church and look at these tapestries for hours. The old curé, Father Pierre, understood my interest; he told me to study English and Latin so that I could become a priest in this church and be with these tapestries, and I studied . . .”

“I'm sorry,” interrupted the spinster in an icy tone, “but I must get to Vichy by dark.” She strode toward the door, her greyish dress rustling furiously in her haste to escape this boring guide. Outside the portal her shiny limousine was waiting surrounded by a crowd of curious urchins and hopeful beggars.

The curé shrugged his shoulders resignedly and scurried before her, his robes rustling still more furiously, until he reached the box marked *Pour L'église* next to the doorway. As the American passed he said, “Madame, before you go answer me one question. Will Henri Ford really take *Notre Dame de Chartres* to America?”

Unhearing the tourist got into her limousine, which started off with a roar and a shower of dust upon the curious onlookers. The curé stood in

the arched portal watching the car disappear, then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ces Américains."

Turning back into the church, now dim and damp, for the sun had set, the curé sat upon one of those stiff caned chairs and stared unseeingly toward the altar and his beloved tapestries, wondering whether the tapestries meant anything to anyone besides himself. He had studied to be near them, had disappointed his hard-working father who had saved to give his son a farm, some cows, and even the rich neighbor's daughter for a wife. To become a priest for the sake of a few pieces of cloth! *Zut!* the old peasant could not understand it. But the curé wondered whether he had become a priest for a few pieces of cloth. These tapestries meant more than mere cloth to him, they were an escape from the life of a country boor. To be a peasant and grow up in the smell of manure and sweat, to tend cows and come home in the evening tired out to meet a cow-like, staring peasant wife and straggle-haired, filthy children who tugged at his coarse clothing. All this was repulsive! And Father Pierre had told him that the life of a priest was free from these rural things, had cunningly intimated that by being with these tapestries one could meet great people from the world outside. He had been duped, fooled by an old rascal and cajoled into joining the order not to worship God but to worship tapestries! Tapestries were his gods, and he was a pagan—not a benevolent, religious curé!

The moon had now risen and cast pale streams of light through the church windows. The figures on the capitals were dancing in the eerie luminescence, were bowing to the tapestries. It was a pagan rite, the gnomes worshipping the gods of thread and color in the silvery light; and the sacrifice in this heathen ceremony, what was the sacrifice? It was the curé's soul which had been sold to these pagan gods, these tapestries; sold—the elves danced more wildly—sold for "the great world outside," for Americans—Henri Ford—Chartres—

The goblins disappeared, and the dozing curé awoke with a start and looked up at the moon shining through the arched window. He got up slowly, his stiff old joints aching, and stubbed his toe on one of the chairs. Shuffling along toward the doorway he shrugged his shoulders, sighed, and said to himself, "*Zut, ces Américains.*"

The University Man

By WILLIAM H. REAVES

WELL, Joe, how are you? I haven't seen you since the Princeton week-end. Boy, what a week-end that was. Where did I see you first anyway? I was probably seeing double by that time . . . Haw . . . haw. At the Williams'. That was about my twenty-fifth cocktail party, and I was on my seventy-fifth Martini. Boy, what Martinis those were! Then we had Teddy's special, too. Is that a drink, now I ask you? They fill up a cocktail glass with gin, put a little squeezed lemon, a little powdered sugar, topped off with a tooth-pick and a cherry. Boy, does that one knock your eye out! That was the place where Charley jumped out the second-story window. Good old Charley.

Yeah . . . the game was all right, but . . . as I always say . . . you couldn't see the game because of the glint of the sun on the flasks.

There were about two hundred and fifty cocktail parties that week-end, and I think I made every one of them. Oh, I remember seeing you again at Hewitts. That was my fourty-fifth cocktail party, and I was on about my hundredth Martini. I was certainly on the ball that day. That was the place where Charley tried to jump out the fifth story window. Good old Charley.

We all piled into somebody's Dusenburg, and drove down to New York. It's about seventy-five miles, and we made it in about fifty-two minutes. We really painted the whole town RED. Boy it was fun. None of us knew what we were doing.

We woke up next morning at the Waldorf. Aw yeah . . . they soaked us a lot, but we didn't even think about that.

You should have seen us the next morning with the ice-packs on our heads, trying to remember what we'd done last night. Gosh, what hangovers! But we're used to them now; it's sort of a chronic state. Charley piled us in to go over to Smith. He couldn't see straight yet, but boy did we eat up those hundred and fifty miles. About an hour and a half. People thought we were crazy, until they saw the University sign on the back of our car . . . then they understood.

Classes? I haven't been to a class in a month. I'm on the Dean's

list, and I just never get around to going to a class. Most of the fellows go to Florida. I thought I'd stay in New York a few days and then fly to Bermuda. Well . . . you must come up and see us next year for the Princeton week-end.

The Vintner

By JOSEPH T. RIVERS

*The vintner's ancient craft is my one art,
'Twas willed me from the youngest days of man,
Each passing age contributed a part,
Till now it freely serves my eager hand.*

*I picked my grapes and crushed them with all care,
Then dreamed till time to press the harsh young wine,
And reveled in the intoxicating air,
Mid flavors my poor pen could not define.*

*My vintage shall not next year nor in five,
Acquire the essence of its full estate,
For wine, like man, is changing and alive,
And mellows only through a patient wait.*

*Yet be it poured in thirty years or ten,
The sun which blessed its youth shall warm my heart again.*

Julia

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

JULIA, he said, Julia what do you want more than I can give you? And she lay back a long way half closing her eyes and blurringly watching him from afar off through her long lashes. Or seeming to watch him. Sometimes he thought that when she watched thus it was not he but herself that she was seeing. What can you give me she said.

It was a little dark room, cheerless enough. A large upholstered rocking chair in the corner, blue, with the springs beginning to stick out through the bottom. An old gate-legged table with back issues of the *National Geographic* and a lamp with a brown shade with fringe. An oriental rug with too many flowers, too much red, also with fringe. A fish bowl by the window with gold fish, not even fan-tails, just fish, ten cents apiece, two for fifteen. A shiny tiled fireplace, white, like a bathroom, with coal glowing in the grate. And by it an extravagant exotic chaise with an elaborate quilted silk cover. Julia lay on the chaise, and he sat on a funny little uncomfortable chair—the company chair, Julia scornfully called it, or the fifteen minute chair—he sat there trying to think what he should tell her now, or whether he should tell her anything.

I can give you what I have myself, he said finally. If it isn't enough I'm sorry. I mean, he added clumsily, my strength, my labor, my opportunity, and my love. You will have to wait for your orchids.

She got up from her couch slowly, obviously, so that he would watch her. She walked to the window and fed the goldfish, and then went to the blue chair in the corner, rocking it slowly in order to bring out the squeaks. When she had stopped her rocking she made a little helpless gesture.

I think I see what you mean, he said. She smiled a weak little smile. I would not let myself love you, she told him. I know enough about being poorish already. I want something a great deal better. If you had that everything would be wonderful.

I hope your ambition will take you a long way, Julia, he said. I will remember you. And he went away presently, leaving her alone in the blue chair, and after a while she went back to the couch and slept.

Samuel Winn was too old to dance, but Julia made him dance with her. I will marry a rich man, she told him fairly, and he laughed and ordered

champagne. His bedtime passed by and he told her foolish stories, and her friends at the other tables laughed at him making little motions to catch her eye. When they danced he beat time with his arm and bumped into other couples. Wearily she led him back to their table. He sent her chrysanthemums in the afternoon, and she had to get out the old tall cut glass vases from the attic. It will be hollyhocks next, she told her friends.

In the end the gossip made the rounds that Julia had won out, and that old man Winn had decided that he was young for his years after all. Julia accepted graciously the sneering congratulations bestowed on her, and the old man only grew more stubborn when his family argued with him. Eventually Julia took him off to Tahiti, though he liked Philadelphia well enough and couldn't see why, and as soon as they were gone people said evil things about poor scheming Julia, and the sad young man who had love and opportunity to offer but no money let his love fester and wasted his opportunity.

On the island Julia put her poor thin husband in a bathing suit and led him down to the beach to sun himself. It was just as nice as Philadelphia, he said. As for Julia, there was complete heaven. She lay in the sand and felt the warm sun on her. Everything she touched was warm, the sand, the water, the book she brought, if she touched herself she found that she was warm, and there was no more wretched coal glowing in the grate, no more blue chairs, no more goldfish, only sun and warmth and flowers and happiness everywhere. In Philadelphia there were scornful people sneering, but in Tahiti there was warm sun shining, and since the old man was not unhappy it was enough.

Old Samuel Winn built Julia a house, and had a garden made to go around it. It was according to her earlier extravagant plans of what was necessary for happiness in respect to a house, and everything was there. Samuel Winn had seen to that. Now Julia set about the business of living gracefully, elegantly, according to dreams dreamt on an exotic couch in a cheerless room. Then old man Winn sickened and died, as old men do, without saying a word, without regretting, without reproaching, leaving Julia lovelier than before, leaving Julia a house and a garden, and the sun-shine, and a handsome fortune that should have gone to his first wife's children according to some opinions.

Julia left her pretty warm house to take the old man back to Philadelphia. His first wife's children thought that it was indecent to bury an old man in Tahiti, or so they said, and Julia took him half way round the

JULIA

world for decency's sake, suspending her tears until the more effective moment. Moments come and go, and Julia went to the cheerless old room again after the unpleasantness was over. People had stared at her during the burying, to see whether she could weep.

In the old room Julia noticed that the springs had poked out entirely beneath the blue chair. She noted that the ashes had not been taken out of the grate. She saw that there were no longer goldfish, though there was still a bowl with water. She waited in the house until her ship should sail, taking her away, taking her back. Now and then her friends came. How could you, they asked, how could you marry the poor old man? Did he leave much money? they avidly asked. Were there, uh, interesting people in Tahiti? It would be nice to be free again, after so long with a man who, after all, uh . . . She would understand not being included in the party, of course. It is nice to see you again, Julia, but after all appearances do count, and after what you did things can't be the same publicly of course. Then she was on her chaise, and the fire was made again, glowing warmly, and he was there on the little company chair, looking poorish, as she could see.

It has been, he said, too long Julia. Have you been unwell? she asked, he winced. No, he thanked her nodding, I have been unprosperous rather, because of you. I hold that against you, and not only that. I am sorry, she said.

How could you be completely cheap? he asked her. If you knew what was said about you when you were away. How you duped him, how you squeezed his money from him, how you squeezed his life from him. Wearily she answered him, and she was beautiful saying her slow words: I did not. Had you asked him he would have said I did not. I hate you for being cheap, he said. It was not necessary. Why are you here if you think me cheap? Julia opened her eyes wide and looked at him sitting on his ridiculous chair.

Will you go back now and spend his money? he asked. You can't stay here. You won't be very happy now, and you couldn't have been while he was living, so you can see easily enough what you have done. It was an awful, cheap thing.

I was happy enough with him there, and he was too, I know. I can go back and remember that I was happy, and that will last me during a long life, if I have one. We have different ideas, you see. I needed some things to fill out my life, and he could give them to me. I don't care whether people think I duped him or not, or what they think about anything, so

long as I don't have to argue with them. I have what I set out to get, and I didn't hurt him in getting it. I will be happy enough now if people will let me alone.

You are worse than I thought you would be, he told her. Much worse, and he went away. She got up from her couch then, and packed her clothes, and in a day she had sailed away for the warm house with the garden and the sand. And he came sailing after her.

Rule

By SAMUEL C. WITHERS, JR.

*If I should seek the trodden downward path
To scale my life upon a lower plane
I'd let this rule guide me to Satan's wrath:*

*"If erring's human—be the flesh for Hell
Cease not to sin, lest efforts be in vain—
For what's worth doing is worth doing well."*

Monologue A La Satirepost

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

OH, GRANDFATHER! I must write a poem this morning! May I sit with you upon the cabin step? It's so lovely here in the woods away from the touch of the human hand . . . I do wish you would shave, Grandfather . . . Oh, you really don't mind your little Diane coming here to spend the week with you, do you? And you're not angry because I had so many suitcases for you to carry, now are you? I really enjoyed that seven-mile walk . . . what's that? Don't be so growly, Grandfather . . . No, the stew is not on for supper . . . You make such lovely stew, I know you'll make it. Besides, you said yourself that I never have anything left after I have peeled a potato.

"Why are you cleaning your shotgun? You really aren't going to shoot anything, are you? Oh, how cruel! How do you know they don't mind being shot? I'm sure they do! Now if I were a little deer, I'm certain that when you pointed your gun at me . . . Oh, you're horrid! Grandfather, think of the dear little rabbits, and . . . Someone is shooting in the woods! I do hope they miss . . . Look, on the edge of the clearing! What a big rabbit. Why it looks a little wounded. It's leaping this way. Are you sure it will die? No, no! I am going to take it into the cabin, hide it from those wicked hunters, and nurse it back to health. Grandfather! I knew you would help me. Do I hold him like this? Poor little rabbit—ouch! Oh, here they come!

"That was splendid of you—even if you did have to lie deliberately to those men. How sympathetic with nature you are, after all. I shall enscribe my very next poem to—why, what are you doing? What do you mean . . . a-a rabbit stew?"

"What rabbit," said the old man, pointing his gun at the little girl.

Greater Love

By HENRY C. GULBRANDSEN

THE grey-haired chaplain finished praying and bowed his head and wept beside the hospital cot. Hearing a noise in the room, he raised his head and saw a lovely tear-stained face staring down at him. He rose and went quickly to the pathetic figure and put his arms about her. She sobbed hysterically, "Why did it have to be Jim? He doesn't deserve to die. Why, Captain Taylor, why?" It was an effort for the grief-stricken old man to speak. "My dear girl," he said, "I couldn't say much in my wire. The details of his death are unpleasant. You and Jim were to be married, and I feel that he would want you to know everything. Jim was like my own boy, Mary. I feel his loss more than I can ever tell you."

"I was his father's best friend and classmate, and the boy was given to me at the death of his parents to raise. When he entered the Naval Academy and went into the aviation division, he met up with Ned Patrick. You never knew Ned, I guess. You've probably heard Jim speak of him. He is the son of very rich parents and has always had whatever he wanted. Because of money and prestige, the rough paths were always smoothed out for the boy. When he reached the academy, he found that one had to take the hard knocks and like it. Jim was immediately attracted to him, because Ned was a likeable chap. Everyone liked Jim. I don't have to tell you how fine he was.

"Jim soon noticed that Ned, because he had always been pampered, was backward in doing the things that the other boys did. Never having been with a crowd of boys, he was not used to rough sport or 'hazing.' Jim saw him safely through all of this and even succeeded in teaching him to conquer his fear of water. Ned, when he learned to swim, became one of the best in the school. Both Jim and Ned, because of their size, were called out for football practice. Ned was a fast man, while Jim was slow and steady. Again it was Jim that knocked the 'streak' out of Ned and made a football player out of him. Those boys played together for three years. Ned made the varsity, but it was Jim who was responsible. Jim was the blocking back, and many is the time that I saw Jim clear men out of Ned's path when he was on his way for a touchdown. The boys lived and worked together, and it was always old Jim who pushed Ned along.

GREATER LOVE

The same thing happened in aviation. Ned was timid at first, but after Jim had taken hold of him and broken him of his fear, he became one of the best flyers in the school. It was always that way. Jim, proficient in many things, would help Ned, and then Ned would surge ahead of him. As a football player, as a swimmer, and as an aviator Ned was the more sensational while Jim was the steady and dependable one. Ned was always favoring himself. The old fear complex kept coming back. Jim and Ned graduated and were assigned to different posts. Ned was assigned to duty on the west coast, and Jim was sent to Lakehurst. They missed each other, but Navy life is so active and busy that they didn't have the time to think of one another. Then Jim was called here to Philadelphia to test some high speed planes. Ned happened to be called for the same task, and their reunion was a happy one. Jim learned from a fellow aviator that Ned had almost cracked up while testing a ship on the coast. He noticed that Ned was uneasy at the controls and figured that he had lost his courage. Deeply concerned over Ned's welfare, he spent considerable time worrying about him. He was afraid that Ned would show the white feather when the final test came.

"This final test is the power dive, where the pilot dives the plane at the ground and brings it out at a few hundred feet. That test came today. Jim put his plane to the test and came through with flying colors. Hurrying back to the pilots' room, he found Ned with a case of the 'jitters.' Jim, believing this to be a case of Ned's timidity and a logical reaction from his harrowing experience on the coast, refused to let him take his ship up. Ned protested that he wasn't afraid to take the plane up, but he had a feeling that something was wrong with it and that to go up in it would be fatal. A heated argument followed, the first that the boys had ever had, and the result was that Jim locked Ned up in the washroom. He then rushed out, took Ned's place in the ship, took her up a couple of thousand feet, and put her into the dive. He never came out of it. What Ned had said about a possible defect in the ship was right, and when they reached Jim he was dead. He died as he had lived, loving, true, courageous, and loyal to his closest friend. He died a true Navy man, Mary, in action. He used to tell me that that was the way he wanted to go.

"Don't cry too hard, my dear. Jim saw Ned in distress, and he couldn't stand to see him disgraced and possibly killed. If you had known he was going to do this, you would have been glad, wouldn't you, my dear? Why, you're smiling, Mary, you're smiling. . . ."

Three Roads

By THOMAS D. BROWN

Au Revoir

“Good-bye, old fellow,” I said, pumping my friend’s hand vigorously. “Have a wonderful time, and don’t forget to write. It sure is going to seem lonely here without you around.”

“Don’t forget to write yourself, and for gosh sakes don’t get the idea that I’m not going to miss you people,” he answered.

So we parted.

A few minutes later, by a ghastly stroke of fortune, we happened to meet again on the street. We hurried past pretending not to see each other.

Deflation

Nonchalantly I drew out my cigarette case, opened it and casually inserted a cigarette between my lips. Then with great deliberation I fished in my pocket for a box of matches, found one, and lit my cigarette gracefully in the most approved manner. I then settled back in my chair, blowing a meditative cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

“Oh,” came a voice. “Since when have you been smoking?”

An unusually long cigarette butt was stamped out in the ash tray.

I Went to a Hick College

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

FOR reasons which need not be discussed here, I, the year before coming to Haverford, entered one of the small colleges with which the state of Ohio is dotted, and there found a life which is totally different from that known here, even in its outward aspects. The school is co-educational, has an enrollment of 500 with a faculty of more than 30, and its unattractive campus is on the outskirts of a city of some 30,000 population. Its reputation is, if no better, at least no worse, than is that of the majority of Ohio colleges. Again, many transfers with whom I talked claimed that it was a better school than the ones which they had formerly attended. Ninety percent of those who had never been elsewhere were also satisfied with it. It must therefore be borne in mind that the following statements give not a unique, but a typical picture of American college education. It must also be remembered that it is not a complete, but nonetheless a representative criticism.

The first concern of the new student is the matter of a fraternity. As soon as it is definitely known that he is coming to college, he is sought out and brought over to a fraternity house for a dinner, where he sees the school at its best; and, if he shows any promise whatsoever, he is cornered by one of the prominent members and asked to take a pledge pin. Without seeing any of the others, he often does. And when he arrives at school, if he has not yet been pledged, the process continues with highly accelerated speed; if he has been, he is asked to come around to another house, meet the boys, and "think it over." High pressure salesmanship is used to great advantage. About the third day of school, for instance, my roommate, who had seen only two of the five fraternities there (but not because of lack of invitations), was asked to go out with a bunch of fellows for supper, and he accepted. Thereupon, someone got him a date, and the party motored over to a nearby city. Early the next morning he came in drunk and wearing a pledge pin. For several weeks this sort of thing goes on, each fraternity running down the others, most of them practically forcing a pin upon the prospect "just to carry around in his pocket." It is a race between the houses, and the one which gathers the most fellows boasts about the accomplishment for the balance of the year. Considering these things, it is surprising that the

fraternities are as good as they are, as all of them seem to make things at least moderately pleasant for the undergraduates, and furnish the basis for campus politics and strong intramural rivalry. In fact, if it were not for them, the school would be in danger of failure. It is a well known story there that the faculty adopted a rule stating that initiations should not be held until the beginning of the student's sophomore year, because when they had been held previously many of the fellows had left school at the end of their freshman year and gone to another college in which was a chapter of their fraternity.

Resident freshmen are provided with a dormitory. The students are guarded by a set of strict rules apart from those pertaining to the college as a whole, and both are painfully unenforced. During my stay there, they were presided over by the head football coach, a man whose philosophy was to tell his players how badly they were going to be beaten in their next game, which prediction was calculated to stir them up into a snarling band that would never stop fighting. He didn't seem to have any theories about running a dormitory. The rules, ranging from one which provided that every man be a gentleman at all times and another demanding that ladies in the building be treated with utmost chivalry to one requiring quiet after 7:30 in the evening, were almost completely disregarded. Noise and confusion reigned all through the day and increased at night, becoming loudest at the end of the working day, which was never earlier than 1 A. M. At least half of the evening saw the place in a continual uproar which equalled Barclay at its merriest. Vandals and thieves were rampant, and it was not safe to leave anything unlocked. There were even several instances of locks being pried open. The rooms were continually in a state of terrible confusion, so the coach hit upon the idea of instituting a weekly inspection, during which he graded all of the rooms and read the grades at little weekly "get-togethers" in which he and the fellows "talked over their common problems." He never could understand why two of the fellows never tidied their rooms for the inspection ordeal. At irregular intervals he decided to "clean up." Once he suspended three fellows for a week because on Hallowe'en they threw some green tomatoes against one of the buildings. The watchman who caught them reported, when he brought them to justice, that they had been hurling rocks. The fellows did not see the president or the dean about the matter and sentence was passed before they had even told the coach their side of the story. Again, he suspended

I WENT TO A HICK COLLEGE

a group because they turned out the lights in the building when some of them were sitting in the parlor talking with his wife. After one of these spells the dormitory would calm down for a period of three or four days, but not longer.

The food was miserable. Not once in eleven weeks (I dropped out after that period) were we served any hot meat. Rarely was enough given, and it was a practical necessity for one to reinforce the meals with other food. Some of the concoctions offered us were inedible, because of their smell if not anything else. And after the evening's hulabaloo in the dorm, we were to eat breakfast at 6:45. Classes began at 7:30.

The professors were for the most part bad. I had some pull at the place and was given a hand-picked schedule which was the best, I was assured, that I could get, with the finest professors, four of whom were heads of departments. English, for the first six weeks, consisted of a course in elementary sixth-grade grammar and in my class only three out of approximately twenty knew anything at all about it. The professor, who may have been good in an advanced course, often spent half the period in an almost futile attempt to clarify a simple rule. Most of the home work was the writing out of sentences. After the sixth week, he plunged into a discussion of practical composition, and, I suspect by compulsion, drilled into us its hidebound rules, making us, in our writing, stick to them with no variation whatsoever. Of course the effect was to create a completely stilted and unoriginal product. While I remained at college, I learned, in my algebra course, exactly one thing which was not given me in a good preparatory school course, and most of the work was simply a review of those principles which should be known at the end of the freshman year in high school. The professor, the head of the mathematics department, got up from his desk just four times in eleven weeks to illustrate a point on the blackboard. Even then, he made simple and inexcusable mistakes. The man also had an alarming weakness for allowing flies to crawl all over his nose and forehead, and even under his glasses, without raising a hand in protest. My instructor in public speaking should have taken the grammar course himself. He spent three weeks in choosing a book, and then once told me that a great deal of the advice given in it was misleading and impractical. He silenced one person for criticizing another who used "suspicion" as a verb. Later he told another pupil that his censure was needless when he had pointed out that someone had started his speech on his march down the aisle to the front of the room. "Perfectly all right," said the professor. Two other

teachers, both department heads, were mediocre, as were the courses which they offered. Only one man was excellent, and I suspect that it was only his ill health which kept him from a much better college. It was possible to learn here, but certainly not so much as in a good school, and the atmosphere was so depressing that it took great effort to do anything whatsoever.

What, then, is the remedy for such a situation? There is but one, and it would take a long period of time to carry it out. The college suffered greatly from lack of money, so much so that professors were sent out to canvass nearby towns for any and every person that they could persuade to come. Other institutions are operating under the same handicap. Why not, therefore, abolish these schools and transfer their working capital for the purpose of building up and improving others? Such a plan would not only enable colleges to have better physical plants, but would increase the number of exceptional professors at each school. And, more than that, it would enable them to pick their students more carefully and weed out those who are unfit to go beyond high school, of whom, there were here a large number. But the urge for higher education has been drilled too deeply into America for such a move to come about unless opinion veers greatly from its present position. For a long time to come, the cheap colleges are going to give cheap education to many people who are incapable of absorbing even that.

CINEMA

AH, WILDERNESS, by Eugene O'Neill

Reviewed by J. ROBERT HARRISON, JR.

This review would be a lot more trustworthy if I had never read *Ah, Wilderness* in its original play form, because then I shouldn't kepe falling back on the level-headed O'Neill analyses in my efforts to make something intelligible out of the slightly lopsided Hollywood version.

As straight high comedy, *Ah, Wilderness* had something. True, Mr. O'Neill had traveled a long way from the doleful sublimities of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, but if only as a result of rattling around in the same brain with the deeper studies, this comparatively frivolous work came off with a goodly share of human truth which succeeded in making a certain element of the audience a little uneasy. And that one fact, if no other, authenticated it as a worthwhile play. But Hollywood doesn't like to make its audiences uneasy. It likes to play the part of a benevolent kidnapper and spirit them away to some emotional hideout where they can indulge in vicarious triumphs and stupid self-satisfaction until they are ransomed by humdrum. That explains why in filming *Ah, Wilderness* so much fun has been had at the expense of seventeen-year-old Richard Miller (Eric Linden), whose sophomoric bleatings and spirited capers have been played up to the limit, lest his real superiority become too evident and discomfit those who haven't paid their forty cents to be told that there may be infant O'Neill's home in bed; and it explains why he is made to do uncharacteristic things. After all, as John Mosher pointed out in his *New Yorker* review, a high school boy who has just kissed his enamorata for the first time isn't apt to enter his house in a dream, float past his amazed parents and ascend the front stairs, wafted in sightless ecstasy on the bosom of a golden mist. Nothing could be more intrinsically untrue and I refuse to believe that it could have happened at the end (or beginning) of the last century any more than it could happen today. It's incidents like that which leave you with your tongue hanging from trying to decide just what you are expected to think.

In praise, I commend the faithfulness with which historic atmosphere has been recreated and the excellence of individual performances. Wallace Beery, Aline MacMahon, Spring Byington, and Lionel Barrymore all do very well, and I must confess, in spite of the few incidents which caused me

special annoyance, that the picture has a certain charm. Of course, if you're not antagonized by adolescent-baiting, you'll find even more amusement in it than I did. See it anyway; it's sure to incite you to something.

BOOKS

WILD PILGRIMAGE—A NOVEL IN WOODCUTS, by LYND WARD

Reviewed by GROVER PAGE, JR.

In a series of powerful, dramatic woodcuts, Lynd Ward has presented a gripping drama of a Man entangled and finally murdered by our economic and social upheaval. The book is neither a piece of radical propaganda, nor is it the gloomy, hopeless depression theme, both at present frequent subjects in literature, art, and drama. *Wild Pilgrimage* pictures a man wandering aimlessly, after having been discharged from a factory. One by one his companions fall away, some listening to radical soap-box speakers, others going to cheap beer joints, brothels, or to wretched homes. The Man's imagination becomes inflamed with existing situations. He witnesses a lynching. Odd jobs do not furnish enough nourishment. He is caught in a garden stealing carrots, and is dazed when the owner gives him work in the very garden. Offered security, he accepts it for a time, but he cannot suppress the wild hallucinations which fill his mind. He flees from his shelter, and returns to the city. A strike is in progress. The workers, incited by a young girl, begin a fight with the state troopers. In the ensuing riot, the Man loses himself to his imagination, flings himself into the fighting, and is killed.

This series of ninety-five woodcuts is the most striking product of the depression in art which I have seen. They are fantastic, but at the same time stark reality. The frequent flights of imagination in the mind of the Man are reproduced in light red, and reality in the usual black and white. This produces a striking result, sharpening the contrast between the two worlds in which he lives. Lynd Ward ranks with Rockwell Kent as one of the leading wood engravers of today. *Wild Pilgrimage* displays his thorough knowledge and skillful handling of the medium, which, combined with his

BOOKS

imagination and powerful ability of narrative, has produced a unique and forceful book.

TRIAL BALANCES, AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW POETRY, *Edited by
ANN WINSLOW*

Reviewed by JAMES HOOVER

In this unique anthology thirty-two young poets are represented, and each group of selections is accompanied by an article from a leading critic. The poets are college men and women between the ages of twenty and twenty-seven who are considered to be the most promising of the country's crop. The critics include many of the country's best: Stephen Vincent Benét, Witter Bynner, Malcolm Cowley, Babette Deutsch, John Gould Fletcher, Robert Hillyer, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, Allen Tate, Louis Untermeyer, and twenty-two others.

Those who will read this with the hope of finding where youth is going will be disappointed. There is no unanimity here. One of the poets is a "permanent Communist;" another calls himself an "overpowering conservative." The meters range from the strictest to the freest; subject matter is equally unlimited. Sincerity and freshness are about the only qualities the poems have in common.

This differs from previous collections of youthful material in that it is all poetry, even though the authors are totally unknown to the public. There are no growing pains; nothing is trite or silly. The criticisms are very honest, often severe, avoiding the easy danger of providing patronizing pats on the back. They add a great deal to the vague conceptions of the poets we get from their selections.

Reading the anthology will be an exhilarating experience to those acquainted only with the polite and familiar classics of the past.

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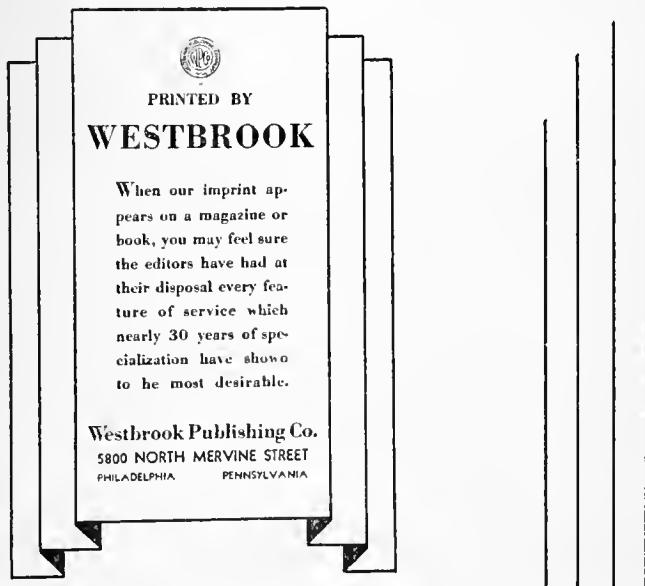
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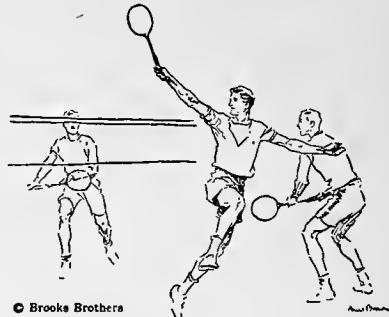
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PROFESSOR WILLIAM REITZEL TOURS THE ORIENT

Vincent

By GROVER PAGE

THOUGH Vincent Van Gogh has been dead only forty-six years, the story of his strange life has nearly become a legend, and unfortunately it often suffers from most of the ailments common to legends. Today he is the most discussed painter in America. Not only his art, but his life has captured the popular imagination, as has that of no other painter. Countless articles have been written about him. Novelists and biographers have taken advantage of his extraordinarily crowded life and singular personality to produce grotesque but idealistic red-headed painters of varying degrees of sanity and insanity. Hostile critics calling him insane and friendly critics calling him sane have wound up calling each other insane.

Last November the largest exhibition of Van Gogh pictures ever shown in America opened in New York at the Museum of Modern Art. The gallery was packed from the start with the largest crowd in its history. Within fifty-eight days 123,339 New Yorkers had jostled and shoved their way through the small, crowded rooms where his pictures were hung. 123,339 New Yorkers stepped on each others' toes and craned their necks, and it became difficult to see any more of the exhibition than the tops of the frames. 123,339 New Yorkers looked and looked—and, in place of the usual solemn quiet of an art gallery, there was an active hum:

"but Paul, anyone can see the drawing is *all* out of whack—that arm . . . they are better than Millet's peasants . . . supernal naïveté, Emma, it's . . . the frame is good . . . I didn't say I'd ever seen a sky *that* exact color, I only . . . good illustrations, but of course my idea of a great . . ."

Old women looked as if the lenses in their glasses had suddenly gone bad on them; wise looking people (probably art instructors) were seeing what proportion the arm of this or that peasant was to the rest of the body—as if genius could be measured off so neatly; young girls looked almost frightened; a few people were laughing; here and there a little group of enthusiasts was gathered . . .

Why is Van Gogh so popular today? Partially because of a great deal of publicity, but more important, because his art is great art—hence a permanent art—and his pictures the expression of a great soul.

Standing in front of Van Gogh's canvas depicting a pair of workman's

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shoes, one is reminded of Walt Whitman's suggestion of putting To Let signs on the rocks of snowy Parnassus. Much has been said and written of Van Gogh's style. Whatever he did was done with enough color and rhythm to stagger the ordinary mortal. But for pictures to live, they need something more, and art lovers are finding that when they have become used to his "vivid, swirling," (to use two of the adjectives so frequently employed) color, it is the simplicity and directness of the man, who modestly signed his pictures "Vincent," that holds them. When tastes in techniques change, Van Gogh will not be left high and dry with brilliant but otherwise meaningless canvases.

He is very real. Indeed, his reality often hurts. Life as it is—night cafés, a stretch of drab wall paper in the background of a portrait, a chair, a prison yard—comes from his brush in vigorous strokes to produce a reality which at times is a little depressing. But there are his romantic cypress trees and all the other magic pictures of southern France, which are utterances of pure joy.

As to the exhibition itself, the selections are very good. A few of his most famous pictures are missing—the Chair is not there, nor is the Prison Courtyard—but such well-known ones as his Bedroom at Arles, Roulin the Postman (not shown in Philadelphia), De Ardaapeeters, and a few of the popular Sunflowers are present. The pictures in New York seemed to me to be better hung than they were in Philadelphia, where, with one of the largest hanging spaces in the country available, they were nevertheless jammed into a few small rooms.

The exhibition is presented chronologically. One begins in the Bornage with the gnarled, rough miners, and from there goes through Holland with its windmills and weavers. The tones are dark and somber. From Holland to Paris where modernism of the latter nineteenth century was rampant. Here Van Gogh produced little work that is distinctive of himself. Dazzled and then depressed by all the Isms, he moved on to Arles and the House of Light, where his most famous canvases were done.

And last, "a picture of blackbirds over vast stretches of cornfields"—to use the painter's own words—"to express sadness and extreme loneliness." A peasant working nearby heard him say to himself, "It is impossible." Shortly after, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and killed himself. His friends buried him on the hill which overlooks the valley of the Oise, where the hot sun beats down, and planted sunflowers around the grave.

Portrait of a Man with a Small Beer

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

WHY won't he come?" the first bar-fly asked.

"He'd have a swell time; anybody would."

"He's a funny guy to figure out—you never know how he's going to decide a thing, or why, or anything."

"No use trying to figure him out—he's just screwy I guess."

"Who?" asked little Mr. Biggs. (You always said "little Mr. Biggs.")

There was a long pause while everyone looked at him. The first one opened his mouth to tell the little man, then shut it, deciding it was no use, then suddenly everybody said nothing and no one was even looking at the Biggs. "Oh," he said inaudibly, and the first one smiled feebly.

They meant, of course, Wesly, anybody should have known that. Then Wesly came into the smoky dim room scowling, or not smiling.

"Speak of the dev—"

"Don't," said the first one, "utter proverbs, parables, platitudes . . ."

"Decided to go yet, Wes?"

"No."

"Why, thought you would."

"Oh, I dunno. Too much trouble, I guess."

The great man sat down, everyone watching admiringly, everyone except one or two who painfully did not watch. He had tight curly hair, and a shiny scrubbed face with a handsome scowl. Most people were afraid not to like him, because they thought everybody else liked him, and it went in a circle. He never did anything to make anybody like him.

"Where were you going?" asked the Biggs' small voice. The first one looked pained, and Wes shrugged his shoulders.

"Boy, you couldn't keep me away. Some stuff," another added.

"I've been looking forward to this for a week."

"Let's just go—the old wet blanket will come in the end." (This in a kidding tone, but you didn't kid Wesly, so the remark was ignored.)

"No kidding though, Wes, what is the matter?"

"Well, it will cost pretty much money."

"Dollar seventy-five—we figured it out."

"Well, I've got some work to do, and I haven't been getting enough sleep."

“What do you have to do?”

Wes always lost arguments except when he stopped arguing, so he stopped.

“What’ll cost a dollar seventy-five?” the Biggs asked hopefully.

“Nothing, Biggs.”

“Oh.”

The first one drew himself up and smiled patronizingly at the little man.

“Well,” the first one said, “we might as well get started if you really aren’t coming.” They walked together, each making way for the other at the door, both giving in at the same moment, both squeezing through the narrow door. “So long, Wes.”

“So long,” the Biggs said, and nobody answered anything.

“Well Biggs,” the great man said, “here we be.”

“Where were they going?” he asked.

“Oh, just a couple of dumb girls, I guess. Kinda wish I’d gone now, but I dunno.”

“You never do go with them, do you?” the Biggs said.

“Well, no.”

“Why not, thought you liked to mess around with them.”

“Well,” the great man said, “I’ll tell you. Don’t tell them though,” he added quickly. “They always act as though of course I know where they’re going, and what they’re doing, and the whole business. So far I just haven’t had the nerve to ask them what it’s all about, and I don’t want to go and find out. I’m not looking for any trouble, and they look as though they’d get you into it if anybody would.”

“Who are they, anyway?” the Biggs asked.

“Oh, I dunno, just a gang I guess. I saw them here so often I just got to know ‘em. I never said much to them except ‘yeah’ and I always said I’d go with ‘em next time, wherever it is, so whatever it is they do I’m supposed to know, but I don’t. It’s interesting in a way, I guess, but . . .”

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” the Biggs said. “I got to know them about like you did, only they know I don’t know what it’s all about. They never answer me or pay any attention. If there ever was an empty feeling it’s when you ask a question and nobody answers. You get mad at first, then you can’t be mad any more. It’s awful.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Wes said. People answered Wes, of course—the great man.

Then for a minute Wes liked Biggs. He had never thought much

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A SMALL BEER

about him before, now he felt sorry for him and liked him. "Let's go find out what it is," he said. "I'm a little curious myself."

They drove around the streets for a while in Wesly's car. In a little while they saw the big conspicuous car that the others were driving. It was moving slowly near the sidewalk. At fairly even intervals it stopped, and one of the men leaned out to say something to various people walking along. They weren't having any luck. Sometimes they would stop for a longer time, and it would look as though they might pick up somebody, but they never had any luck.

"Is that all?" Biggs asked disgustedly.

"I guess so," the great man answered. "The big shots, huh. Let's fix 'em."

They went back and sat at the table. In a little while the big shots came in too, scowling.

"No luck?" Wesly asked.

They looked at the Biggs. "Fair," the first one answered.

"What did you want to do?" the Biggs asked timidly, and the great man nodded encouragingly. But no one answered, and the little man was snubbed again. The bar-flies ordered rye, and the Biggs another small beer.

"Well, whatever it was," he went on, "you obviously didn't get it." But they were talking again, and nobody heard. It was dark, and there was a lot of smoke. Biggs was at one end of the table, and everybody was turned the other way. The great man was in the middle, drinking silently, as always.

"Boy what a night that was," they were reminiscing again. "Whatta night, whatta night."

The great man turned around to look at the Biggs. He waited until the rest would not hear. "Well?" he asked. The little man shrugged his shoulders.

"I . . ." the Biggs began and stopped. Nobody was looking, not even Wesly. The little man coughed. "What I mean is . . ." but they were laughing too much to hear anything. Biggs ordered rye with the rest of them. "Look at him," they jeered, "look at the beer man drinking whiskey." Biggs tried to gulp it down, but choked, and his eyes watered. The first bar-fly proffered his handkerchief from the far end of the table and everybody laughed. Wesly laughed especially.

Then Biggs suggested that it was late. "You going home yet, Wes?" he asked.

"No, guess not yet."

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The little man left and nobody saw him go. He turned to say good-bye and nobody saw him turn. "Boy that's gonna be one night," somebody said. "It'll be swell," the Biggs heard Wes say. Then the great man started to sing, and the others chimed in. The singing was not bad.

"Yeah," Biggs said to himself when he was on the street, "we fixed 'em all right. We fixed the big shots. And Wes was a big help." He walked along to the corner and waited for the bus. "Well," he said, "Wes has 'em fooled. That's something, I guess. More than I have. He might as well hang on to that."

The bus came then, and the Biggs climbed up and rode on.

Ruhe und Unordnung

By PAUL KUNTZ

PEACE had come to Heidelberg—a peace hardly known since the golden days of the Kaiser, a respite from the turmoil of clashing parties and rioting Communists. The German people at last had found one man who could create order, give them an opportunity to work in harmony. They had found Hitler—for the present their only hope.

Homeward through the dimly lighted street walked Herr Roessler and his son Hans. The young storm trooper gazed with pride at the multitude of swastika flags, thrilled at touching his sword's cold steel, glowed with enthusiasm for his Volk and his Führer. He looked at his father. The mental conflict of the older man puzzled him. He wondered why his father, too, could not put absolute trust in Hitler, find his joy in living for his nation. But Herr Roessler had discovered a greater joy—his family, his home. Years of war and poverty, years of futile civil strife had destroyed his political fervor. He wanted only peace. Tonight at least in the refuge of his home he could find that peace. For it was Christmas.

When they came to their simple house, Herr Roessler greeted his wife with warm affection. All his tenseness, all his strain vanished. He discovered with deep delight the cozy warmth and the quiet comfort. Willingly he aided Frau Roessler in her festive preparations. Hans hardly felt the same happiness. He carelessly threw his sword upon the worn couch and in idle distraction toyed with the Christmas tree. His mind wandered back to the problems of his world, to rearmament and the Jewish question.

The Christmas dinner heightened Herr Roessler's joy, carried him back to the serene days of his childhood. He spoke of the old times to his wife; he failed to see that his son was not in the least interested. Hans sat listless, waiting impatiently for the giving of gifts.

When Herr Roessler had finished his lengthy reminiscences, the three began the exchange of their simple presents. Frau Roessler was particularly anxious about the gift for her son—the gift which she had selected with the greatest care. Proudly she opened the box. Hans's eye caught the bright colors of a scarf. "Wie schön, wie herrlich." She handed it tenderly to him. He held it, looking at the name. Something disturbed him. Gruffly he asked, "You bought this at Rothschild's?" Frau Roessler did not under-

stand. Now he was shouting: "How could you buy from a—Jew!" Hans himself was startled by the rancor of his snarl. All stood tense. The mother broke into sobs. Herr Roessler hid his face despairingly; his quiet hopes were shattered. Even here the political hatred and strife had entered. Hans saw the old man's sorrow. In shame he fled.

Verse

By JAMES DAILEY

*I hurried past those pallid faces,
I sought in swift, in shrouded places,
For the faint, the fading traces
Of thy soul.*

*I wandered in those glistening showers,
I lay mid bright, mid burning flowers:
There I felt the joyful powers
Of thy soul.*

The Underestimated Cuttlefish

A Rejoinder

By DR. J. R. HARRISON, JR.

IT IS not without a certain trepidation that I venture to express an opinion sharply at variance with that so eloquently expounded by my late colleague Dr. Paul Shorey in his article on "The Cowardice of the Cuttlefish in Aristophanes and Aristotle."¹ I say "trepidation" because the veritable flood of anti-molluscan sentiment which has of late found expression in scholarly journals seems to leave little room for the more kindly disposed commentators such as myself. Yet it is not only as the indignant defender of the genus *Sapiidae* that I come forward to propound my views, but also as one who wishes to take his stand against two schools of scholarship which have recently attained to sinister predominance in the pages of those journals which have hitherto been the asyla of sober and disinterested research.

They are: *primus*, the flippant and (*vulgo dictu*) "debunking" school of cuttlefish criticism; and, *secundus*, what I may call the emotional school, the subscribers to which appear more interested in giving frequent vent to their personal (and therefore irrational) preferences than in making some contribution, however small, to the sum of human knowledge.

I shall consider these two schools in order and attempt to make an analysis of their respective claims.²

The thesis of the first school has never, to my knowledge, been more eloquently expressed than by Herr Tonich in his recent work "The Love Life of the Cuttlefish; In Six Easy Liaisons"; an opus the very title of which must betray, even to those unfamiliar with the work itself, the cavalier treatment the defenceless *Sapiidae* receive at the hands of this so-called scholar. I quote almost at random. "In the common cuttlefish the body is ornamented with a number of zebra-like stripes which to the student of animal personalities must appear, metaphorically speaking of course, to be

¹ Classical Philology, January, 1933.

² That is, the first first and the second second. Reasons might conceivably be adduced for pursuing the contrary course, but in the interests of clarity it seems best to follow the natural sequence.

yellow."³ Herr Tonich also concludes from the well-attested fact that cuttlefish are inhabitants of shallow coastal waters that they must therefore be fearful of venturing into the darker arena of primitive combat we know the ocean deeps to be. I question the validity of the logical process here evidenced and should like to suggest that it is perhaps not cowardice so much as wisdom which constrains the fish under discussion to curb his peregrinations.⁴

Another argument frequently employed by this same school of thought in attempting to establish the craven nature of the cuttlefish is adduced from the creature's habit, when attacked, of rapidly retreating by means of ejecting a jet of water from the mantle-cavity of its funnel. The testimony of the ages exonerates the cuttlefish from any such scurrilous accusation. Has not Goldsmith said,

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day"?

And did not Samuel Butler, a century earlier, expressing an almost identical thought, say,

"For those that fly may fight again
Which he may never do that's slain"?

And before him did not Ray, in his "History of the Rebellion," declaim in similar vein,

"He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day"?

And finally, did not the matchless Erasmus momentarily illumine the Dark Ages with,

"That same man, that runnith awaie,
May again fight another daie"?

It has been further alleged (notably by Signor Promme in his exhaustive work on cuttlefish migration)⁵ that "the fish is not to be found north of the

³ The frequent use of the epithet "common" among commentators when referring to the cuttlefish cannot be construed except as a deliberate effort at disparagement. Indeed, the only general criticism that can be made of Herr Tonich's works is that he is sometimes too Teutonic.

⁴ "Discretion is the better part of valor."

⁵ "Il Migratione del Cuttlefishi."

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Skager Rak.⁶ This allegation is obviously too absurd to necessitate refutation.

The argument which seems most clearly to indicate the propensity of investigators to place the cuttlefish at the greatest possible disadvantage during every experiment is employed by Grimpe, who records that "at least in captivity, the animal is monogamous." The underhanded implication in this argument is that if the cuttlefish were anywhere but under the virtuous eye of a human experimenter he would at once exhibit promiscuous proclivities. A keen commentor and one who shares my views, but who wishes to remain anonymous, but for whose honesty I can vouch, has made the fruitful suggestion that the conclusions of these investigators may be colored by their tendency to read into the conduct of the cuttlefish their own preconceptions in favor of monogamy.

In this connection it should be noted that Grimpe and Cuenot have recorded the occurrence of seasonal dimorphism in Sapiidae. The significance of this fact is of course self-evident.

I almost hesitate to mention here two all-revealing practices which have grown up among the more hot-blooded anti-Sapiidaests. They grind up cuttlefish bones and use them for (1) "pouncing" (dusting under-sized paper to prevent ink spreading on it), and (2) as food for cage birds.⁷ Such practices clearly indicate an unhealthy determination to subject the cuttlefish to the last imaginable humiliation.

Is it not possible that the tone of the comments I have garnered from the rich literature on the subject is indicative of an impulse among the commentators to compensate for their own feelings of inferiority by heaping upon the heads of the defenceless cuttlefish wholly unfounded accusations of cowardice? Ignorant as I am of the labyrinthine intricacies of the "new psychology" I should not dare essay an answer to such a question.

Having thus disposed of the various allegations of cowardice, it now presumes upon me to set forth in positive terms the traits of character which makes this humble creature the most admirable of the mollusca. Even the dictionary speaks of it as a "rapacious, carnivorous mollusc," and continues in the same vein.⁸ Accusations are hardly to be taken seriously from such

⁶ It is to be presumed that Signor Promme is here referring to that body of water more familiarly known as "Skaiger Rak."

⁷ There seems to be no reason why it should not be equally acceptable to wild birds.

⁸ Dictionary, page 295.

a satirist as Aristophanes and such a quibbler as Aristotle. Other classical sources belie their testimony. Witness the following:

Memoria teneo Smyrnae me ex P. Rutilio Rufo adivisisse, cum diceret adulescentulo se accidisse, ut ex senatus consulto P. Scipio et D. Brutus, ut opinor, consules de re atroci magna que quaererent. Nam cum in silva Sila facta caedes esset notique homines interfecti insimulareturque familia, partim etiam liberi societatis eius, quae picarias de P. Cornelio L. Mummio censoribus redemisset, decrevisse senatum, ut de ea re cognoscerent et statuerent consules. Causam pro publicans accurate, ut semper solitus esset, eleganterque dixisse Laelium. Cum consules re audita AMPLIUS de consilii sententia pronuntiavissent, paucis interpositis diebus iterum Laelium multo diligentius meliusque dixisse iterumque eodem modo a consulibus rem esse prolatam. Tum Laelium, cum eum socii domum reduxissent egissentque gratias et ne defatigaretur oravissent, locutum esse ita: se quae fecisset honoris causa eorum studiose accurateque fecisse, sed se arbitrari causam illa a Ser. Galba, quod is in dicendo atrocior acriorque esset, gravius et vehementius posse defendi. Itaque auctoritate C. Laeli publicanos causam detulisse ad Galbam; illum autem, quod ei viro succedendum esset, verecunde et dubitanter recepisse.

And indeed there is a certain poetic justice in the fact that whereas Dr. Shorey is since deceased, the cuttlefish, despite the insinuations of monogamy, have been multiplying at an unprecedented rate.

Design of Nature

By SEYMOUR S. ROSEN

*Green grass ran down the banks of singing brooks;
Throughout the woods diffused a heavy calm,
Unbroken by the rustling of the leaves,
And by the wrens and thrushes in their psalm.*

*The flowers opened, advertised their dyes;
Sweet scents of blossoms capered through the air;
And in the stillness was the guileful sign
Of Nature's kind protection and her care.*

*Amidst this beauty stood the peasant's home,
A simple cottage, ample for his needs.
His was a life of pleasant poverty,
A life of grand content and humble deeds.*

*This year, when fall declared it time to reap,
The peasant viewed his work with rightful pride;
But suddenly he turned about, amazed!
Despair prevailed, and hope within him died.*

*The sky turned black, as if a storm were nearing;
 Harsh, grating noises sounded out as thunder;
And locusts flew ahead as seas of sin
 Shattering their helpless dikes asunder!*

*All that the cottager had lived for ruined!
 Calamity had overwhelmed his hope.
As every life in that fair land was conquered,
 So terminated his on tree and rope.*

*And thus it is that Nature gains her ends.
 By letting life fight life, her children war,
The goal of peace she finally attains:
 Tranquillity that lasts forevermore.*

Dr. Johnson is Diverted

By W. H. BOND

HE WAS much diverted with an article which I showed him in the *Critical Review* of this year (1777), giving an account of a curious publication, entitled, *A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies*, by John Rutty, M.D." (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, II, 130.)

Boswell goes on to say that Dr. Rutty is "one of the people called Quakers." So Dr. Johnson was diverted, was he? And Dr. Rutty was a Quaker? And Haverford is noted for its fine Quakeriana collection? Well, just as a matter of curiosity . . .

A short search is amply repaid. There it is in the Quaker Alcove, the book of which certain excerpts made Dr. Johnson laugh—the first edition, published in London, 1776. Moreover, on the reverse of the title page is inscribed in a bold, black script: "The Gift of the Author by his last Will to the Quarterly Meeting of Friends in Wiltshire." Also present are the second edition of, and a later book of selections from, the diary.

What is there about the book that makes it amusing? One quality, which on the face of it would seem a prerequisite to any good diary: complete and utter frankness. But on second thought it is seen that this is a quality which is notably lacking in most diaries of the published variety. A semblance of frankness must be introduced, or the diarist is liable to charges of egotism and insincerity; but it is seldom more than a semblance. Few men would care to have published an account of their own petty faults, even posthumously. Human nature prompts them to present their most attractive side to the world, and to fear an exposure of their weaknesses.

But Dr. Rutty was not afraid. He recorded his own small sins, his resolutions, and his backslidings with a naiveté that is as refreshing as it is amusing. By virtue of this very fact, the genuinely human character of the good old doctor is recreated remarkably well. It is small wonder that the actual innocence of Dr. Rutty's confessions should have amused Sam Johnson.

5th mo. 5, 1754. War proclaimed against the flesh, in smoking, in indulgence, in lying in bed, and in hastiness.

That will give an accurate conception of the actual magnitude of Dr. Rutty's offenses against God and man. Such "war against the flesh" seems to have been the chief problem with which he had to cope.

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2nd mo. 24, 1755. Lord, be present in the moment of temptation! Ate too much. Was too cross.

5th mo. 1, 1755. Too much conversation hindered my chewing the cud.

8th mo. 25, 1755. Lay late—Dogged: wo is me!

9th mo. 23, 1755. An overdose of whiskey.

And then in anticipation of a coming temptation:

11th mo. 5, 1755. An impending feast: Lord, preserve me amidst alluring plenty!

4th mo. 16, 1756. A little *incubus* last night on too much spinage.

In his later years Dr. Rutty was also much worried concerning his irritability in small matters. He called it being "dogged" or "snappish."

11th mo. 10, 1753. Some remains of old Adam, in a scornful look on an innocent summons to a patient.

2nd mo. 11, 1754. Weak & fretful. Licked spittle in two places; insolent in two others.

3rd mo. 8, 1755. A sudden eruption of ferocity.

3rd mo. 11, 1757. On a provocation, exercised a dumb resentment for two days, instead of scolding.

4th mo. 29, 1757. Mechanically and sinfully dogged.

Entries such as these may amuse the reader, but they nevertheless give him a more flattering portrait of their author than the most studiedly favorable notes could do. He is certainly to be envied if they represent the worst that was on his conscience.

Other notations show Dr. Rutty's reaction to the events of the world around him: to changes in his own meeting, and in the world at large.

12th mo. 25, 1755. A year of wonders, the banks failing, an earthquake, and our elders hastening to eternity.

The charm of such childlike simplicity in viewing the world and the self and in expressing one's impressions is the chief attraction of the book. How Dr. Johnson must have chuckled when he ran across this entry in the midst of such simple phrases:

12th mo. 17, 1754. A hypochondriack obnubilation from wind and indigestion.

Surely that appealed to the man who "would have made little fishes talk like whales."

Every Man A King

*Arnold was "conditioned"
By his parents;
Jim
By the lads,
And Eddie
By the girls:
So each one says,
In an age of paradox,
"Am I to blame?—
I am a king."*

Alimony

*It seemed as if
My words, divorced from feeling,
Flowed on—
And every utterance paid alimony,
With taunts and disrespect,
To an unproductive heart.*

By CARL WILBUR

DRAMA

ETHAN FROME, *Dramatized from Edith Wharton's novel by OWEN AND DONALD DAVIS*

Reviewed by GEORGE MATHUES

The thetic adaptation of a novel so often is unsuccessful because the translator fails to consider the more subtle differences between a play and a novel—the delicate variances in structure and in appeal. But Mr. Davis and his son have shown a fine understanding of this problem in their stage offering of *Ethan Frome*. Although for the sake of speed they have slightly blunted the fine shading and delineation of the story, they have added the appeal of dramatic vividness.

The prologue begins the suspense, so strongly developed in this play, by unfolding a bit of the end of the plot, just enough to stir curiosity. Then the first scene gives us this struggling young New England farmer, Ethan Frome, burdened with debts and a hypochondriac wife. His pitiful attempts to free himself, and his shy desire for the pretty new hired girl arouse our real sympathy. Effective characterization, such as this of Ethan, of his suspicious wife, and the newcomer, Mattie, serves to stir our emotions so much more deeply when tense relations arise between these three.

But to be a bit captious—evidently searching about for comic relief, the Davises have made the character of Mattie frivolous. Indeed at times she becomes so giddy as to be almost silly. It seems dangerous to treat her in this way. For in the last scene on the hill we feel slightly contemptuous toward Ethan for accepting her wild plan that they end their hopeless love by sledding down into a great oak; our sympathies are weakened.

The epilogue produces a strange, frightening shock. Twenty years have passed; Mattie and Ethan still live, but now as cripples in mind and in body. They are broken, perverted creatures. We shudder on seeing that twisted old woman strain forward from her wheel-chair, and with rising voice, scream at a bent figure across the room, "Ethan, Ethan, must you live so long—Oh, when are you going to die?"

BOOKS

THE SOUND WAGON, by T. S. STRIBLING

Reviewed by HUBERT R. TAYLOR

Mr. Stribling has drawn upon the excrescence of depression-ridden America and satirized it. *The Sound Wagon* very well reflects the sordidness which has been revealed in the past few years in politics, industry, finance, and labor. By portraying them at their worst, he shows that American government, municipal and state especially, is controlled by big business and the underworld.

Caridius, affable and alert, is elected to Congress with reform ideals by a freak of underworld support. He becomes a tool of the Canarelli-Littenham machine representing the rackets and banking-munitions interests in Megapolis. Sol Myerberg, crafty, unscrupulous lawyer, and "Boss" Krauseman of the machine cynically inform the reformer: that a reform movement, once it has elected its candidate, ceases; people soon relapse into their political lethargy; that economic exploitation by the plutocrats is a ransom paid by the weak to the strong for their freedom; that racketeering will become just as respectable as corporations.

But if the Congressman fails to realize his ideals as a legislator, he does, upon reflection amidst the turbulence of a city politician's life, strike a constructive political policy. It is that the middle class of the United States must take advantage of its vote as do the plutocrats with their mobilization of the labor vote. The middle class, he says, believes that capital arranges the economy satisfactory for it, that labor works for it, when as a matter of fact each group is working for itself. There is no common goal.

The author has expressed his ideas on politics and city life by means of stock, type personalities and has amplified these to the point of exaggeration. But in treating the types objectively, the author has made them according to popular conception to a degree which makes for banality. The irony which he attaches to political and judicial ethics is neatly expressed, but the conclusions are, with a few exceptions, false. This fact doesn't detract if one reads with the idea of being impressed by observations which, though slightly exaggerated, are thought-provoking and pointed.

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ZAHAROFF, by ROBERT NEUMANN

Reviewed by ROBERT HARRISON, JR.

In exchange for certain oil concessions in Asia Minor, England gives France a free hand in her military occupation of the Ruhr district after the war. Result: The persecutions of the French armies, real or fancied, cause a regeneration of German national spirit and . . . rearmament. A Chaco war is temporarily called off so that the two nations may have a chance to . . . rearm. Recalcitrant tribes in Asia Minor snap at the heels of the great European nations which are their overseers and the tribesmen are armed with . . . Vickers rifles. During competitive exhibitions before Austrian artillery experts the famous Maxim gun suddenly develops a mechanical fault and the Austrian order goes to Nordenfeldt. An atrocious chandelier is sold for 10,000 pounds. Two steam yachts are bought for 10 pounds. A Russian minister wins 100,000 francs on a bet that the day after Monday is Tuesday and not Thursday. And so it goes. Fifty years of international relations all thrown over with a web of bribery, intrigue, cross, double-cross, revolt, greed, and deception. And somewhere back of it all is Sir Basil Zaharoff, Knight of the British Empire, commander of the Legion of Honor, master of Europe's "heavy industry"; the grim subject of Mr. Robert Neumann's fine, level-headed biography.

The Nye investigations have put munitions makers in such bad odor that there is the danger of our condemning Zaharoff too heartily and too hastily. But two things in Mr. Neumann's book prevent it. First, there is his reminder that if there is something which makes Zaharoff "different from other creatures who are greedy for food and plunder, it is no more than this—that he has done his gathering of booty more successfully and more cleverly." And second, the whole race of European diplomats are made out to be for the most part so stupid and so petty that you are almost glad to see them gulled.

Zaharoff is an extraordinary book. It is well written (Mr. Neumann has written novels), grippingly dramatic, always absorbing and frequently breath-taking. The author has done an expert job of setting in order the jumble of evidence he has amassed, and his detective eye is ever wary of misinterpretation. Strangely enough, for the lay reader that is the book's only shortcoming; the occasional protracted examinations of evidence do sometimes become a bit tedious. In the end I was impressed, almost over-

BOOKS

awed, by the figure of mysterious Basil Zaharoff, the bogey-man of Europe, and I had had many a national urge explained to me without the assistance of Independence Day sentimentalities. Zaharoff is one of the season's few important books.

VICTORIOUS TROY OR THE HURRYING ANGEL, by JOHN MASEFIELD

Reviewed by J. R. DIEHL

Anyone who enjoyed seeing the moving picture "Mutiny on the Bounty" should also enjoy reading this salty yarn. It is written with all the enthusiasm of which a sea-loving Poet Laureate like Mr. Masefield is capable.

Five years after the World War, in the South Pacific, carrying grain homeward-bound from Melbourne, the full-rigged British ship *Hurrying Angel* sailed into a cyclone. Her captain, Robin Battler Cobb, was almost as tyrannical as the notorious Captain Bligh. For he, being tipsy as usual, stubbornly refused to order the sails made fast until the poor *Angel* was already in the teeth of the storm.

In the destruction which quickly followed, both Mates and four other men were lost, and the Captain was badly injured. The ship itself remained afloat only by a miracle.

That miracle was the dauntless courage of Dick Pomfret, eighteen-year-old senior apprentice. He was the born leader who won the confidence and affection of his fellows of all ages by his talent for keeping them busy.

Mr. Masefield confines himself admirably within the limits of the main incident, the cyclone. His description of the storm is stirringly vivid: the swiftly changing colors in the sky, the mountainous waves, the roaring wind, the lurching ship, the terrified men.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

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April
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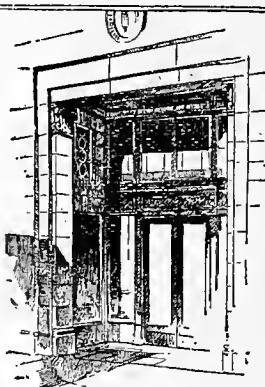
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A Night's Watch

By S. L. BORTON, 2nd

*When I am left
To the thoughts of a night,*

*And foresee slow, cloud-like years
Fill in as their shadows are,*

*And watch the Night, unslept and sleepless,
Take up till dawn a grieved vigil for Day,*

*As lonely Terror leans on a pensive
Elbow to brood upon my mind;*

*Though Shame and a shame's despair
Unnerve the night as weary out a noon;*

*Though I feel all life as a fitful fidget which
Jabs death's unobjected sleep;*

*And though I and the Soul of me
Fail one another forever!—*

*Still,
As now my gaze prowls on the Dark,*

*Even now
I fix a mad desire upon an unwished Star.*

Sixteen Hundred Brothers

By HOWARD A. ANDREWS

WHEN I was six years old, I lost my father; two years later I was welcomed into a new home. A number of people were going to try to be fathers to me. A number of others would try to be mothers. No sisters — but sixteen hundred brothers. I was in Girard College.

Stephen Girard's will, back in 1831, had provided for "poor, male, white orphans." I was pretty much all of that. Otherwise, I didn't at first seem to have much in common with all these other youngsters, and for the first few weeks I was very much bewildered and homesick. But in a short time the constant preoccupation with schoolwork, sports, and other activities, all in closely supervised regimentation, took my mind away from old sorrows and engrossed it with new interests. Soon I was an "oldbie" and could look with condescending sympathy upon the ignorant little "newbies" as their mothers brought them in on examination days. You could always tell a newbie when you saw one — he had hair. But he didn't keep it long; we all had "baldy beans."

On that first day I had been completely re-outfitted in the standard Girard clothes — high black shoes, black stockings, "bloomer" style trousers and coat to match, square-collared shirt, straight tie, and visored cap. It was not until five years later, when I entered the high school, that I was allowed to possess such clothing of my own as ties and sweaters. The idea behind this, of course, was to prevent jealousy on the part of those boys who couldn't afford apparel of their own. I was provided with an extra suit for Sunday wear, and then at each Christmas and summer vacation time I was given a new suit and the older one was taken from me either to be kept in the "emergency seconds" wardrobe or to be given to more needy orphans.

You must understand that all this service was absolutely free. Lodging, food, clothing, laundry, tuition, supplies, entertainments (including plays, concerts, lectures, and most frequently movies), athletic equipment, trainfare for vacations, carfare for supervised trips to town, and even stamps for letters to our mothers or guardians — I believe the per capita expense was

running at about \$1100 a year when I first entered, and closer to \$1500 by the time I left the College a decade later. Stephen Girard, the richest man in the country in his day, had left two million dollars for the foundation of the "College." Further endowments have never been accepted. The present book value of the estate runs at about \$105,000,000, administered by the Board of Directors of City Trusts.

When I was first taken into College, I was placed in a section of 32 boys of approximately my own age. The youngest at entrance are six years old, the eldest nine; the course must be completed before the student is eighteen. As I passed on through the grades the size of the sections increased, until finally, in the high school, we were grouped in four halls of 144 each. The dormitory-rooms contained as many as 60 beds. At first I was in a dining hall seating over 300 boys at tables of 16; then I pushed on to the big hall — we called it "the barn" — which contained the remainder of the 1600 at even longer tables.

In those first days our life was not very rich. Furnishings were severely plain; comfort did not seem to have been considered. The food was not exactly appetizing, but we managed to grow plump despite our complaints. Strict silence had to be maintained in the dormitories (bed-rooms), dining rooms, and even in the movies — in fact, nearly everywhere a normal boy would want to talk, except on the playground. I believe we were allowed to whisper in the section-rooms (living rooms), where we stayed put, with four at a table. We arose at 6:30, went to bed at 8:30 (seniors at 10:00). We singsonged our prayers in unison. Everywhere we marched in line, size-order by twos and in step — to meals, to chapel, to classes, to the playground, to the library, to entertainments, to the swimming pool on Saturdays, to showers, to bed.

The usual correction for misdemeanors was a slap (governesses), or a tap on the head with a bone whistle (housemasters); the barber used a wooden billy-club. Even more extensive was the system of penal "marks" (the boys called them "grudges") which consisted of spending various lengths of time, with one hour as the unit, walking at silent attention around two trees or standing facing a wall; one of the common indoor forms was that of putting your head down on the table — and no peeking allowed. Loss of desserts and movie attendance were much more sobering. Once, at an exciting picture about wild horses, I had to put my head down in the movies during the first two reels; during which time I was probably plotting the murder of my "govie." Later on (starting with the fifth grade),

SIXTEEN HUNDRED BROTHERS

when the local boys could go home on Saturdays, that privilege might be withdrawn for a given period. Holidays, however, were rarely subject to cancellation. A bad conduct mark we regarded very seriously: a U was Unsatisfactory; a V O was Very Objectionable, and three V O's in one year would get you "kicked out." You got a V O for things like stealing or running away ("hopping the wall"). Probably the most effective punishment of all was that of a "paddlin'" with a razor strop wielded by a brawny housemaster (prefects, they were called in those days — "priggies," in our language). It was no fun to have your hands warmed with one of those things. Three whacks were plenty; I know: I had to take my dose once or twice. And sometimes they didn't go for your hands, but told you to pull your pants tight.

Much of this changed. The decade of Girard history which I witnessed was one of tremendous improvement. Cheesman Herrick had come to us in 1910 as President, and the late Joseph Jameson had joined him as Vice-President and director of education three years later. These two great pioneering souls started a new program which got its greatest impetus in the middle twenties. The educational system was early revised, until today the high school at Girard leads Philadelphia. Many of the Victorian spirits among the housemasters and governesses were eased out and younger, freer, wiser blood brought in. The old idea of silence and marching in line was largely given up, and initiative was encouraged in many new directions. The boys' clothing began a process of modernization. Low shoes were introduced, at least for Sunday wear; collars and ties were brought up to date; suits and overcoats are of a modern cut; colored socks were the latest innovation at the time of my leaving; hats have changed since I left. We even managed to secure the privilege of hair for all the students (formerly it had been awarded only upon arrival at about the sixth grade). The old dining system was completely changed, resulting in smaller grouping units, smaller tables, and a vastly improved quality and variety of food. Interest began to be shown in manners; at least, you no longer threw the food under the table if you didn't like it. A splendid modernizing and enlarging program was undertaken to get rid of eyesores and meet new needs — and also to enlarge the student body by another hundred or so. Even the old white horse, "Harry," was retired in favor of a Cadillac and two trucks.

The year before I graduated, a post-high school course of junior college grade was established for a limited number of those graduates who could complete a year or two in it before reaching the age limit of 18. I was chosen

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to be one of these. We were a small group, thrown almost entirely upon our own initiative in every direction. Living two in a room, we had our first privacy in ten years. And we got an alarming taste of what college work was like. After what I have said you will have some notion of what a tremendous help that year was to me in bridging the gap between institutional confinements and college freedom.

Next spring I left my seventeen hundred brothers and became one of the twelve thousand alumni.

(NOTE: The author does not wish this article to be considered strictly authoritative. It is obvious that over a period of thirteen years some facts and impressions may have been inaccurately retained.)

Yellow Cat

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, Jr.

THROUGHOUT the weary autumn afternoon the grey fogginess of the atmosphere, which pressed down upon the city outside like a gigantic hand, seemed to penetrate through the school windows and hang with mournful certainty over the isolated little group that was the fifth grade. The entire class subconsciously felt it, but to Mike it was more, it was a personal thing, a part of the whole monstrous conspiracy of forces holding him prostrate and keeping him from that gay and violently active childhood which, without being able to express his thought, he construed as his rightful heritage. Into the murkiness of the day his thoughts bombarded, hopelessly trying to shatter the whole overhanging fog of his existence and to make of it a shining and perfect routine of football, fights, and adolescent adventure. He clutched out at the shadowy figure of his sister, and with a fierce joy he sent her howling away into a subterranean maze from which she could never emerge. His sister! Her picture flashed into his mind, as she had been in the quietness of the noonday meal a scant three hours before, painfully unaware of his penetrating hatred, her nine-year-old mind having already forgotten the anguish that she had brought to him as a result of her light-hearted words to her father, "Mike went and played hookey this morning so he could be in a football game." That piece of news and its inevitable result had brought to a climax his whole whirling bitterness at the dull routine of home and school. And finally she had broken the silence of the table with her continual cry "Mama, do you think Goldie will ever come back?" and mother had answered, "Perhaps, Rosa, but after a cat has been gone for two weeks it's probably forgotten how to get home." Then, almost tearful in her thought, Rosa had said, "You don't think it's been killed do you?" and father had blustered laughingly, "No, no, little Rosa, cats don't die — they've got nine lives!" Mike had wanted to say, "Aw, nuts," to that, but used some discretion in his reply: "I never did like that cat anyway." To that his mother had said, "No, Michael, it seems to me that you never have liked anything that was at all worthwhile." During the remainder of his noonday stay, the remark burning him, Mike had remained in obstinate silence, feverishly turning over in his mind situations in which he could laugh in revengeful mirth.

at his sister and her tattling and her silly love for a nondescript yellow cat . . .

And then he had found it. Walking home from his afternoon of football and gazing disinterestedly at the side of the walk, he saw with a start the tawny motionless form, half concealed by the leaves which clustered about the bases of the bare shrubbery behind an iron fence. Immediately he was down on his knees reaching between the bars, his instantaneous thought being merely to bring it home and end Rosa's uncertainty. But when he had retrieved it and was gazing in fascinated horror at the dirty, slightly bloated body, a dried trickle of dull blood cutting the yellowness of the forehead into two segments, the plan came to him with the instant realization that he would carry it through. Here was his opportunity to prove to his sister that ten years could make nine years as miserable as nine could ten. When she would turn on her bedroom light and see that motionless, bloated, and bloody body which, alive, had meant so much to her, she too would understand the measure of terror which an overt act may inspire, and she too would lose the thin thread of her balance and would run in screaming sorrow to her mother and, weeping, pour out in agonized jerks the description of what she had seen. This was it, this was the thing to do! Mike proceeded whistling, went in the house through the kitchen, evading his mother, up the back steps and into Rosa's room, and laid upon the bed the inert figure which in the still air of the house exhaled a pronounced odor of rotting flesh. Then he washed and went downstairs to look at the paper's football news until that time, just before supper, when Rosa would go up to her room and discover her cat.

Soon the words came. "Rosa," said father. "Go up and wash your hands for dinner."

"All right daddy," said Rosa.

Mike heard her snap on the upstairs light from the lower hall, then, the print a blur before the tenseness of his eyes, he waited breathlessly for the climax of the event, listening to the tread of Rosa's slowly climbing feet, each step bringing her nearer and nearer to that inevitable moment when she would see the bloated animal and her nostrils would faintly snarl at its rottenness. He was the audience at an emotional drama, his nerves reaching toward that high peak which would be reached when the principal player, all unknowing, must see what soon she must, and what the audience had understood for some time must be. Rosa reached the top step, walked to her room, and, in that silent, sovereign moment when time stood still

YELLOW CAT

turned on her light, and Mike imagined her staring at first incredulously, then, the full impact of the blow reaching her, becoming terror stricken . . .

The expected shock came in all its frothy suddenness, and the screams and the now-rushing beat of feet, and the tension of the last hour trembled,

tottered, and fell dizzily about Mike's feet, bringing with it the concrete picture of what he had done to his sister, now unembellished by the dream of retaliation, now standing naked in its sneaking cruelty.

Mike's father had jumped to his feet and was hurtling out to the stairs, and his mother was hurrying in from the kitchen when he knew he had no desire to watch the coming scene. He slipped out the side door, unnoticed, into the acrid smell of burning leaves which had settled in an invisible cloud over the street, and began to walk aimlessly, and for the first time in his life his spirit was sickened at the completed deed which, before, it had so urgently ordered him to do, and he waited in a dazed and numb expectancy for the call he knew was soon to come piercing the air, "Michael! Oh, Michael!"

Two Sonnets

By JOE T. RIVERS, Jr.

I

*I've turned my bed so I can lie some nights
And watch the moon awhile before in sleep
I leave the lovely satellite to keep
Its vigil with the evening's lesser lights;
While I forget in peace the hurts and slights
Which daily I am bound by fate to reap,
And dream I am Endymion, who deep
For chaste Diana slept on Latmos' heights;*

*But when she's kissed me and passed down the sky
With hounds and horn, intent upon the chase,
I wake and find it doubly sure that I
Would fear to occupy the shepherd's place
And sleep forever — neither live nor die;
I much prefer some mortal woman's grace.*

II

*No eagles left their nests when I was born
To tell the skies the news, nor did the kine
Mumble among themselves, nor made the swine
Prophetic grunts to greet that favored morn;
And I were but a fool to think they should
Have remedied their dumbness to proclaim
A birth which had no greater right to fame
Than that 'twas legal and the stock was good.*

*Now as my days each other supersede
And add their drops to time's eternal flow,
I find myself unmarked amid the throng,
A searcher for that single chance I need
To make my name remembered and to show
The eagles and the kine they did me wrong.*

That Cheery Breakfast Companion

Or, Is There Anything Worse?

By WILLIAM REAVES

HAVING torn himself from the warm covers of the bed (sleep having been shattered by the alarm), the early riser stands shivering in the middle of his cold, cold bedroom. He stands there vaguely rubbing his eyes and presenting a very uninspiring sight. He looks into the mirror and recoils with horror. Uninspiring he knew himself to be in early morn, but certainly the unearthly vision reflected in the mirror couldn't be his. All in all it is considered the wisest policy *not* to look in the mirror in the morning — it's very unsettling. Muttering horrid oaths directed toward the world in general, he grabs on some clothes and rushes to the dining room.

Having gotten in he flings himself with abandon into the first seat he sees. All people are the same at breakfast, friend and foe equally horrible. The whole table sits around looking very glum. There is a very morbid, even macabre atmosphere. Not a word of greeting is exchanged. This is all quite as it should be, for early morning is certainly no time to beam on one's fellow man. He begins the ordeal of eating his breakfast. Having become completely impervious to the constant absence of hot cereal, he takes toast and tries vainly to spread butter on it. It won't work, of course; it just lumps. The sooner he reconciles himself to this, the less bitter he will find life. He sits there moodily chewing the toast with the lumpy butter.

Then it happens — it always comes like the proverbial bolt out of the blue — the cheery soul arrives. He is one of those unspeakable people who get out of bed on the right side. He probably, as is typical of human nature at its lowest ebb, has taken a brisk walk or a cold shower before breakfast. If he is absolutely of the worst dregs, if he is really past all hope, a lost spirit, he has taken setting-up exercises. Yes! We hate to write this as much as you hate to read it. We can only sigh gently and thank heaven there are not more of his ilk.

He, in his turn, sits down and begins to eat. He chats away merrily

about the beauty of the day, the events of the day as related in the morning paper (no self-respecting person ever reads the paper until after breakfast, of course), how much studying he has done, or some other equally repellent and banal subject. The blanket of silence of his companions does not affect him. No, indeed! He keeps up his steady stream of conversation. What is worse, if humanly possible, he eats a hearty breakfast, giving evidence of enjoying it! This is probably the greatest trial of all. How anyone, even this lost soul, could enjoy this breakfast is enough to unseat any *normal* person mentally.

He may go so far as to say, "Gee, it's great to be alive." Fortunately, few have sunk to this depth. If he does, however, I think the others at the table should be completely exonerated for any dire torture to which they subject him. It is really too discouraging to think that the race of man should harbor something of this sort. It shakes one's belief in all that he has heretofore considered sacred.

Having finished a revoltingly healthy breakfast, this . . . this *person* leaves the table affecting a complete disregard of the missiles of food hurled at him by his erstwhile table companions. It is apparent that he is one of that species who is known as the "life of the party." Can there be *anything* worse? People say of him, "Oh, yes, he *means* well." As this is, without doubt, the vilest insult with which one can label his fellow man, of this *blight*, this scourge of humanity, the cheery breakfast companion, we blithely say,

"Oh, yes! He *means* well."

Four Cities of the Orient

By ROBERT M. WHITE

IT IS a rare opportunity for a group of close friends to make a trip half-way around the world together, but such was our good fortune during the summer of 1934. All of us considered China our home, and the common background resulted in a mutual interest throughout the trip. Having finished high school in Shanghai, we were on our way to various colleges in the United States — looking for “new worlds to conquer.”

Shanghai — a cosmopolitan melting-pot of nations and peoples. Consisting of three distinct municipalities — International, French, and Chinese, its hodge-podge population amounts to over three millions. Shanghai’s characteristics are hard to enumerate, for she has so many from which to choose. The complex municipal and international status; the famous skyline along the Bund, the buildings of which are literally floated on rafts of pilings; the crowded harbor, teeming with the world’s shipping; the Park Hotel, a massive structure of steel and stone — the tallest building in Asia; the huge new buildings which comprise the civic center of the Chinese City; the little community of expatriate White Russians; the wide variety of entertainment to suit every taste — sports of all kinds, theatres, music, and the famous night life; these may be regarded as Shanghai’s seven wonders.

This was the city we left as we sailed down the muddy Whangpoo toward the muddier Yellow Sea. And we were sorry to be leaving, for it meant parting from old friends and familiar places. Our feelings then are hard to describe. The subtle mysticism of Lao Tze and the quiet wisdom of Confucius are still ruling in China, but the Spirit of the Dragon is stirring in the Middle Kingdom, feeling resentment at the prods of the West — will it strike or sleep another thousand years?

The morning broke heavy with mist and rain, obscuring a view of the famous Peak as we crawled into Hongkong harbor. We docked at Kowloon, the Chinese city on the mainland. Hoping the fog would lift, we took a ferry across the harbor to Victoria, the British city on Hongkong Island. After a short walk, the station was located, and we boarded the Peak tramway. The steep ascent is made by a cable car, in which the seats are built one above the other like steps. From the top of the Peak, 1,800 feet above the sea, occasional glimpses of the harbor and the surrounding island were possible

as ragged patches of cloud cleared for a moment. Far below us lay the city precariously perched on the steep slopes of the mountain. Clean and well-kept, it is a typical colonial outpost of Britain's great empire. As we returned to the ship, the mist cleared and we were rewarded with a magnificent view of the sparkling city across the harbor, the towering black Peak making a perfect background for the twinkling lights.

Our ship steamed into Manila Bay early in the morning. As we saw the wide harbor, we were reminded of Admiral Dewey's battle with the Spanish. We went on past the rugged fortifications on Corregidor and the Cavite navy yard, with its high radio towers, and tied up at the famous Pier 7, one of the longest and finest docks in the world.

Manila is a strange combination of a modern American metropolis and an old Spanish settlement. The Walled City or Intramuros, as it is called, is the original Spanish Manila as planned in 1570, and consists of many old Spanish houses facing narrow streets and built around cool patios. Manila is famous for its churches, there being no less than seventy scattered through the city and representing many faiths and orders. We were fortunate in having friends to take us on sightseeing trips through the city. We also enjoyed a drive out to Fort McKinley, said to be the largest military reservation of the United States Army. The next morning we took pictures under the brilliant tropical sun, and had a novel ride in a two-wheeled *carromata*, which plays an important part in Manila's transportation.

The shrouded moon was well up in the sky on the night we were due to sail. Out over the bay gay lights danced in long golden lines, which were frequently crossed by dark patches of water hyacinths floating out to sea from the mouth of the Pasig River. Few can understand Manila, but it is better to wait until nightfall to catch its subtle, romantic lure — the same lure that precedes the deeper spell of the tropics. Breathe it deeply, then go, for if you stay you may be lost. The moonlight on Manila Bay is unforgettable.

First impressions of Singapore were of the Malay diving boys, who swarmed around the incoming ship in their little dugouts. One old bearded man nonchalantly switched the ends of his lighted cigar stub as he scrambled overboard and flopped into the water. After coming up from the dive with the recovered coin, he calmly reversed the stub again and proceeded to puff. The longshoremen were especially picturesque with their long skirts, all of them in rare colors, striped or checked, wrapped like long wide scarves around the wearer's middle and fastened at the front in bulgy rolls. Only the rarest optimism seemed to hold the skirts in place. The thick black beards of the

FOUR CITIES OF THE ORIENT

men were the very personification of freedom, for they were parted neatly in the middle and flowed out behind on either side, like clouds of heavy smoke.

We were scheduled to remain in port for three days, so there was ample time to see a lot of the Straits. One day was spent in exploring the Raffles Museum, named after Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles who purchased the island of Singapore from the Sultan of Rhio, and the extensive botanical gardens, with their many tropical trees and plants. Another day we took an interesting drive to Johore, where we saw the large mosque and the Sultan's palace. The road led through many large rubber plantations, with their long, straight rows of cultivated rubber trees.

After taking on a large shipment of tin, the *President Johnson* steamed away to continue its world cruise. We were sorry to leave Singapore, with its polyglot of Malays, Tamils, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, and Europeans, its tropical fruits, and its little Ford buses, but we looked forward to India, the Mediterranean and the United States — but that's another story.

To My Parents

By CARL WILBUR

*When I see this life,
This consciousness begin to flower,
When I sense its form,
Its ultimate truths and scope,*

*I
Begin to live;
And living see connections
With the parent mold:
Likeness here, direction there,
And everywhere some commonness.*

*Father
If I did not see
How my heart goes out to those
Who treat me with respect,
I should never have known you.*

*And Mother I could never
Call you my own flesh if living
Did not feel serene,
In knowledge and a sense of power.*

*What tribute, what new joy
Can I give you,
When I test myself against the world
And return refreshed?*

*Excluding triumphs and success:
Whatever gods may be,
Let me live that
Their
Virtue inarticulate
May sense the aura of a loving world.*

Crack-Up

By THOMAS MORGAN

THE boy sat on his bicycle on the edge of the road which encircled the flying field, uncomfortable in the hot sun, but happy. His head was filled with thoughts of shiny new planes with wonderful, inspiring names: *Cessna*, *Lockheed*, *Curtiss*, *Fokker*, and many others; all mixed with pictures of planes warming up, planes taking off, propellers whirling, chocks being pulled from under the wheels of throbbing planes. It was a wonderful day with the sky blue above him and the drone and roar of myriad motors in his ears. The dust which beat into his face every time a plane took off could not destroy the beauty of that day.

He watched with a mixture of pity and envy the excited few who were going up for their first, five-dollar, half-hour flight over New York City. He envied the joy which would soon be theirs, to fly on a day like this; he pitied them for the ship in which they were going to go up. A "tin goose," he thought to himself, and the big metal trimotor did look like a tin goose as it squatted there by the orange administration building. He wouldn't fly in one of those things if he could help it. A nice little two-seater for him, or one of those new cabin planes which glittered so bewitchingly in front of the WACO hangar, Gosh, if he could go up today. He thought of the short, two-minute flight he had made the year before, his only flight, and with that thought he began to feel very sorry for himself.

Suddenly a clamor of voices and auto-horns broke out. A man standing beside him yelled: "A crash! Look over there at the end of the field!" Even as the boy swung his bike around and joined the mad rush down the field, he was conscious of a burst of black smoke beyond the last hangar. The next instant he was pedalling with all his strength down the road, swinging in and out in front of speeding cars, deafened by the noise of their horns and the shouts of their drivers, heedless of danger; his only desire to reach that swelling column of smoke. He shot around the corner of the administration building, choking and coughing in the midst of the dust thrown up by the car in front of him. He caught sharp glimpses of figures running past the hangars and then he reached the thick brush which closed the end of the road. As he slid, panting, off his bike, he saw a car hit the thick wood fence and go on through, crushing the bushes beneath it. He

dropped his bike and pushed his way into the interlaced branches. Other people were by his side now; one of them stopped and picked up a fragment of shattered, silver-doped wood. The boy went on; burst out of the bushes and got his first view of the wreck.

It lay there on its back, nothing now but a smoldering skeleton with its nose partly in the hole it had made when it hit the ground. The charred wing spars, with a few burning ribs still attached to them, attracted him. He walked slowly forward, in a stupor. By the dented and fire-browned cowling, he could tell that the plane was one of several old ones which he had often seen around the field. Loud voices near him told in horrified tones of the crash: "Yeah, he come in over those trees . . . hit the telephone pole and went over on his back. . . . Say, did anybody see the license numbers? The crate went up so fast we couldn't make 'em out . . . didn't have a pilot's license . . . just wanted to go around the field once."

His eyes focussed on the gas-tank; there was a great hole with frayed metal edges in it, right in front of the space the pilot's head would occupy in flight. One of the voices continued: "We had to lift up the fuselage to get the guy outta the front cockpit. . . . She caught before we could get over from the end hangar. Yeah, the pilot's over there." The boy turned and noticed for the first time the small, hushed crowd off to one side. He abandoned the plane and burrowed his way into the group of silent men. The pilot, twitching and gasping, lay a few feet from him; the few remaining tatters of his clothing were covered with green motor oil with which some one had tried to ease his torture. It was too much. The boy burst from the crowd and ran away.

He stumbled through the bushes and made his way to his bike. As he mounted, he was somehow conscious of a grey cloud changing over him. He looked up, but the sky was the same bright blue it had been ten minutes ago. The bell of the approaching ambulance clanged in back of him but he did not notice it. He rode, wobbling, toward the entrance of the field.

A Winter's Tale

By ROBERT HARRISON

WE LIVED in the country; my mother and my father and myself. It makes no difference where. It is enough to say that it was in the north; in a region of snow and cold and short summers. Summers that were but a few fleeting weeks of warmth. Summers during which the invalid earth eked out a slow growth in the very shadow of another winter. Our house was comfortable and our land well-kept: two facts I frequently have to force myself to recall, for when I hearken back to those days, as I often do, I find myself invariably picturing the three of us huddled up together, hiding from something. It was the cold we were hiding from, I think. Endless, enfeebling cold. Cold we could never have endured had we not all been born with our spirits already broken. Cold we all hated. Cold that I raged against with an anger it would have been futile to utter. Our library, though necessarily small, contained "good" books, and by the time I was twelve I had read them all, some many times. But I was an imaginative child, and the humdrum of daily life infused an alien vitality into my favorite stories which so nearly raised them to actuality that I sometimes find it hard to know just which part of my recollection is reliable.

One year, the neighboring farm, two miles distant, was purchased by a man from New York. His wife, a weak and silent woman, was dying, and for that reason Mr. Jonson had given up his business and moved into the country in a final attempt to check her ailment. "Consumption" it was called. For some months they lived in comparative seclusion but it was inevitable that our two families should finally be drawn together. At first the acquaintance was casual, but our loneliness and the necessity felt by Mr. Jonson for occasional relief from the almost continual burden of his wife's care quickly drew us together. He managed to make short visits to our house nearly every week, at which times he appeared either nervous and harried or reticent and moody, as if quietly grieving over something. We in turn made it our habit to visit him as frequently as possible, which was usually three or four times a week. I say visit "him" because it was clear, even to so young a boy as I, that it was our mission to comfort Mr. Jonson and not his wife. He was gentle and small and helpless. Even when he brooded or sat silent with his face in mask-like repose he seemed to be

pleading for our company. But she rarely moved or spoke. She lay in her bed day after day, her eyes immovably fixed on the dirty old calendar that hung on the opposite wall, and when she chanced to utter some word it was in a rasping whisper that made me shudder.

Then we had to put a stop to our visits. The city doctor who called every week said that Mrs. Jonson must not be disturbed and could see no one. It was late in December and two days after the doctor's decision a blizzard set in. For four days and nights it snowed steadily, then there was a thaw and a quick freeze so that when I awoke the fifth morning the countryside was a spectacle of iciness.

Whole trees, even to their thick, deeply furrowed trunks were encased in gleaming sheaths, and the web-work of ivy whose green leaves mantled the side of the house in summer was now shaggy with icicles. The ruts in the road were smooth glistening channels, and stones, where they had been exposed to the drip from the trees, were thinly coated with shining ice. It was very early — just after sun-up — but as the daybreak wore on a gusty wind came up, crackling through the brittle twigs, breaking off small chips of ice which curved like silver plummets in the breeze, and whipping the dry sharp-edged snow up from the ground two stories below and blasting it against the corners of the window frame.

With mingled feelings of awe and delight I leaned, child-like, with my elbows on the window-sill and watched the scene. It was beautiful, but coldly serene. I was glad to see the wind.

Suddenly I heard a regular cracking of the ice on the road, and there was Mr. Jonson, approaching on horseback. He rode slowly, with slack reins, and his animal looked like a plow-horse as it plodded along, its head bobbing up and down. Mr. Jonson moved toward the house without looking up. He rode across the frozen grass of the front lawn and stopped under my mother's bedroom window. Then he called up to her in a low voice. Finally she opened the window and I heard him say:

“Martha died about two hours ago, Mrs. Freeling.” He paused and added, “The funeral will be at three tomorrow afternoon.”

I couldn't hear what mother answered, but Mr. Jonson didn't stay. In a moment or two he was headed back down the road, a little slouched in the saddle.

I went to the funeral because I didn't want to stay alone in the house. It was a miserable day. The light snow that started at dawn had by noon turned into a sleety drizzle and overhead there was an unbroken leaden

A WINTER'S TALE

sky. Fog clouded the upper pastures and by three o'clock even the road had melted so that as we drove out of the yard the buggy-wheels made a thick, sucking sound.

There was no ceremony. An undertaker from the near-by town had taken care of everything and by the time we got there the body was already in the hearse. And so we set out for the cemetery: Mr. Jonson, the undertaker, and the three of us.

It was a ghastly ride. The sleet drove in our faces and sizzled on our hats like frying grease, the horses slushed and stumbled in the mud, the hearse jolted up and down on the road and occasionally made a sickening lunge into a particularly deep rut. I remember being terrified lest the shaky old vehicle fall apart and drop the coffin into the path of our buggy.

When we reached the cemetery I saw that the grave was all prepared. The clodded turf had been turned back and there on that little hillside was the shallow pit where they were going to put the body. No one spoke except to give directions and in about twenty minutes it was all over. The sleet had become heavier and it melted on the ground. Little rivulets flowed searchingly around the margin of the raw earth. I couldn't bear to look at it.

My father pressed Mr. Jonson's hand without saying anything to him, and then we started home. Mr. Jonson stayed behind to be alone for a little while, but I didn't look back at him.

It was late when we reached the farm and the house was dark. I crept into bed and didn't know exactly what to think about, but I didn't cry.

The next day it froze up again.

What's A Library For?

THERE is a deathly atmosphere about the library. Part is caused by the cathedral-like building and the absence of light and heat. But part is caused by the books themselves, lying dry and cold on the shelves.

The library is an ideal retreat for those who want to escape into some past century or some other part of the world, such as Zanzibar, Tibet, or Bermuda. But there are a good many healthy people who are vaguely ashamed to be seen in the library: the haunt of termites.

The paradoxical situation of students ashamed to be in a library makes one think. What, after all, is a library for? A monument to the ages? A reference room for specialists? A place for introverts and dreamers to hide in?

Should not a library be an opening to reality rather than a refuge from it? Certainly enough life has been packed into books to make any library, regardless of the building, a lively place. But ours seems to avoid this type and anything else of immediate and timely interest. It locks the volumes with the greatest sex interest in a glass case and displays prominently others with no interest at all.

Consider the choice of magazines. There is room for scholarly sententiousness but not for humor. The only comic magazine taken is the historic *British Punch*, but there are no current American publications.

There is room for the *Classical Journal*, *Classical Philology*, *Classical Quarterly*, *Classical Review*, and *Classical Weekly* but not for the *Readers Digest*; for *Germanische und Romanische Philologie*, *Neophilologus*, the *Philological Quarterly*, the *American Journal of Philology*, *Filologia Espanola*, *Philologische Wochenschrift*, *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, *Modern Philology*, *Studies in Philology*, *Rheinisches Museum fur Philologie*, and *Zeitschrift fur Romanische Philologie* but not the *Nature Magazine*; for the *Nineteenth Century* but not for the *New Masses*. The library does not subscribe to either *Poetry* or *Story*, universally recognized as the leaders in their fields today.

There is likewise a tendency for those books with the greatest current interest to be missing. Consider the Modern Library of 242 titles. These are by any standard the living books of today. One might reasonably expect to find them all, for example, in a library of 10,000 volumes. Yet 72 of these, or over a fourth, are not in any edition among Haverford's 136,000.

There is almost a boycott of English translations of other literatures, particularly French and German. It seems to be a definite policy. But

WHAT'S A LIBRARY FOR?

why? Surely we are not expected to read them all in the original? Or is there a "dishonor system" in the case of those used in the classroom?

A list of books missing in French literature would sound pretty much like a recommended reading list: Corneille, Racine, *Manon Lescaut*, *The Three Musketeers*, Voltaire's *Zadig*, etc., *Madame Bovary*, Maupassant's short stories, Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, Daudet's *Sapho*, Baudelaire, Zola's *Nana*, *Jean-Christophe*, Anatole France's *Thais*, etc., Gide's *The Counterfeiters*, the novels of Jules Romains.

The representation of twentieth century literature is extremely hit or miss and displays a profound ignorance of contemporary values. Sentimental and romantic novels are well represented, but the "modernistic" writers are completely absent; a deliberate censorship could not be more thorough. There is nothing by Kay Boyle, Erskine Caldwell, William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings, Floyd Dell, or Clifford Odets. Yet the literary position of these authors is certainly no more dubious than that of Rafael Sabatini or Lloyd C. Douglas.

The best works of accepted novelists are missing, including Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, Willa Cather, John dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Ernest Hemingway. H. L. Mencken's essays are absent. There is some modern poetry but nothing by Robinson Jeffers, probably the most important of them all. So it goes. The few good recent books were in some cases obtained as a personal gift from Mr. Reitzel, and in others through a grant, now used up, from the Carnegie Foundation.

Much of the spottiness is caused by the departmental selection of books. There is an undeniable tendency for professors to exhibit a sort of cultural lag whereby they think no good books have appeared since they stopped learning. Another result of the departmental system is that in the many fields in which no courses are given, the library, instead of compensating with a comprehensive selection of books, has hardly any.

It's not very often that anyone thinks of criticizing the library; its inestimable worth and infallible taste are usually taken for granted. When anyone does criticize there are always two useful arguments: lack of space and lack of money. Yet when one considers the thousands of obsolete books now occupying shelf space and all the expensive new trash that is being acquired, one wonders.

Last year the library added more than 5,000 new books. Yet out of the *New Republic*'s list of 1935's 100 best it picked only 36; out of the *Nation*'s list of 50 it hit on only 20. Plainly what is lacking is neither space nor money, but good judgment.

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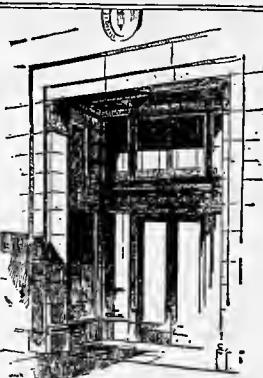
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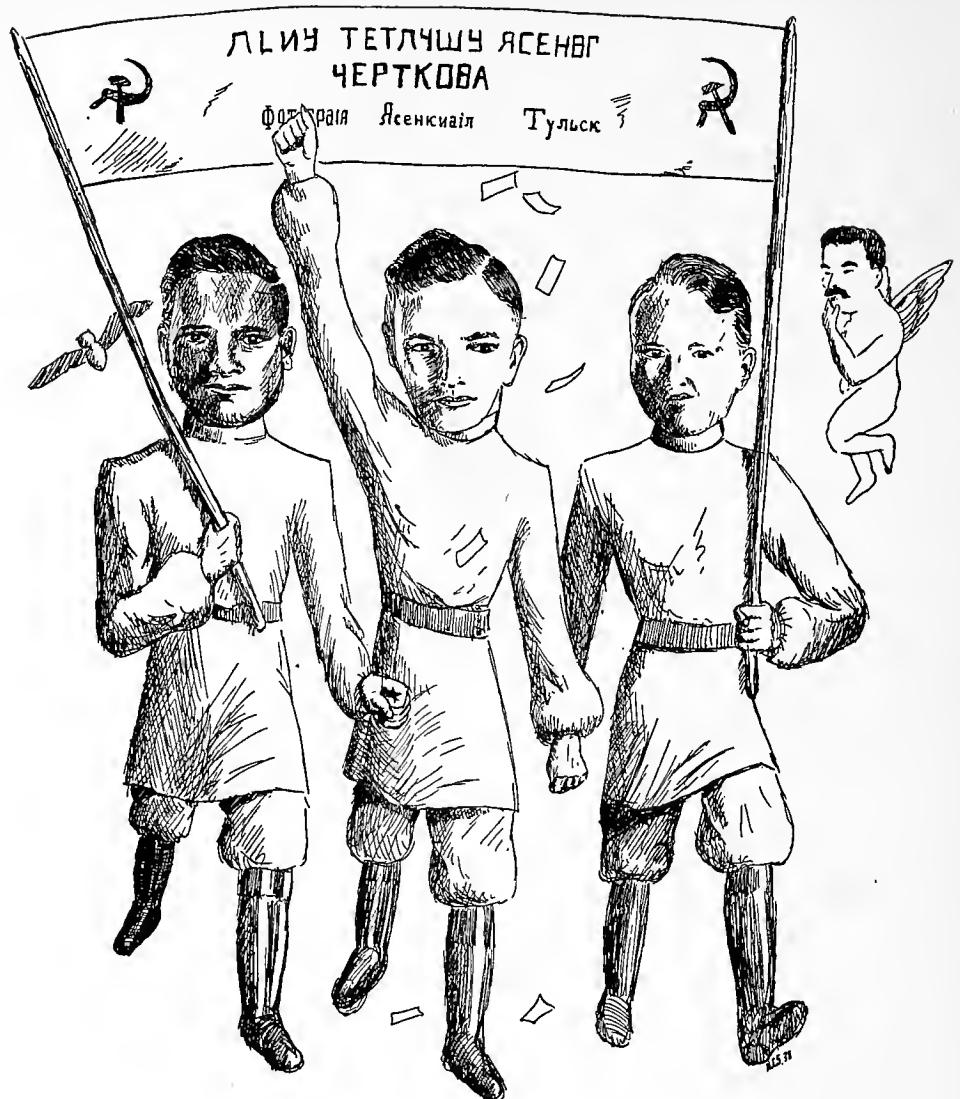
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Galatea Unmoved

I did not make thee as the Cyprian king,
His fiery art flushed great with bitter hate.
Wert thou marble when I sought thee out,
Thy veins in rigid greenness strung along
The snow-dipped beauty of thy hand? Ah, no,
No Phideas, not Pygmalion could invoke
A greatness from their art that quite could match
The palest roselight rising from they face,
Nor is there marble in the Attic hills
To try its lustre, nor a silk-like ivory
Spun with gold to catch its tint, but if
In Grecian, if in Afric lands there be
Stone or metal sister to thy flesh,
Is there holy touch or mortal kiss
To give it life like thine. Oh, my love,
The Cyprian worked in hate, but I—I sought
In love. With love I sought thee out, with love
I found thee and kept thee. Galatea waked
From slumbrous ice, love-melted, though hate-made.
My love hath made thee stone. How, how can love,
Warm love, flash iced sparks. Can fevered kiss
Turn lips to snow to freeze the giver? My
Breath, stirred from blazing breast, has it
Chilled thee? Oh, Pygmalion, thou once knew
A terror full as wild. Thy scorn forgot,
Thy passion quickened, didst thou not pour forth
Thy hopeless tenderness to that mute ear,
Entreat that beatless heart, drop unfelt tears
Upon that waxen face and kiss the eyes,
The lips, the cheeks that quivered not in sweet
Response? Didst thou not lay thy sobbing head
Upon a breast unpulsed with leaping blood
And skyward cry thy pain? O happy one,

Heaven answered. The dead tongue, whispering forth,
 In wonder first, then gaining voice, in love
 Its accents murmured. The pulse leaped in joy,
 The cheek glowed, the reddening lips sought thine,
 The arms, raised in gladness, circled round thee
 And drew thee close upon the trembling breasts
 That pressed in fragrant crush against thee and gave
 An unknown ecstasy—thee, Pygmalion.

Oh, Aphrodite, wilt thou not for me
 Do that thou didst for that sad devotee?
 I, too, a sculptured form hold in embrace,
 A one that far surpasses in its grace
 Pygmalion's. Yet colder, crueler far
 Is she than stone. No distant-hanging star
 Sheds light so whitely cold or shines so bright
 As this proud star of mine eternal night
 In which I stand and shiver, while without,
 Others drink and glory, as about
 Them leaps and plays her favored beams. Oh, God,
 Oh, Venus, oh, Love, oh, ye, who at a nod
 Can will all being, bring again to me
 The light I lost, the glances heavenly
 That once unearthened my soul. Oh, let me feel
 The straining gladness of her, and let steal
 Soft arms around, and soft, sweet lips seek mine,
 Not sacrifice nor grape of friendship's vine,
 Nor selfish whim, nor passing, fancied love
 Can ever give me joy; no lover ever throve
 On friendship, and deceit is shortly seen.
 Pygmalion! In compassion intervene
 And plead again the goddess. For my lot
 Here greatly calls redemption. Thou hadst not
 A woman throb with life and take your heart
 And death it o'er. Thou didst impart
 Love to one who came still-born. That breath
 You gave brought life. I breathed, and lo! 'twas Death.

Union Shop

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

I'M getting tired of hearing that the small towns are behind the cities in everything and that we're just a bunch of hicks who get excited when we see a six-story building and that our business men don't know the right way to do things and other remarks of that type. Take us here in Hartville now—we've got a nice little town here, with about 500 decent people and everybody knows each other too. We have a Rotary club, a literary organization, a modern high school, and other things like that that are as good as those in the cities any day. And still these smart folks from the cities drive through and say sarcastically, "What an exciting time these people here must have!" They don't know what they're talking about either and to prove it I'm going to tell you about the business war we had here a little while ago, and see if you don't think I'm right.

It all started when the new barber came to town and moved into that room underneath the bank. For years we'd had only one barber shop, which belonged to both the National and County Unions, and it was operated by Dykes and Turner, two of the swellest people I've ever known. It was great fun to go there and talk for hours about professional baseball and politics and things like that—and they had some good original ideas about politics and showed just how if things didn't get better soon we were going to have a revolution. Yes, sir, everybody liked them, but times are hard and they were charging fifty cents for haircuts, so when this new fellow came here with his wife and two kids, and put up that sign JOHNNY'S BARBER SHOP—HAIRCUT ONLY 35 CENTS, lots of people sort of apologetically went to him and acted ashamed because they didn't like to seem cheap over a little matter like fifteen cents. Dykes and Turner naturally got sore about that. They knew everybody was hard up and they wouldn't have minded lowering their prices, except that they belonged to the Unions ("All good barbers do," Dykes always said) and they fixed all prices. What they didn't like was that Johnny hadn't been fair about it and had shoved his price down when they had to stay at fifty cents. He was a foreigner, too, some kind of Dago or other, and they didn't go for the idea of a dumb person like him taking away all their business. As for that, we didn't care about going there either, because Johnny didn't talk much

or play cribbage, but he read all sorts of funny books about art and philosophy, and had a lot of magazines like *The Atlantic* around just to show off. Then when he did talk, he pretended that he'd been to Harvard or somewhere like that, and here he was a foreigner! But the point was we had to have our hair cut and fifteen cents meant something to us.

About two weeks after Johnny had come to town Joe Shearer went into his shop one afternoon and found him walking up and down the floor and swearing under his breath, and his beady brown foreign eyes, said Joe, were madder than almost any eyes he'd ever seen.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked Joe.

"Oh, it's these other two barbers," growled Johnny. "Do you know what they've done? They called up their County Union and said 'Look here, another fellow has come here, and he's cutting hair for thirty-five cents and hurting our business. Can't you do something about it?' 'Yes,' said the Union. 'We'll send someone to see him immediately.' A few days ago, then, someone came to see me and told me that I was ruining the whole barber business because I charged a reasonable price. He told me that was why the capitalistic bosses had everybody under their thumbs and a lot of other rubbish like that. Then he asked me if I wouldn't assert my rights by joining the Union and putting my prices up. I said I wouldn't and he told me I'd better think it over and he'd see me later. He was here again today and when I said no he remarked that it was a shame that I was a tool of the millionaires and he told me that I would need the protection his Union could give me. He said he'd be back again, even after I'd almost told him to get out of the shop and stay out."

For a time after that nothing happened and Dykes and Turner were losing all their business because they couldn't reduce their prices. We thought maybe they'd quit the Union, but they said they couldn't because the Union was both a protection and an ideal and they couldn't fall down on it. They said that they were pretty sure that Johnny, even if he was a foreigner, would understand that soon and join. Then that same night about two o'clock when everybody was asleep Ted Zook was awakened by an awful crash and a minute later he heard a car start, which was strange for that time of night. So he got up and went out (he lives right in the square) and saw that Johnny's big front plate glass window was smashed. He knew that he couldn't do anything about it so he went back to bed. The next day everybody in town knew what had happened and they were all down on the square pretending to be shopping but really wanting to see

UNION SHOP

what Johnny would do. There was a sort of tension all over town, and customers in the stores talked low and in deadly earnest to people they usually just laughed and jollied with. It was funny, and somehow reminded me of a book I once read—*Huckleberry Finn* I think it was—when two feuding Southern clans had a big fight and lots of people were killed. I knew no one was going to be killed, but you understand what I mean.

Johnny, after he'd cleaned up the glass, just sat in his shop all morning with his chin in his hands, smoking a lot and thinking. Then about two o'clock all of a sudden he got up and walked over to the other shop where Dykes and Turner were reading detective magazines. He slammed right in and said, "Look here you two, I just wanted to tell you that if you think I'm going to stand for you coming around in the middle of the night and breaking my window you're very much mistaken. Unless you'll pay for it right now I'm going to take the case to court next week and sue for compensation."

Dykes got up then and he was pretty sore. "What do you mean we broke it?" he said. "You sure got your nerve coming in here and telling us we did something we never did do and then asking us to pay for it!"

"Who else could have done it?" said Johnny. "I came to this town to try and make a living and lead a decent life, and, because I charge a fair price for my work and take some of your customers, you decide that you must force me out of business by dirty, underhanded tricks."

"That's a lie!" roared Turner. "You get out of here!"

"I refuse to leave until you give me some definite answer," said Johnny, pig-headedly. "Will you pay me or am I forced to sue you?"

"Sue us!" said Turner. "That's a laugh. You ain't got any proof, because we didn't do it."

"Sue and be damned!" shouted Dykes. "Are you going to get out of here or have we got to throw you out?"

"You'd help yourself if you paid me now," said Johnny, quietly.

That was just too much for Dykes. "Why you stinking little Dago!" he bawled, and he and Turner grabbed Johnny by the shoulders and shoved him out onto the sidewalk. Johnny lost his temper too then and started to cuss them out roundly, and suddenly he reached down beside the walk and picked up a brick lying there and drew his arm back as though he were going to throw it through their window. Dykes and Turner were right on top of him and threw him down into the street and beat him up pretty thoroughly before anyone could drag them apart. Johnny pulled himself

up all bloody and gave the two a stare that would move mountains and then limped back to his own shop. The rest of the afternoon was just like it had been in the morning, only there were no customers. The barbers sat in their chairs and read and thought, and never looked up when, every now and then someone would walk by slowly and stare in to see if any more fireworks might be coming.

But the whole thing, although it was exciting enough while it lasted, was sort of disappointing, because nothing else ever came of it. All we know is that the next day about three people came around in a big car to see Johnny and talked to him for almost an hour. At first he just waved his arms and acted sore, but then he calmed down and when they left he shook hands with them, although he didn't seem overjoyed at doing it. Late that afternoon, Johnny took down his HAIRCUT ONLY 35 CENTS sign and put up another that said UNION SHOP. Of course his price went up, but then everybody decided that he was a rotten barber and a foreigner who didn't know anything, and he put on airs, and probably he even broke the window himself so he could frame the others and get everybody on his own side. Anyway, after that strangers were about the only ones who went in there and one morning Johnny didn't open his shop at all but there was a big FOR RENT sign in the window. Dykes and Turner are happy now but when anyone asks them about who really broke the window they say they don't know, probably Johnny himself, but it's sure good to have the town rid of foreigners so decent Americans can make a living.

We still like to sit around and talk about it though and say, "Well, maybe we don't know much about it but it sure proves that Hartville can have excitement and business fights like any big city in the country." And, being patriotic so to speak, we're pretty contented with that little thought.

Storm at Sea

By WILLIAM E. PRINDLE, JR.

IT WAS early September of the year 1932 when we assembled on the dock of the Marblehead Yacht Club. There were three of us, a boy about twenty years old who owned the boat, my cousin and myself who were both about fourteen at the time. It was a gray day and blowing freshly from the northeast, kicking up a steep chop in the harbor and making the numerous racing boats pitch wildly at their moorings.

We piled the food and duffle into the small dinghy and rowed out toward a trim looking little sloop with a graceful clipper bow that gave her a decidedly able look. As we came up under the stern we could read the name *Great Republic* on her black transom. She was a twenty-seven-foot sloop, built in 1900 and sailed across the Atlantic single-handed by an old Gloucester fisherman who could not fish any more because he had lost all his fingers in a blizzard off Labrador in a dory.

As soon as the duffle was aboard we got under weigh with the one-cylinder engine, heading into the teeth of the wind to get out of the harbor. It was a hard pull for the old "one-lunger," but we made it finally and rounded the point to head south for the Cape Cod Canal. The ocean looked pretty nasty with the big sea running, but there was no turning back now because it would have been against the strong wind. With a double-reefed mainsail and one jib set we fairly flew along, while the dinghy rode the tops of the waves like a hydroplane.

Although tearing along about ten knots, which is fast for such a small boat, we were making good weather of it, because the *Great Republic* had only a small cockpit which could and did fill with water without hurting us. It was wet as it could be on deck because we were dead before it and she rolled first one rail and then the other under, and combers striking the side threw spray all over the boat. It was very thrilling and exciting for a while, but it began to blow harder and the waves were bigger, so that we had to furl the mainsail and run under jib alone. This increased her rolling and made it wetter, if that were possible.

After about two hours of this tossing around we were cold and miserable, and our stomachs did not feel very steady, so we began to discuss plans for running into some port along the coast. We picked Cohassett because it was nearest although a difficult one to enter.

In the meantime, as it was not my trick at the wheel, I went below to keep warm, but it was not much better because water was leaking through the decks all over and those trickles down your neck did not feel nice at all. Moreover the conglomerated smell of a boat's cabin made my stomach worse until I finally gave my "all" for the cause. After that I felt somewhat better so I sat up, just in time to see our storage battery fly through the air from one side of the ship to the other and crash against a locker. I picked it up and found it had not broken, but the spilled acid added to the odor and shambles below.

Just then there was a call from the deck:

"Bill! Come up here and give a hand with the dinghy."

I found that the dinghy had filled with water and overturned so that it was burrowing down into the water.

"What can we do with it?" I asked. "We can't put it on deck."

"We've got to do something about the damn thing or it'll break its painter," the owner said. But just then there was a loud snap and the dinghy's painter let go. We tried to round up and pick it up, but we could not get up to windward against those seas, so we gave it up for lost.

The passage of the channel into the harbor was the most thrilling part of the trip because, as the water shoaled, the waves grew steeper and steeper, so when we went down one of them we gained terrific speed, throwing great bow waves on either side like a speed boat. As a sailor would say, she "had a bone in her teeth."

Once ashore we learned that we had weathered a severe hurricane which had blown the sails off many fishing schooners. But the most unusual part of the whole affair was that some fisherman had found our dinghy intact on a beach. We got it back for a matter of ten dollars.

Chanticleer Carries On

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

I'VE been putting out this paper since before you were born!" The Boss banged on the desk and glared at Johnny, Devil-in-chief of the old printshop. "And now you're telling me how to run my news-sheet, eh, Johnny?" Johnny grinned. "Yes, sir. I've been working for you longer than you think."

"And remember, Henry Waters," said Egbert the compositor from the back of the shop where he was busily cleaning his pipe, "It's only been the past few years that the *Aurora Journal*'s been getting back on its feet. Say, you remember when the sheriff came in that door there—?"

"Hrumph!" growled the Boss. "So I'm not the real boss of this paper any longer? All right, you two, all right, if you think you don't need me, you can try running this paper yourselves. Try earning your own pay. We'll see how well you've gotten along without me when I come back from my vacation!"

The Boss slammed the door so hard after him that the glass from the door tinkled to the floor. "And you can fix that door, too!" he yelled back.

"Where does he think he's going?" queried Johnny, hands on hips, watching the Boss stride away.

"Mm," commented Egbert, lighting his pipe. "Said a long vacation, didn't he? He's been working at this job for twenty years. I can't remember that he ever took a vacation before. I don't blame him now." He stood up and looked carefully at Johnny. "Well, fellow, the *Chanticleer Press* is all yours."

"All mine? Look here, Eggy old man, you're not leaving, are you?"

"Why not? I've been working at this for more than twenty years, and mighty few vacations I've had. You're so gol-derned het up about this paper that I'll let you handle the whole shooting match."

"Eggy, you know you don't mean a word of it." Johnny wasn't convinced of it, nevertheless.

"Mebbe I don't. Look here, now, we've got to show the Boss something. Our Mr. Chanticleer thinks that just because he's been doing his weekly crowing on the editorial page, the paper can never fail. Well, he does some top-notch crowing, got to admit, but you know better than he does

how close the paper did come to failing. If you hadn't gone out with those advertising-contract blanks, the paper wouldn't be on its feet right now. He has no more business sense than—than my wife does."

"The paper's not on its feet, Eggy. That's what I started to argue with the Boss about. Last year's advertising contracts were more or less charity. And they run out in a few weeks now. The merchants are beginning to use the *Greenville Times*; they say this paper is a has-been. And that's bad."

"Yes, Watson, I suspected as much," remarked Egbert, sitting down at the shop linotype machine. "It's going to be a shock for him to find out the truth some of these days."

"But suppose he never does. Suppose we really put this paper on its feet."

"How would you do that?" Egbert shot the question at him dryly.

"Liven it up. Make it typographically alive, neat, artistic. As it is now, it's a big, unwieldy sheet that's hard to print and hard to look at. I have a theory—"

"Let that come later. If your lordship will get down off his artistic high horse and go out and find some news, we may be able to get out a newspaper by Thursday," Egbert said. "See the police station, mayor, Mrs. Morrison for the society news, and anybody else. I'll write an editorial or two. Always been wanting to do this."

By Wednesday night the *Aurora Journal* was so overset that compositor Egbert was wishing for the proverbial rubber type. As he was about to lock up the form—the *Journal* was always printed in time to be distributed early Thursday morning—Johnny burst into the shop, door wide open behind him.

"Don't lock up yet, Eggy, I've got a scoop. Story from the mayor of the greater city of Aurora, Ohio. The railroad's going to put a branch through here. That will make us a more important city than Greenville." The silence was broken by the ticking of the shop clock, alone unconcerned by this momentous news.

"That so?" Egbert drew for a long time at his pipe, sat down at "Mr. Mergenthaler" (the shop slang for the linotype machine), set it going, and began to click-clack-tinkle away at the new story as the breathless Johnny dictated it to him.

An astonished populace peered next morning at a small, neat news-sheet whose only familiar aspect was the title and the sign of the crowing

CHANTICLEER CARRIES ON

cock. "Chanticleer heralds the dawn of a new day for Aurora," began the first editorial. The circulation of the paper was unprecedented, possibly owing to Egbert's suggestion that it be less exclusive and be sold on the street as well as delivered to the subscribers.

"Yes, right good this week," commented their best advertiser, with one eye on the circulation figure. "My contract runs out in a couple of weeks. Bring another one around again, will you?" More than one advertiser made a similar invitation.

Egbert chuckled, putting his feet up on the Boss's desk, which in ordinary times was holy ground. "Original idea, this kind of small newspaper, Johnny."

"Don't fool yourself, Eggy. This is a copy of Ben Franklin's and a poor one at that. Just what the Boss will say when he gets back I don't quite know."

When the Boss did return, two weeks later, he was amused.

"You call this a newspaper?" he laughed, good-humoredly. "Seems to have been accepted by the general public, but I think I'll have to explain this experimenting, anyhow. Hope the circulation hasn't fallen off much."

"Not much," said Egbert.

"Don't bother me, now. I've got a couple of hot editorials to write." And the Boss shut himself in his inner sanctum and began to pound away with a gleam in his eye.

The editorials which the Boss wrote, masterful as usual, caused such comment that the *Aurora Journal*'s circulation again leaped. The promised renewals for advertising contracts kept coming in.

"In spite of your little experiment, the paper's doing nicely," said the Boss to Egbert and Johnny. "Don't know where we'd be if I hadn't come back. But you didn't do any harm."

Then the Boss, struck suddenly by an idea, turned and looked at the shop door. Then he shouted:

"Johnny!"

"Yes, sir."

"I told you to fix that pane of glass! Have you nothing better to do than play with type?"

Intoxication

By J. T. RIVERS

*I filled my glass and held it to the sun
And drank the wine's rich color with my eyes,
When suddenly, and faster once begun,
Some grapes grew in the glass to my surprise.*

*They formed a bunch, and straightway then a vine
Extended from the stem and rooted fast
In earth not there before I poured the wine;
I softly swore, "This cup will be my last."*

*But ere I could the magic glass throw down,
A hillside vineyard spread out splendidly
Its lovely web of purple, green, and brown,
And I was counting clouds in Burgundy.*

"Stingaree"

By R. C. ALEXANDER

MOST stories about fishing experiences commence with an elaborate description of the preparations incidental to the main adventure. They describe in minute detail how the author and his fellow-sportsmen awakened and dressed in the cold night air before the dawn in order to reach the fishing grounds before sunrise; how they ravenously swallowed poached eggs and bacon and burnt toast and gulped down cups of steaming coffee before setting out; and before the fishermen have gotten anywhere near the fishing grounds, we know all about their equipment,—their favorite rods, reels, lines, leaders, hooks, sinkers, and accessories, with which they hope to attract the piscatorial world; and all their adventures on the way.

I shall not trifle with such details. Imagine my companion and I setting out shortly after half past eight in the morning (if I said six o'clock no one would believe me anyway), for our fishing trip. My companion had eaten his breakfast without me because, being somewhat inclined towards seasickness, I had wisely refrained from over-indulgence. We finished our last minute preparations and, an hour later, we were rowing in a rowboat of no great size on the waters of Delaware Bay. Two or three miles from the shore we reached what we considered to be desirable fishing grounds and threw out the anchor. The boat swung around with the tide, and after we had cut up some bait, and baited our hooks, we threw over our lines, and waited for something to happen.

I stretched out in the bow as much as I could with my head resting on a folded sweater lying on the gunwale and my legs wrapped around the forward seat. Experience had taught me that it was better to start out lying down and get up voluntarily after a while than to start out sitting up and be forced to finish the trip lying down sea-sick with my head hanging over the gunwale eagerly awaiting the sweet relief of death which I have felt must be inevitable at such times.

Thus I lay and waited for the fish to bite and in the stern my companion sat and cut up fish bait, mullet to be specific, apparently little concerned with my apprehensions. Cutting up fish bait is a science, and

there is a knack about it which arouses in the unskilled fisherman the utmost admiration.

My companion was a skilled cutter and, having nothing more pressing to do at the moment, I watched his deft actions with a feeling of admiration. The sun glared down upon the water from a cloudless sky, and the boat rose and fell monotonously with the swell and fall of the waves.

It must have been a quarter of an hour later as I lay with my eyes closed, daydreaming, I felt the line being slowly pulled through my half-open hand, being pulled away as gently as though the tide were doing it. Mechanically I responded to the sensation by jerking and the line grew taut as the hook stuck. Untangling myself from the front seat and sitting up, I grasped the line tightly and waited — and nothing happened. Every time I attempted to pull in the line an irresistible force seemed to be holding it; every time I slackened the tension, the opposite pull stopped too. I was able to pull in about three feet of line then it was irresistibly pulled out again. A fishing line is liable to act that way when one of the hooks is caught on the anchor rope. When the boat is in the trough of a wave, the anchor rope is slack and you can pull in some of the line but when the boat rises on the crest of a wave the rope tightens and the line is pulled out again. I made certain that this was not my case by determining the direction both of the anchor rope and the fishing line. An aquatic creature locally called a Stingaree, seemed to be in the only other explanation for the actions of my line.

In most stories of fishing adventures, the reader is told about the thrilling rod-and-reel battles with a powerful, leaping, running Swordfish or at least a Tarpon from a speeding cruiser. How ignominious was my experience compared to those stories — fishing with a hand line from a row-boat and trying to land a fish which was a non-fighting dead weight. Bracing myself and giving a determined tug, I succeeded in gaining about five feet of line, and before the Stingaree had an opportunity to retrieve it I wound the line around an oarlock. This strategy foiled him, and he stretched the line almost to the breaking point (why it didn't break I cannot say) in a futile effort to get down to the bottom of the bay again. So great was the tension in the line that the rowboat was pulled around against the current. I continued this method of attack, having to stop several times because the line was cutting into my hands, until finally I and my companion, who had witnessed the struggle with a great deal of amusement, were able to discern the outline of the creature in the semi-transparent water several feet beneath the surface. The Stingaree is a comparatively flat fish with

STINGAREE

large flat pectoral fins which give it the appearance of a kite; its eyes are on the flat upper surface of its head, its mouth on the under surface; and it has a whip-like tail more than twice as long as its body with sharp spines connected with a poison gland along the top of it. It can inflict dangerous wounds with this long whip-like tail which are considered by some people to be more deadly than those made by the bite of a Tarantula. I have been told of an instance in which a fisherman, who had been lashed across two of his fingers by the tail of a Stingaree, unhesitatingly cut them off because he firmly believed that had he done otherwise he would have died from the poison. Like the skate, the Stingaree spends most of its time on the bottom of the sea.

We watched the creature undulating his ungainly fins and exerting a stubborn strain on the line in the water below us and wondered what to do next. I suggested cutting the line as the easiest means of getting rid of him, but my companion, who was more or less a "string-saver", didn't want to lose the tackle which happened to belong to him. The next best thing to do was to pull the creature up to the side of the boat and try to cut the hook out of his mouth. This plan had its drawbacks because we both had a great deal of respect for that whip-like tail. Why not cut the tail off? That too had its objections, since our only weapon was a small knife with a four-inch blade which we used for cutting up fish bait, an insignificant tool for such a task. My companion became inspired at that moment and suggested tying the knife to an oar so that whether or not we were successful in cutting the tail off with this clumsy weapon, we would at least be able to keep far enough away from it to be safe. So he tied the knife to one of the oars, and, while I held the creature as close to the stern of the boat as I could, he stood on the aft seat of the rowboat vigorously slashing the water with the oar in the hope of connecting with the Stingaree's tail. This went on for five or ten minutes and, except for nearly falling overboard several times, my companion accomplished nothing. Then we decided to bring the Stingaree around to the side of the boat while I took a turn with the oar. Both the Stingaree and the line took a terrific beating while we were trying to cut off that tail and it must have been only by a miracle that the line still held, for it was not particularly strong. Luck was with me in my efforts and, by a chance blow, I succeeded in severing the creature's tail near his body. This solved our most difficult problem and the rest of the task was comparatively easy. We dragged the Stingaree up to the side of the rowboat and began to cut the hook out of his remarkably tough mouth.

For the first time since I had hooked him we were able to get an unobstructed view of him and we judged his weight to be about twenty-five pounds. In southern waters they weigh as much as five hundred pounds, so this one was just an infant. He was mutilated and bleeding in a score of places, the result of our efforts to cut off his tail and hack the hook out of his mouth, when we let him slide back into the sea.

My companion, rather than take any further risk of losing his tackle, suggested that we go home and I readily assented to the proposal for I had had enough for one day. Consequently we pulled in the anchor and headed for the shore. As we rowed away, we heard a commotion in the water near the place we had just left and looking back saw a large shark attacking the injured Stingaree and tearing him to pieces on the surface of the bay. The Stingaree was able to put up only a feeble resistance and was soon overcome, then the shark dove with his victim, evidently intending to finish his feast on the bottom of the sea, the water closed over the scene of the slaughter, and the adventure was over. Silently we rowed until we came to the breakers and our boat glided on the crest of a wave to the beach where the receding waters left it high and dry, and silently we drove home.

Notes on Eugenio

By JAMES D. HOOVER

ONCE in a great while there crosses our severely plausible lives some impossible being. Of this category was the young Spaniard Eugenio, one of the countless students at Columbia. He was living in an attic when we first found him, just about penniless—so poor he couldn't even afford a hat. But one windy day one just his size blew down into the court. So he kept it.

Eugenio looked at the strange city out of naive and devoutly religious eyes. Impulsive and affectionate after the manner of his race and at times inclined to be scatterbrained, he would seem a type inevitably destined to get into trouble sooner or later.

So we feared, but we did not yet know of his two special guiding divinities: the little lady bad luck and the great lady good luck. He took them for granted and implicitly trusted in them.

We found that Eugenio had been a captain in the Spanish Royal Mail (now defunct), the youngest in the service, and had retired voluntarily to study at Columbia. Even so he already had had a long experience on the sea.

Once he had been on a ship carrying a load of bricks to Brazil. For some reason the boat behaved peculiarly: each day she was a little lower in the water, as if there were a leak, but they could find no water in the hold.

Somewhere in mid-Atlantic the ship began to sink. There was general consternation. Finally they located a good-sized hole, but the water pouring through it was immediately absorbed by the porous bricks which accordingly became heavier and heavier. Finally the load plunged through the bottom and the ship went down. Eugenio and the rest drifted around in a lifeboat till on the third day they were picked up by a passing steamer.

On another occasion he was on a ship going to Iceland with a cargo of port wine. Carelessly looking aloft in his usual manner, he fell through an open hatchway clear to the bottom of the hold. Eventually he recuperated in an Icelandic hospital (the only one) but retained as a memento two paralyzed fingers on one hand.

Eugenio even in humdrum New York showed a talent for getting in and out of scrapes. He told us how he was carrying some cognac in a brief case (it was during prohibition) when he noticed a purple stream dripping to the

sidewalk. "Mother Maria! I ran into an empty hallway, took out the bottle and quickly drank her. But then I had to sit on a park bench for a long time afterward."

Once he had a small package with him on a downtown local subway train. Of course he left it behind when he got off. So he took an express, rode way downtown, and then boarded every local that came along. He found the package.

Finishing up at Columbia, Eugenio decided he would like to study medicine at Stanford. On the way out the train coach containing his luggage, overcoat, and money was sidetracked as he continued to Los Angeles. But a stationmaster gave him his own coat and lent him some money, and he arrived safely.

So he wandered over the earth, naively getting into all kinds of difficulties. But there was something about him that made people help instead of taking advantage of him.

After a while at Stanford the restless adventurer decided to study further in Germany. We were worried as usual. The Nazis had just come to power. He didn't have too much money.

Then too he didn't seem fitted to be a medical student. It was too prosaic. He was too careless. Perhaps we realized too that lady bad luck, who had always come out second, had a long score to settle.

We heard only sporadic reports. Letters, a dizzy medley of languages, came now and then from France, England, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria.

In some wonderful manner Eugenio managed to get himself apprenticed to a world-famous pathologist in a clinic outside Vienna. With customary versatility he was supporting himself as Austrian correspondent of a Spanish royalist journal.

For a while nothing happened. It seemed unnatural. Then relentless lady bad luck caught up with him at last. While he was working in the clinic some "bugs" penetrated his system through the old injuries on his hand.

It was diagnosed as tuberculosis. At present he is drifting from one sanatorium to another, dying by degrees of consumption.

We had a letter from him last month. He said he was becoming "streamlined," but otherwise there were few indications of the old buoyancy.

NOTES ON EUGENIO

A short note was enclosed for me. It read:

Für Brüderlein Don Jaime:

Benimmt dich so dass immer am Ende
du sagen kannst
'Wie schön ist die Welt,
Wie schön ist das Leben,
gewesen.'

Such a character in fiction would not be credible. Sometimes he must feel that he does not fit into reality either. Only saints have such selfless and miraculous lives. I wonder what the solitary Eugenio, slowly wasting away, is thinking now as he looks into the future.

Conscience

By JOHN M. TINNON

*When we go blithely down the traveled way,
Giving no time to free, unfettered thought,
When transitory pleasure leads astray
The willing flesh, a sudden bright dismay
Would guide us back to roads which once we sought.*

*Yet even as it seems to grow, it fades
Spending its strength in actionless remorse;
Now once again our piteous masquerades
Repress our high ideals, and barricades
Return us to our blind, contented course.*

Disciplinary Courses

HERE are at Haverford as everywhere distinct groups of students with differing interests. Certain types will prefer certain courses and avoid others. There is, however, one exception where scientists, business men, and aesthetes come together: the language courses. A chemist may be skeptical as to the value of economics or philosophy but never of German.

This is both curious and unfortunate, because if any one field of college studies had to be picked out as the most useless, it would be language. The worth of this type of course has been greatly exaggerated.

Obviously languages have their values, and a good case could be made out for learning them. But so could a good case be made out for taxonomy, mythology, or tap dancing. It is a question of whether the contents of other fields is not much more important.

Language study is supposed to result in both cultural and practical advantages. Among the first might be mentioned an understanding of foreign peoples and an international point of view. Though French and German are supposed to encourage this, they do it very inefficiently if at all. If these things are desirable, they can be taught in a separate course in a few hours with as much thoroughness as we get them now as by-products of grammatical drill.

Languages are supposed to provide the ideal approach to foreign literatures. Yet only the most learned scholar can in reality get as much out of reading the original as from a translation. In the strain of puzzling out and memorizing the meaning the author's style simply does not register with the student, as it is supposed to do. A translation, on the other hand, provides a complete understanding and at least some idea of style.

Literature read in the original has to be on the average at a more childish level than that read in English. Most Haverfordians have studied German here (at least "Heidi" and "Bilderlesebuch") but how many have read "Faust" in connection with their work? Can such students lay any claim to a knowledge of German literature?

One of the supposed practical advantages is in business. This may apply in Europe, but hardly here. What percentage of the thousands of business men who studied Spanish in the twenties has actually had practical need for it, and of this percentage in how many cases was the advantage

DISCIPLINARY COURSES

proportional to the amount of work put in? Moreover, most students will not, as they are led to think, need French or German for research work after graduation.

As the curriculum expands in time it must become more and more selective, and the less valuable courses must be weeded out more and more ruthlessly. Latin and Greek were once essential; now they are relatively unimportant. Under these conditions it seems unfortunate that language courses are the only ones that faculty and students alike feel are universally desirable.

The underlying motive of advising languages (and the same applies to mathematics) for the general student is as discipline, rather than to gain knowledge.

Disciplinary courses have no place whatever in a college—mental training is the job of the elementary school. On the other hand cultural courses are invaluable. Yet what do we find at Haverford?

First: most of the Rhinies advised to take Math 1 will never make use of it later. They could learn much more from any other introductory science course.

Second: Latin 2 is the only course required for the B. A. degree. Could a less essential topic have been found in the entire curriculum than fifth year Latin? Yet many "Bachelors of Art" graduate without ever having had either Art 1 or Music 1.

And third: modern languages are required.

The curriculum shows the same lack of proportion we saw in a library which can afford a hundred dollars for a book on Greek pots but nothing for current fiction. The least valuable courses are required, the most valuable are crowded out. What is needed is less discipline and more perspective.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

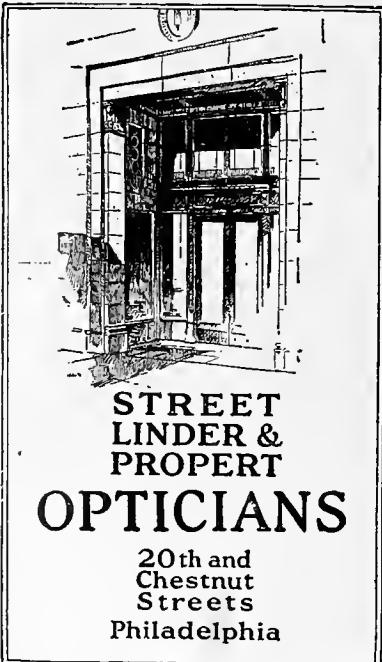
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Two Sonnets

By JOE T. RIVERS, JR.

I

*Stern youth demands no stately buttressed hall
Or lavish food or silken sheeted bed
Or liveried lackey bowing at its call
To black its boots or comb its perfumed head;
But it must have an axe, hayfork, or spade
With land enough to spend its vigor on
Until fatigue in evening's healing shade
Makes any bed like eiderdown till dawn;
And if this birthright be too long denied
'Twill rise and strike to take what is its own
From those who roughly brush its hopes aside,
Whose greed for gold reaps where it has not sown;
Then who shall dare to reprimand or scoff
When youth triumphant throws its fetters off.*

II

*Ten million apple blossoms phosphoresce
By moonrays activated; glowing white
They clothe the clinging shadows of the night
With ivory petals spread in gay undress,
And with their aromatic fingers bless
The breezes lingering close in sheer delight
That drifting on seductively invite
The poet to share the redolent caress;
And as I muse, half saddened by the fear
That in tomorrow's sun this dress will fade,
That next week's winds will blow the scent away,
There springs from recollections of last year
When these same blossoms whitened this same glade
A cheering prophecy of next year's May.*

A Farewell to Alms

By JAMES E. TRUEX

MISS W. J. FARNUM, supervisor of Relief Unit No. 116, Brooklyn, looked up for a moment from her weekly report that lay half-finished on her desk and glanced a little wearily through the large window that faced on the street. Once upon a time when she was younger and when there were fewer people who came to the office for help, these weekly reports had seemed easy to compose, almost a pleasure. But now it was quite another matter. Just as the reports grew longer and more difficult, Miss Farnum's temper became shorter and her love for humanity less pronounced. It had been possible at one time to take a personal interest in the dozen or so families that depended upon her for relief, but now when there were scores of them, drifting all day in and out of the office, how could she be expected to have any real concern? There was very little left in her of the youthful ambition that had led her into social work. She was thirty-three years old and with her thin-lipped primness she looked even older. Rashly, as she now thought, she had sacrificed her youth, had answered the call of social service, and her only reward had been more anxiety and more work. She resented it deeply and ineffectually.

With a convulsive gesture she reached up and took off her glasses; they left unsightly marks on either side of her thin, straight nose. When she had cleaned the lenses with the handkerchief that was neatly and conveniently tucked in her left sleeve, she put them on again and prepared to continue her report. But as she leaned forward she caught sight of a woman who was standing on the sidewalk and gazing through the window into the office. Since there was no one around to hear her, Miss Farnum allowed herself one deep and very audible sigh. The woman outside was another one for sure, either a new case or a complaint. Most of them had the annoying habit of hanging about and staring through the window at you, as though you were some kind of animal, before they came in. And then when they entered they were usually rude and sulky and ungrateful. She sighed again and blew her nose fretfully.

In a little while the door opened part-way and the woman who had been staring through the window made her way inside. But she came no further than the door. She closed it carefully and leaned back against the

jamb, supporting herself with both hands behind her on the knob. Miss Farnum could not remember ever having seen her before. She was young, but her sunken cheeks, her untidy, mouse-coloured hair and the faded blue dress that hung on her shapeless figure made it difficult to determine her age. She hesitated, apparently not knowing what to do or how to begin.

"Well, what do you want?" Miss Farnum inquired peevishly. She still felt very sorry for herself.

"My name is Mrs. Harrigan, Mrs. Frank Harrigan," the woman said in a faint, dried-up voice that hardly carried from the doorway to Miss Farnum's desk, "An' I want somethin' to eat for my kids."

"Come away from the door and sit down," Miss Farnum said, "You realize of course that we don't give food to just anyone who comes and asks for it."

The woman left the door reluctantly and went towards the chair that stood by the wall near the desk. She moved stiffly and cautiously as though at any moment she were going to break in the middle. As she sat down she bent forward, and her work-hardened hands attached themselves like claws to the sides of the chair. Seeing her from this distance, Miss Farnum realized that she was actually very young, hardly more than twenty, but poverty and hard work had already left their indelible mark. There were anxious little lines about her mouth, and in her lustreless eyes there was immeasurable fatigue.

With an imperial flourish of her hand Miss Farnum pushed aside the weekly report of Unit No. 116, reached down and took out of a desk drawer the preliminary investigation blanks.

"First of all we must find out one or two things about you," she said, adjusting her pince-nez. Then she took up her pen.

"The name is ——," she began slowly.

"Mrs. Harrigan, ma'am, Mrs. Frank Harrigan."

"Hmmm. Address?"

"19 Bartley Street."

Miss Farnum sniffed. She knew Bartley Street. The houses were filthy and run down and half of the families were already on relief. She went quickly over the next few questions. Married? Yes. Husband living? Yes. Religion? Catholic. Mrs. Harrigan answered them in the same flat, scarcely audible tone. She was confused; she had not come prepared to sit and answer questions, but there seemed no other way.

"Does your husband work at all?" Miss Farnum went on in her

A FAREWELL TO ALMS

usual efficient manner. Mrs. Harrigan did not answer at once, and when she did it was not what Miss Farnum wanted.

“Well,” she began, “you see, him an’ me we ain’t—,”

“Please answer the questions as they are put to you,” Miss Farnum snapped, “Does your husband work: yes or no?”

“Yes, ma’am, part-time job down at Keegan’s garage.”

“And how much does he make?” Miss Farnum continued.

Mrs. Harrigan bit her lower lip. There was an anxious silence and then she said, “Fifteen dollars a week. But I was after tellin’ you, ma’am, the three kids an’ me, we ain’t had a bite of food all day an’—,”

So her husband was getting fifteen dollars a week and still she had to come around bothering other people, interrupting the weekly report with her troubles. Miss Farnum broke in angrily.

“What right have you to come here and waste my time, when your husband is working. Fifteen dollars a week! You don’t realize how fortunate you are.”

In the effort of pleading her case, Mrs. Harrigan was beginning to find her voice. “But I’ve been tryin’ to tell you, ma’am,” she said, “he won’t give us no money at all, he won’t.”

“Oh,” Miss Farnum put in, “then you’re not living with him.”

“Well, ma’am, it’s not exactly that. He’s livin’ in the same house with us all right. But do you see, I’ve borrowed all I could from the neighbours, but when they found out why it was, they wouldn’t let me have no more.”

The words came easier as she went on. She had not meant to tell everything, but now she felt that she would have to. And back of it all was the hope that this woman with her fine office and her greater knowledge would be able to understand and sympathize. .

“For Heaven’s sake, what are you trying to say?” Miss Farnum demanded, puzzled and exasperated by her evasiveness.

“Well, you see, ma’am, it’s all because I don’t want to have no more children for a while. So he’s tryin’ to starve me down. If it was only myself that had to suffer I wouldn’t mind, but it’s the three kids that he’s takin’ his revenge on too. Lord, ain’t three of them enough for a while? Even they don’t get enough to eat ever.” She paused for breath. The effort had brought an unaccustomed colour to her cheeks. Then she went on, and her voice rose with the intensity of her anger and despair. “And him with his great blabbin’ mouth tellin’ everybody up and down the street and they

sympathizin' with him. I'm only twenty-two. How kin I keep on havin' kids all the time?"

Miss Farnum listened, and as she listened her lips tightened at the corners and angry red splotches appeared high on her cheek bones. Three children and a husband, and this woman was complaining of her troubles and not letting her husband come near her all the day and the night. And as she sat there listening, something snapped inside her that had been stretched taut for a long time. She stood up and leaned forward, pale with anger, punctuating what she said by pounding on the desk with the whitened knuckles of her tightly clenched fists. All the anguish of her barren life was in each word that found its way between her quivering lips.

"You come to me with your petty family squabbles, you who have three children and a husband that you won't sleep with. You don't know how lucky you are. Go blubber to your priest, but don't come to me for help." She waved one arm towards the door. "Go to your priest, do whatever you like, but get out of here," she screamed, "Get out, get out, get out!"

Frightened and confused, Mrs. Harrigan got up, backed hurriedly to the door and let herself out into the street. She stumbled at the curb and almost fell. Tears of bewilderment ran down her tired young face, but she was too weary to cry out. "Go to your priest," the woman had said. She had already been to the priest, but Frank had been there first. "Your duty, your sacred obligation," he had counselled. Stunned with her failure in this last attempt, more utterly alone than ever before, she started towards Bartley Street, with the hungry crying of her children already sounding in her ears. In a little while Frank would be finished work. She would be there waiting for him when he got home.

Miss Farnum stood over her desk and watched the faded blue dress until it disappeared from sight down the street. She was more miserable and lonely than she had ever been before in all her life. Slowly her hands unclenched and the sobs that had begun to tear at her breast subsided. The tension past, her body became weak and shaken, as though by a great storm. Her knees gave way and she collapsed into the chair. It was no use now continuing with her weekly report; for a little while it was no use doing anything at all. She was sorry for what she had said to the frightened thing that had come to her for help. But it could not have been any other way. With her glasses knocked awry, with her hair mussed and her cheeks damp and pallid, Miss Farnum was no longer the business woman, prim and self-contained.

The Easiest Way

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

I WILL ask mother," he said. "She won't like it, but I'll see what she says." "Please hurry, Stephen." She looked at him a long time. "I have to know, you know. I mean, I couldn't stand to wait. It would be so wonderful. I could like her. I know I could. If only she'd like me just a little." He left her then, and went home to face his mother.

"Bring Rosemary here?" his mother asked. "Stephen, really. It's ridiculous."

"I want her, mother. It would make me happy."

"I'm sorry, it's impossible. I told you she was impossible when I first met her. She isn't our type."

"She's my type, mother."

"There's more to be considered. Never be selfish, Stephen, always consider other people when you do anything. After all, you owe me something. You owe me this surely. I've worked hard to make you worth something better than this girl. You and I both deserve it. I won't have it."

"Why do you hate her?"

"I don't hate her, I don't hate anybody. Don't ever say that. It's just that she's cheap. She isn't good enough for us. Can't you see that?"

"Don't keep saying 'us' mother. After all, it's my affair, and my mistake if it is one. And it isn't fair to say she's cheap. You hardly know her."

"I'm afraid it is our affair, Stephen, and I know her well enough to know that she's cheap and common. Let's not talk about it any more."

Stephen left her then. There was nothing that could be said to her when she was like this. She was an old woman, and a jealous one. She had to be humored.

"Stephen," she called him back. "Promise me now that you won't have any more to do with the woman."

"No, mother, I won't promise that."

"Stephen, you must."

"Why must I? Why should I do anything just because you ask it? I get so sick of meddling. I'm a grown man. I have my own life. Why can't you leave me alone?"

"Stephen," she said. She pretended to be horrified. "It's for your

own good. I'm older. I can see things better. I can see that this Rosemary is perfectly impossible. It's because I can't bear to see you make a mistake. I know, Stephen, please listen to me."

He knew that she was only jealous. It would be the same with any girl. Another woman in the house would take the attention away from her. It was like this always, about anything. He got so weary of it sometimes.

"Mother, wouldn't it be better if I went to live somewhere else? I mean, there's so much I do that annoys you."

"Stephen, nothing bothers me, you know that. You get everything you want, only just this thing. If you would just learn not to be selfish."

"You're the only one that's ever selfish. I don't think you care about anything but yourself. You and your 'appreciation.' What is there to appreciate? I despise you sometimes when you're so small. And you tell me not to be selfish."

"If you feel that way about me Stephen, perhaps you had really better go someplace else to live," she smirked.

"All right, I will, right now," and he slammed the door.

"Stephen, Stephen," she cried, "don't go away now." And he turned his face and walked away. Alone, she walked blindly to and fro in the small room, heedlessly, stumblingly. It was because she was old at last, and had tried too hard to hold him. She had crushed her boy with kindness, sickening him. "Stephen, Stephen . . ."

Her old voice echoed in his ears, and he took a deep breath and set his jaw and walked along the dark street firmly. "It is a thing done," he said, in a low voice that she could not hear.

Alone, she named over in her mind the things that had been, remembering jealously the clothes that had been worn, and whether there was sun or rain, and the bruises he had received. A picnic, a trip on an excursion boat, the time it snowed on the first of May and the tree Stephen had planted broke with the weight of the snow on the leaves, Stephen's dog that was killed, Stephen's corduroy trousers that he wore to school, and his light hair when he was young. Then how he became a man in a little while with his hair turning almost black in one winter, and the scowl in his eyes, and how the scowl frightened her. And to wipe away the scowl she gave him what he asked and many things besides asking only love in return, or demanding love in return, which was a fine distinction except in Stephen's eyes. And he would not give it, preferring to taunt her for her jealousy. He knew that there was nothing in all the world to fill his place for her. "I have my own

THE EASIEST WAY

life." She remembered hearing him say that. And he had left her finally with the door slammed in her face and the echo of his words, "I shall not see you tomorrow or next week or any week."

When she was in bed that night she lay a long time thinking. In the back of her mind was the fact that she had been jealous, but she would not let the idea come to the front, preferring to stop it short with self-pity. Then she would think of all the things she had done for him, knowing really that most of them were ordinary things—sewing for him, and cooking for him and little things that some one must do—and she would think back vainly for some word or sign of gratitude. She went to sleep then, thinking that he would be back in the morning, or in a day or two.

Stephen was not back in the morning, for all that week, but in the end there was a letter giving his address and asking that his clothes and one or two other things be sent to him. "You may come to see me in the evening sometime," he wrote, "I would like to see you, but I will not come back to the house." She went, for there was none of his pride in her.

"I am unhappy without you, Stephen," she said. "The house is empty and the silence frightens me."

He tried to be cheerful, pitying her. "It will be better without me soon, when you get used to the idea. Just keep busy, and think about yourself a little, instead of me." He knew that she had always thought only of herself. He kept himself from saying that, knowing that he had not been decent to her the night he left, trying to be decent to her now.

"Was it anything I did?" She was tearful. "I tried so hard to do what you would like. I wanted you to be happy."

"No, nothing. I tried to explain. I think I can work better here. It's a bad idea for grown people to live with their family."

"Isn't there anything I can do to make you come back?"

"No, nothing."

"I know I'm old. I know you wouldn't want to be with me much, but I can try to be out of the way. I haven't long now anyway, you know my heart. It's just that I get so lonely, and you're all I have. After all, we've been very close. Isn't there . . ."

"I'm sorry, nothing." He was resentful now. He had tried to be cheery, but she was being unfair. There was nothing the matter with her heart; she knew what she had done. Why did she keep asking? She was smart, cleverer than most women, calculating. She always thought of everything, everything she did was for an effect. Even this. Did she think

he couldn't see through her? Her fake weepiness. If she were helpless and really pitiable he might be sorry; her cleverness only irritated him. When she saw that she was only making him resentful she got up to go. She kissed him, and knew that he wished she had not. Then she went away, asking him to come to dinner. "Come often," she said, "it will always be home, you know."

Stephen did not go to dinner. He thought he would once, he was even on his way, and then suddenly he thought how good it was to know that he did not have to go, that he was free from her, that he did not have to excuse himself when he went out, that he did not have to think of her waiting for him when he was late, with her hurt look, or ever account for anything he did. He could be late, he could be noisy, he could be sloppy, he did not have to talk to her. "Stephen, did you hear what I said?" It echoed in his ears now. No, he had not heard, he was sorry, no.

Then she sent word to him that she was ill. Her heart, she said. She thought she might die. He went to the house then, knowing that her heart trouble was a fraud, feeling that he ought to go nevertheless.

"You don't seem ill," hesaid.

"I have been, Stephen. I thought I would die yesterday. I had another attack. I didn't tell you at first. I didn't want you to worry. The pain was so terrific I thought I could not live. I had no breath at all, and I couldn't move. Stephen, I was so afraid, lying helpless, alone in this house."

"I'm sorry you were ill," he said, "you're better now though, you'll be well in the morning." He knew she had lied.

When he was gone she got out of her bed and sat in the chair by the window for a long time, watching the lights in the street, the lights of the cars as they passed, and the still halos around the street lamps. She had meant to think the thing out, to recover Stephen finally. Instead she watched the lights lazily, blankly. When she went to bed she had admitted to herself that Stephen would not be forced back, and that he would not come back from sympathy or gratitude. She was afraid that she was proud of him for not doing it. She was afraid that she scarcely knew what she hoped for now, or what she could do next.

When Stephen came again in the morning, afraid that she might really be ill, she was out of her bed. "I am well now, Stephen," she said. "I was not ill really."

"No, I knew you were not."

(Continued on Page 183)

The Mutiliation of Leclerc

By ROGER GREIF

THE hot Paris sun beat down on the bookstalls lining the quai of the left bank of the Seine. The lazy booksellers sat on camp chairs under nearby trees dozing with one wary eye open for possible customers. On the towers of Notre Dame, across the stream, tiny figures of visitors moved, all eager to photograph the roofs of Paris with the familiar gargoyle in the foreground; below, by the river, dreamed the usual Seine fishermen, secure in the confidence that no fish would venture near their lines.

Two men were walking along the quai toward the Halle aux Vins, one about two stalls ahead of the other, and each so intent upon the exhibits that he was oblivious of everything except the heat. In the lead was a young man of about thirty, a Mr. Smith, agent of Perth & Co., the London booksellers. He had been sent to Paris to investigate the rumour that a first edition of Leclerc's Anatomy, published in 1564, was seen in one of the bookstalls. He felt and looked warm; perspiration had already wilted his white stiff collar, and his hair, for he wore no hat, looked damp and stringy. His hands were grimy from the dusty books, and smudges of dirt covered his moist and glistening face.

The second man was Dr. Longcope of Manchester, a portly, sixtyish gentleman who had also heard the rumour about Leclerc's Anatomy and wished to add it to his collection. He carried his coat on his arm, and his striped shirt was dark with moisture. His thick spectacles were dripping, and he stopped occasionally to dry them and to mop his lobster-red, pudgy face.

Finally, the doctor could stand it no longer, so with a sigh he crossed the street to the cool of the nearest café and took a table under the shade of the green awning. A few minutes later Smith, too, came over to the café and dropped into a chair next to a nearby table. Seeing that they were compatriots, the two men started talking, but the conversation became strained, for each feared that they were both seeking the same volume, and they talked of books only in the most guarded terms.

While the two were sitting in the café talking and eyeing each other apprehensively, a young French girl crossed the street in front of them and strolled along the quai, idly glancing at the contents of the stalls. She

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walked onward to the stalls that the two bibliophiles had not examined, here and there looking at an old print or picking up some paper-bound, smutty novel and thumbing through its pages. Her eye lit upon a rather interesting dark binding, she picked up the book and noticed that it was Leclerc's Anatomy which contained some comical old medical pictures with French text. The bookseller saw that she was interested and sidled up to her.

"It is very rare, Mademoiselle," he said. "It contains some interesting pictures, and it's very amusing. Only 25 francs."

After prolonged bickering, the girl bought the book for 15 francs, strolled on looking at a few more stalls, then took a green bus on the corner.

The two Englishmen, now refreshed, once more went out into the sun to resume the search. This time Dr. Longcope hustled cleverly into the lead and walked on, looking at each volume, past the stall where the girl had bought the book. Smith, too, passed that point, and they both continued up to the end of the bookstalls, glancing at each other now and then to see if there had been a find. The doctor then took a taxi to his hotel, and the agent a bus to the station. Next morning, in London, Smith reported that the Leclerc Anatomy was not to be found at the Paris bookstalls. In Dr. Longcope's bookshelf remains a space intended for the volume. The bookseller had an extra bottle of "vin rouge" at his meal that night, for he had just made a twelve-franc profit, and that very same night the girl cut the amusing pictures out of the dusty old book and pasted them in a scrapbook.

Lamb's Tale for Children

By WILLIAM H. REAVES, JR.

ONCE upon a time many years ago, Charles Lamb went to visit a friend of his who was attending a rather small school just outside London. It took only a short while to reach this school on the train. After having been shown the grounds and having made the appropriate remarks as to the beauty of them, Charles Lamb asked if he might be shown the quarters of the students; where they lived, slept, and ate. I must remind you he said *where* they performed these functions, not *how* they were accomplished.

His friend, not quite so readily, asked him into one of the buildings inhabited by the students. It was all rather startling to the poor, unsuspecting Charles Lamb. He had been away from school these many years and had quite forgotten how this strange crew of beings, commonly known as students, conduct themselves. He was greeted, I say, upon entering the hall, by a shower of water and an overpowering racket. Gently wiping the water from his eyes, Charles Lamb hastily mounted to the first landing to avoid the steady downpour coming from above. Various people were dashing up and down stairs in various stages of undress carrying various receptacles filled with water. Poor Mr. Lamb stood dripping, wondering. His friend, who, knowing the place fairly well, had taken refuge upon entering the door, now came out and told Charles that the boys were merely indulging in a little game of their very own, a game in which the main object was to throw water at one another. This would often go on for hours, but still they were having fun, so why say anything? Mr. Lamb quite agreed, wishing to himself at the same time that he could be so easily amused.

Having recovered from his shower Mr. Lamb asked then to see the remainder of the school buildings. As they approached one building a great noise was heard coming from within. Mr. Lamb would have liked to consider this the hum of industry, but he realized well that it had assumed too great proportions to represent any school industry. It was deafening. Mr. Lamb's friend assured him it was merely the student body diligently applying itself to the pleasant task of eating. Mr. Lamb immediately asked to be allowed not only to see, but to join in this delightful pastime. He bravely closed his ears to the great din and marched straightforward. They

entered the building. In a small antechamber to the dining hall itself there were several students lying around, looking very injured indeed. Mr. Lamb was informed by his friend that these boys had fallen in the great struggle waged by the students to get into the dining hall through one door. He pointed out to Mr. Lamb that those who were not in line with the opened door would become flattened against the closed door and would thus fall. It was really very simple, but poor Mr. Lamb could not understand the modern idea of amusement.

They strode on into the hall itself. It was really a rather startling sight at first. Bits of butter were flying through the air and splattering on walls and, now and again, on students. At rare intervals a piece of bread could be seen soaring toward the head of an unsuspecting fellow. Mr. Lamb made no comment. In the first place he didn't want his friend to think him dull about such things; in the second place it would have been fruitless, for, having only a normal voice, he couldn't have made himself heard anyway. They took their places at one of the tables, where their arrival seemed to be totally ignored. Arms, very long arms, too, shot out for the bread or any article of food in demand. Mr. Lamb was rather fascinated by the great distance over which the students could reach and the rapidity with which this movement was made. Mr. Lamb was so interested in the entire manner of attack which the students employed in their dining hall tactics that he himself ate very little (which was just as well, for it is extremely doubtful whether Mr. Lamb would have gotten anything, had he been ravenously hungry). It seemed to Mr. Lamb that the students had fear that their plates would entirely disappear if they looked away; so look away they did not. "Inseparable their mouth and plate," murmured Mr. Lamb and blinked mildly. He spoke to the student next to him, but even then it seemed impossible for the student to tear himself away from his. He answered, but never turned his head. At this moment there was a clapping of hands at the other end of the hall. Mr. Lamb looked up to see one of the students standing up seeming to speak, but the remainder of the student body paid not the slightest attention, did not lower their own voices; and so after having finished, the student sat down. The student next to Mr. Lamb ceased eating long enough to ask his neighbor, "What'd he say?" but as no one seemed to have the vaguest notion, he turned again to his plate.

Suddenly the hum in the hall swelled to a roar. Mr. Lamb could no longer practice his polite restraint. He leaned over and asked his friend (by increasing twofold the volume of his voice) what was going on now. His

friend assured him, getting very red in the face in the process, that the boys were merely singing one of their songs. Mr. Lamb accepted this in good faith, but when the entire student body took up the silverware and beat on the tables and whistled and screamed, horrid doubt crept into Mr. Lamb's mind. It seemed that something almost sinister was at work here. However, when the hall calmed down again after ten minutes, he supposed his fears were groundless and again took courage. The rest of the meal passed off in silence (we mean, of course, comparative silence; still a deafening din). Mr. Lamb did wonder if it were customary for the boys to take the butter plates, put them upside down on the big plate, and with a sweeping gesture, push the whole thing toward the center of the table, but he refrained from voicing his opinion, for times apparently had changed, and he didn't want to seem dull.

Going home on the train Mr. Lamb gently massaged his forehead. He felt a bit dizzy. He realized that he had either grown old very suddenly or these students were creating a new type of amusement. He smiled gently. They were happy anyway, and it would be nice to find one's amusement so simply.

The Easiest Way

(Continued from Page 178)

“I thought I might get you back that way. It was wrong of me to try.”
“I won’t blame you.”

“You can come back now and bring Rosemary with you if you like. You know, I was thinking last night, and I was proud of you for not giving in. You were right about nearly everything. You were right about me. I am selfish, and old, too. I won’t care what you do any more. Don’t come back unless you want to, it won’t make any difference. I can get along. Only, I want you to know that you can come, and bring her if you like.”

“Mother, you’re wonderful to me.” He was weak again, as he had always been with her. “I won’t want Rosemary now, though. Perhaps you were right about her. Anyway, I told her that it would not work.” He came back then, wondering if life with his mother would be the same, if she would be changed finally, or if she had merely been clever again.

A Way of Life

By CARL WILBUR

THIS essay grew out of a conversation with a friend of mine a few weeks ago. But our words, in turn, grew out of some common experiences. For a long time we had been given to what we called philosophical discussions. In our observations we felt that we had represented a boiling down of the youthful trend of thought today.

From the beginning our conclusions had been based on a kind of psychological hedonism, culminating usually in the statement that even the martyr is motivated by pleasure. We could not, even when we suspected ourselves of arguing in circles, find a satisfactory way out of this conclusion.

In the case of religion we said simply,

I take no heed of a man's creed
Or how he says his prayers . . .
If he plays life straight I'll call him mate,
If he cheats I'll cut him flat . . .

We concluded that the case for a moral life lay in utilitarian considerations. And since the man who seemed to adhere unflinchingly to a set of values was most respected and honored in his community, we said that values did exist and that it would be well to discover them. These were some of the conclusions which had grown out of our lives previous to that conversation.

How often we see that expression, "*this grew out of that.*" In the mental life of man evolution is one of the most easily distinguished qualities. Let us plunge straight into one of our few primary assumptions and although our immediate way does not necessitate ascribing to them, we feel that they are fundamental.

Glimpses of truth, of eternal, abiding realities, are things which man himself contributes. There is no need to imagine the setting up of a divine, all-knowing power which is beyond our ken. There is no reason to abide by age-old superstitions which picture man as an ignoble creature who must while away his time on earth in a "righteous" manner in order to enter the "real" life beyond.

I recently found the above views expressed in a book called "Humanism as a Way of Life" by Joseph Walker. Humanism, as I know it, began with

A WAY OF LIFE

Rousseau, who said that the world is man's and that *in man* life may find its highest, its noblest reasons for existence. (This "noble" Humanism is not to be confused with the "Chicago" Humanism of today.) In other words "the kingdom of God is something men do—not a place to which they go."

Another assumption, or rather something which we consider a fact, is that man has a soul and that there is a certain longing from that source to find the reason, the object of his existence. It is a long way from the childhood conception of rewards to the evolved, what seems to me to be logical, conclusion that life is an end in itself. But this must be accepted as whole-heartedly and with as much fervor and conviction as the high-school boy's first observation of chemical laws in the laboratory.

Let us also assume that there are two fundamental outlooks on life. One entails the realization of what *is*, the other of what *ought to be*; in other words a realm of Fact and a realm of Values. On the one hand our generation accepts without doubt the scientific approach and recognizes the scientific attitude. That man is no longer a misguided fool who devotes his life to the exploding of superstition in the laboratory. Nor is one who forsakes the dogma of the Church to proclaim Humanism a novel heretic any longer.

My statement which began that specific conversation and which I would emphasize is this: the significant life of our generation, the man who best "criticises by creating" in our day will be the man who takes the most difficult middle path of action and through it points the Way. Or simply: since life is all, he is greatest who lives it best.

It remains only to point the Way and to make a few concrete suggestions. (After every peace demonstration it is always said, "why don't they suggest something practical, why don't they show us the way?") I remember clearly from younger days that when confronted with a great exhortation from Church pulpit or the Bible. I invariably came around to asking, "why—oh, why?—tell me why and I shall gladly live the good life." Since the Church either told me to reject things which everyone knows are not *bad* or simply did not tell me why, I have had to develop the following brief answer. It is, in truth, the answer made articulate from only that one conversation of which I have spoken, and therefore is merely a skeleton outline.

There are three inter-connected foundations to the Way of Life—the (1) physical, the (2) intellectual, and the (3) moral. (I use no one of these in the restricted, precise meaning. They rise only as guideposts to their applications).

(1) In the first place man must have health; not only a health of the body but a permeating health which suggests order, control and discipline. And these are to be considered as ends in themselves besides being means to an end in the cases of (2) and (3). The stalk of the plant must stand firm and straight primarily and in its own right if the flower is ever to reach the sun.

(a) In all three of our categories there are laws to be found which make the life of the whole being more complete. In this case the laws are those of science. We have only and always to be honest with ourselves and to despise the saying, "ignorance is bliss."

(2) Aristotle said that the greatest side of life is the intellectual. I can imagine no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's life is under the control of the mind; no greater inward strengthening power than to know that for every situation your reason is alert and active, ready to sift the wheat from the chaff.

(a) To every one who embraces these truths, their laws will come as great revelations, as from a never-ending spring of inspiration. Stevenson probably set his mind to the task of finding why men grow stale and morose, without interest and use in life, and he discovered what I should call a law: "The true success is to labor." If a College senior planning to study Law applies this law to his life, he will not say, "I shall set as my goal a place on the Supreme Court bench," and thereby die in disappointment or find that wish in itself hollow, but he will live the study of the Law. The Way opens up before him, the end is secondary.

Another law states, "we become what we contemplate." Consider the power of emulation. Be a hero-worshipper. Attempt to exhaust all of the capabilities of your ideal.

(3) The life of Values is the true religious life. I ask the religious fanatic, with all of his fire and fervor, does he partake of half the joy, half the sense of being at one with the eternal as the humble man who says, "I have discovered a fundamental Value?"

(a) The laws of Values are difficult to grasp, if possible at all. We are called by the good, the true, and the beautiful: we know not why. When we answer, "I come," life begins.

REVIEWS

THE LAST PURITAN, by GEORGE SANTAYANA

Reviewed by EDWARD D. SNYDER

Santayana's *Last Puritan* is to me one of the disappointing books of the season. It starts out brilliantly, and continues brilliantly for nearly two hundred pages, with subtle caricatures of various New England types. But there are still four hundred pages to read; and having read them myself, I am eager to applaud the judgment of a friend whose literary instinct led him to shut the book at page 200—and leave it shut.

The Last Puritan is an artificial novel; the speeches are long—not lifelike—and each character talks like a professor of philosophy. This is a dreadful fault, and the fact that the author admits it (implicitly in the Prologue and explicitly in the Epilogue, p. 600) does not in any way lessen it.

One reads on and on, hoping to find ultimately the philosophy of life which Santayana may have developed in his old age. But no, each attempt at a wholesome code of ethics advanced by one character is overthrown by another character who obviously speaks with more knowledge and who is always allowed the last word. The book is thus little more than a display of the author's power at spiritual and intellectual iconoclasm, and the Mephistophelian cleverness of the early pages soon degenerates into something tiresomely humdrum.

But the great fault of the book is in the futility of its effort to belittle Puritanism. After Oliver Alden (the last Puritan, according to Santayana) is dead, the reader recognizes that the book and its title are misleading: there are plenty of Puritans still living, and Oliver Alden was not essentially a Puritan! He had none of that inward spiritual fire which, at the best, leads a man to wholesome self-discipline and which, at the worst, leads him to meddle with the lives of others and pass Blue Laws. Such Puritanical qualities as Alden did have were superficial and accidental rather than essential. It is true that he did not drink, but that was because he disliked the taste of wine—even of champagne; and his self-sacrifice on the athletic field for his alma mater was largely a matter of conformity. He was singularly lacking in the Puritan's strong religious feeling.

The book would be more fairly called "Some Decadent New England Types," and on that basis much of it is worth reading.

BURY THE DEAD, by IRWIN SHAW

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

This season's theatre is sounding a loud and vigorous call for peace. Three strong anti-war plays have appeared, and each has created considerable stir. Of these, the most startling and most original is the latest, *Bury the Dead*.

Mr. Shaw makes his plea for world peace with the aid of six soldiers killed in the war of 1937. These soldiers have risen from their grave. They refuse to be buried. They are still so young; they have not had enough of this good earth; they have hardly found what there is to have. Their stubbornness causes alarm. "Our dead must be buried and forgotten, that the war may go on." But the captains, the generals, the bankers, the priests, the mothers and wives plead vainly. These six will not be buried. No longer blind, they insist upon returning to mankind. No one can stop them. They are going to tell men to stand up, to fight no longer for another's, an unknown cause, to fight for their own rights of liberty and of happiness.

Bury the Dead is written with a bitter anger—the anger of youth that will not be cheated of living. But it is anger under control, carefully directed, giving strength to the intellectual appeal that dominates. Mr. Shaw makes his moments of tragedy adequately moving, but his interest, his emphasis he devotes to the solution that he is offering for the problem of war. He is not despairingly reflecting war as it is. He is looking forward to the end of war, and summoning others to look with him. He has no patience with pacifism. It is action, action alone, that will end international war. Every man must rise against war—must fight against those powers which force him into war. There can be no end of fighting. But the fighting must be for such improvement of society as will make war an impossibility.

As a dramatist, Mr. Shaw shows much skill. He has innumerable tricks that bring rapidity and sharpness to an unusual story. In the first half of his play, he builds sternly exciting drama. But later the dramatist bows to the propagandist; and the second half is marred by Mr. Shaw's determination to present all six interviews of dead soldiers and their women, all possible reactions to the inflexibility of the unburied. Here is a completeness admirable for an academic analysis of the situation, but pernicious for drama. Fortunately, Mr. Shaw is able to unite drama and propaganda for a clear and stimulating finish.

REVIEWS

PUBLIC SPEECH, by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Reviewed by J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

This collection of new poems by the author of the Pulitzer Prize winning *Conquistador* represents a development from his former subjective writing toward poems of experience shared. "Men are brothers by life lived and are hurt for it," he writes in his *Speech to those who say Comrade*, and this may be said to be the vein in which the whole collection is written.

The poems are thoughtful and difficult, like all of MacLeish's work, but their technical beauty, and the truth that some of them contain, reward a careful reading, especially in the *Speech to the detractors*.

Some of the poems are obscene, though not in a vulgar way. *The German girls! The German girls!* a war poem that first appeared in the Centenary issue of the *Yale Literary Magazine* is saved from vulgarity by its fine theme of post-war emptiness and disenchantment, though some of the lines taken out of their context would appear inexcusable. The long poem *The woman on the stair*, including ten smaller poems, might appear less excusable. Beautifully written, its theme descriptive of the changing experiences and relations of a man and a woman is not enough to warrant the essentially vulgar *The Second Love*, which is the sixth part of the poem. The lyric loveliness and clever imagery in this poem is not enough to veil the essentially empty idea, so that the poem is merely obscenity paraphrased.

Archibald MacLeish is not a great poet. He is a clever technician, and is imaginative in the choice of words. There is much that is unusual and lovely in his work, but too often there is little thought, especially in the early work. *Pole star for this year*, which is the first poem in this new collection, is like that—lovely, but unimportant. Other poems in the collection show a decided improvement, however. They are more original in that they do not show the influence of T. S. Eliot so clearly as the early work. They are more thoughtful, more varied. It may be that eventually he will be "the most important poet writing in America today," as some of his more extravagant admirers say he is now. But for the present too much of his writing is empty and mechanical.

Comparative Literature

LAST month it was mentioned that a Haverford graduate might style himself "Bachelor of Arts" though he knew nothing whatever of music or art. It may now be added, for the encouragement of candidates, that he need know very little of literature either.

If he were an English major he might be expected to know the literature of his own language fairly well, even though the prevailing system of studying periods not books would handicap him somewhat, causing him to skip the Anglo-Saxons, Chaucer (probably), Milton, Bunyan, Lamb, de Quincey, Conrad, Joyce, Kipling, and various small fry. The devious approaches of an historical scholar, an economic determinist, and a literary dilettante might make it difficult for him to get at the works themselves, still, he could hardly help learning at least a little of English literature.

But of Continental literatures, which, except from an incurably provincial point of view are at least as important as English, he would know deplorably little. He would have picked up some French or German in the inefficient manner described last month, but of Medieval or Renaissance works, Russian, Scandinavian, probably Spanish and Italian, he would know nothing.

Needless to say the author is not about to propose establishing departments of Russian, Dano-Norwegian, archaic Italian, and so on. A few courses in comparative literature would do the job cheaply and interestingly, but there is a striking lack of such courses at Haverford.

One happy exception is Mr. Post's Greek 6b, which has been popular and valuable, a shining light in the midst of our darkness and ignorance. It might be even more valuable if expanded to a full year, including Roman literature, and substituted for the Latin 2 requirement. Another possible course would be in world literature of the twentieth century, which could be guaranteed to become one of the most popular in College.

Well, as Tolstoy would say, What's to be done? Every so often The HAVERFORDIAN or *News* gets everyone out of humor by demanding such courses, and then there follows another period of silence.

It seems there is no money. That is, there is plenty of money, for Haverford as you know has a huge endowment. But the capital is kept locked up, imposing a terrific handicap on faculty, students, athletes, janitors,

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

and alumni. But that's another story, and since it is locked up we may as well assume there isn't any.

What constructive (for a change) suggestions might be made, using the existing materials and involving no extra expense?

To be perfectly definite: language courses are the most useless in the curriculum. Therefore reduce the Greek and Latin departments, placing Dr. Howard Comfort in charge of the former. That would leave Mr. Post free to teach comparative literature, for which he happens to be exceptionally well qualified. Perhaps a similar arrangement could be made in the modern languages. The English department has expressed interest in the field. So there is no lack of teaching power now, if we simply make the curriculum more selective, with less emphasis on language courses.

We realize that in making such specific proposals we are doubtless stepping on a number of toes, but our intentions are of the best. Even a proposal is a long step forward in these parts.

NOTES ON PREVIOUS EDITORIALS

1. *The Lopsided Library*

The HAVERFORDIAN felicitates the library on its recent acquisition of seven volumes of poetry by Robinson Jeffers as well as some recent fiction.

2. *The Cockeyed Curriculum*

The author of the letter to the *News* objecting to our May editorial made two points. Said he: "Mental training . . . does have a place in college." I have been informed by a pretty reliable member of the faculty that an article appeared some years ago in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology* demonstrating that the mind is incapable of being trained by disciplinary courses after the age of sixteen. As soon as I can track this article down I will eagerly show it to my adversary.

Said the correspondent further: "a working knowledge of some foreign grammar and possession of even a modest foreign vocabulary can be material aids to the speaking and writing of good English." Granted, but isn't this a horribly inefficient way to learn English? Furthermore, does he think it could be shown either from personal experience or statistical evidence that language majors actually write better English than other students? The HAVERFORDIAN in the past year has printed more contributions from Chemistry or Government majors alone than from all language majors put together.

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